

HISTORY
OF
TETON
VALLEY

Driggs

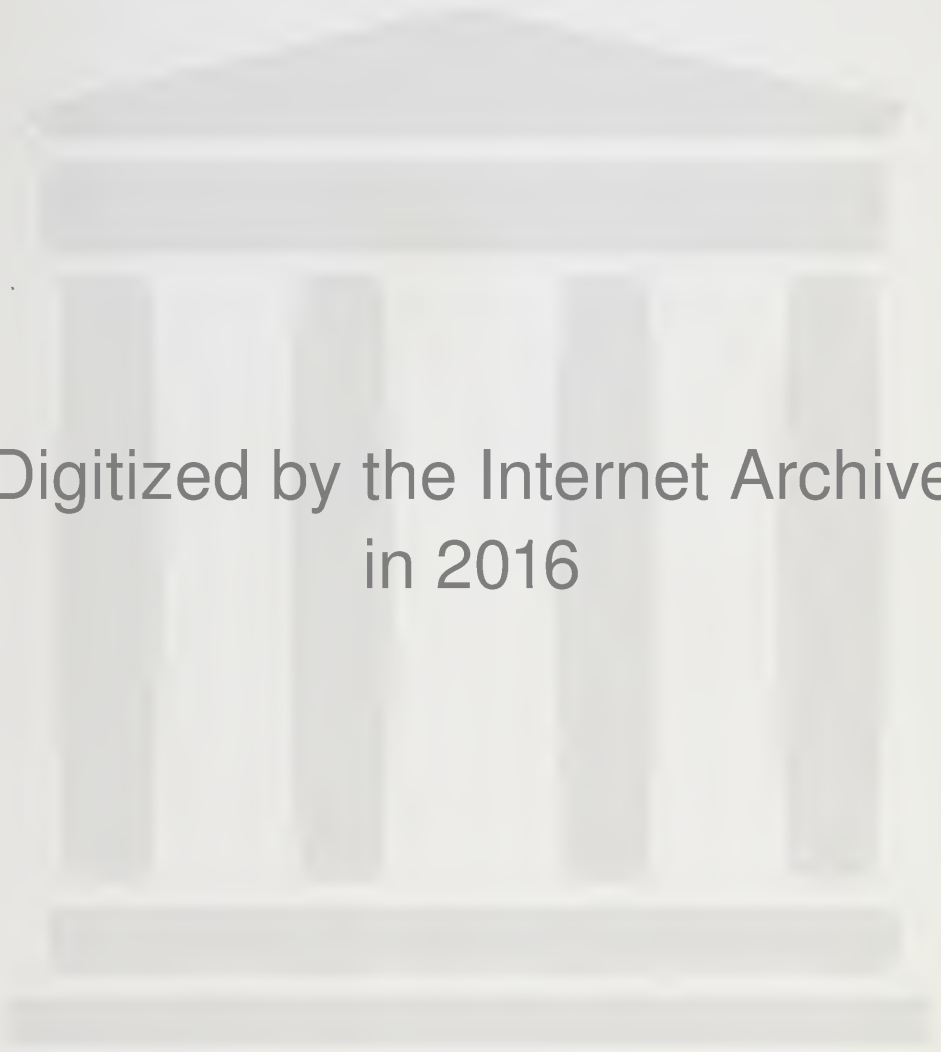
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Closeup View of Teton Peaks.

VALLEY OF THE TETONS

*The grand Tetons have been the guide
To Reds of early days,
And trappers, too, from far and wide,
O'er then untrodden ways.*

*As sentinels of lofty mien
O'er land of mystery,
From far away they could be seen,
Guides of our history.*

*And in the vale beneath their shade
The early trappers drew
Around the charming nooks and glade
Of this choice rendezvous.*

*A wondrous story they could tell
Of early trapper raids,
Where musk and beaver loved to dwell
'Neath brush and aspen shades.*

*The buffalo in native wild
Roamed here o'er grassy plain,
And bounteous nature on them smiled
Until they all were slain.*

*No law to check the wanton hand
While gun or spear they dealt;
They slaughtered all in their command
For simply hide or pelt.*

HISTORY OF TETON VALLEY IDAHO

BY
B. W. DRIGGS



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LEON M. STRONG

IDAHO, rich in historical lore, perhaps offers no finer material for the historian's pen than can be found in the southeastern section of the state.

The history of the Teton Basin, written by a pioneer resident of that rich and beautiful valley, will add a valuable chapter to Idaho history. It is a story gleaned from early settlers, still living, but who will soon pass on.

Containing facts of the first trail-blazers, early trappers, the discovery of Teton Pass, thrilling battles between trappers and Indians, this history will be found of extreme interest to every section of Idaho.

Teton Valley was the favorite rendezvous of Indians and trappers during the early part of the nineteenth century. Among the noted characters who played a part in the development of the Teton Basin were Jonathan J. Wyeth, founder of Fort Hall; the Sublettes, Jim Bridger, Kit Carson, Joe Meek and many others.—Idaho State Journal.

PREFACE

THE author of this volume, which treats of that section of eastern Idaho now embraced in Teton County, has had material assistance from Mr. and Mrs. Hiram C. Lapham, the first pioneers here (1882), Don C. Driggs, Thomas R. Wilson, Edwin S. Little, Samuel Swanner, Thomas G. Bates, Edlef B. Edlefsen, Joseph Johnson, Michael Byrne and Henry C. Bowles, all pioneers of 1888-9, and has received important documents and data from S. N. Leek, a pioneer of Jackson Hole of 1889.

In addition to those pioneers, the rich store of events in Indian life and the historical research of Joel A. Harrington, a federal revenue officer residing at Idaho Falls, have been freely offered. Mr. Harrington spent his boyhood days among the Indians, learned the language of several tribes, and has for many years been interested in collecting Indian and trapper historical data. He has also been a leading spirit in searching out historical spots and erecting monuments at noted points of their battles and exploits. Much of the historical data furnished by him could not be obtained from any other source.

F. C. Madsen, editor of the *Teton Valley News*, has also been of great assistance in first publishing this history serially in his paper, thereby calling the attention of the public to any errors, that they might be corrected before the work was published in book form.

The data collected for a school history by Leon M. Strong, when he was county superintendent of public instruction, has also been turned over to the author, and at Mr. Strong's request this work was undertaken. The data has been carefully compiled as a foundation for a school history. The assembling and compiling of the historical data herein contained have entailed an immense amount of labor and careful research in order that valuable information might be preserved for all time while some of the old pioneers were still living.

This work has been undertaken in the interest of public service only. The genuine pleasure and satisfaction that has accompanied the author's research and labor have been ample reward.

The author also hereby expresses his appreciation to many others who have helped in the cause, and especially to the committee—Alma Hanson, Thomas R. Wilson and Leon M. Strong—who have read and carefully revised the manuscript. However, the author assumes full responsibility for any inaccuracies in substance or construction.

B. W. DRIGGS.

Driggs, Idaho, March 4, 1926.

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HISTORY OF THE TETON VALLEY

CHAPTER I.

NAME, LOCATION AND DESCRIPTION.

DURING all the period of the trappers, for about a quarter of a century, this—the valley of the Tetons—was called “Pierre’s Hole,” so named from Vieux Pierre, an Iroquois Indian trapper, who in his search for beaver found his way, along with some companion hunters, into this valley in 1818, and revealed its existence to the Hudson Bay Company. Prior to that time it had been called the “Broad Valley” by some of the Indians. At least this was the interpretation of the Indian name given by the first white man that entered the valley—John Colter—in 1808. The early pioneers of the Snake River Valley were the first to call it “Teton Basin,” taking the word Teton from the peaks which the French-Canadian trappers called the Trois Tetons, or three teats.

The valley lies in eastern Idaho under the shadows of these majestic peaks in the eastern Teton range of mountains, and is about fifteen miles wide in the central part, eight to ten miles wide at either end, and about thirty miles long, with the Teton River running nearly its entire length from south to north.

There is evidence, from the marks and shells indicating the shore line, that this valley was once a great lake; also from the trails of former inhabitants along the mountain sides. These trails were used by a people who traversed this region before the waters cut their way through the lava beds and found their way to the sea and are indicated by what are called “circles,” laid with flat stones, or sometimes by rude forts, which was a custom of ancient times to mark the way, which were placed at different points of their travel. One of these rude forts is still extant on Bald Hill, south of Fox Canyon. At the time of the arrival of the early settlers the walls of this fort stood five or six feet high, but boys have since rolled many of the stones down the mountain side.

Idaho is called “The Gem of the Mountains,” the literal meaning being “sunrise mountains,” and as it is held by the Indians with a mystic sanctity, the magnificent sunrise over the grand Teton Peaks may have been the origin of the cognomen.

ITS BEAUTY.

Although Teton Valley is now one of the national highways to and from the Yellowstone National Park, very few of the travelers and tourists stop long enough to visit the beauty spots and sylvan retreats of the valley and its surrounding mountains; scenery as wonderful as that of Switzerland. The grandeur of its mountains, its extensive and attractive forests, mountain lakes, streams of pure clear water, shady nooks and ideal camping retreats, cannot be excelled in natural allurements. The placid Teton River runs through its center, fed by many beautiful mountain streams, all teeming with trout which are attractive to the lovers of this kind of sport. A view that cannot be excelled in grandeur and beauty is gained by ascending Table Rock, which projects high in front of the Teton Peaks. From this point can be viewed the perpetual glacial snowbanks which are hundreds of feet in depth, and which the summer sun does not melt away; the lakes glimmering in the sunlight, the lofty ranges of mountains extending as far as the vision can reach and the beautiful valley below present a magnificent view and panorama for miles around.

In recounting the beauties of this valley we are reminded of the story of a traveler who once in speaking of the attractions of Idaho said: "I have scaled the Alps and sailed the crystal waters of the lakes of Switzerland; climbed through the ashes to the crater's brim and viewed the mighty power of Vesuvius; looked on the fertile Valley of the Nile; visited many wonderful works of nature—yet all of these things are not more wonderful than the scenic wonders of the State of Idaho." He could have added with more similitude and emphasis, the Valley of the Tetons and its wonderful mountains, lakes and sparkling streams—the Matterhorn of America.



Lovers' Lane at Mouth of Teton Canyon.



Teton Lake Showing Top of One of the Peaks in the Distance.

CHAPTER II.

THE INDIANS.

INASMUCH as the natives have figured conspicuously in the early history of this valley, it will be our first consideration to give a brief chapter on the Indians who made this valley their hunting ground and summer rendezvous as far back as tradition goes. The early trail-blazers and trappers encountered them here, where many a battle was fought between the different tribes as they came in contact with each other in their hunting and thieving trips.

Chief Washakie was here in 1857, and many times prior thereto, and he told the story that on one of his tribe's annual winter food gathering trips they had a great fight with the Sioux in this valley many years prior, when he was a small boy, and that his people lost about 2,000 of their best men. They also had a severe battle with the Crows in 1857. The Crows were their eternal enemies, stealing their horses on every possible occasion. Whenever an encounter occurred the women and children would retreat to the timber or brush, as they did in this instance, while the braves participated in the battle, which on this occasion was near Lake Henry, just prior to their coming into this valley. The Shoshones were the victors in this battle and chased the Crows as far as the head waters of the Missouri, where they recovered not only their own animals but took some of the horses that belonged to the Crows. One hundred and three of the Crows were killed and about as many more wounded in this skirmish.

The most graphic description of the life and characteristics of the Indians and their hunting expeditions in this valley is found in the story of "Uncle Nick Among the Shoshones," as related by "Uncle Nick" to Howard R. Driggs, author of the publication.

It seems from this story that Indians came to this valley for game from as far away as southern Utah, where these Shoshones picked up "Nick" when he was about 12 years of age. He was tired of herding sheep on poor rations, and was glad to accept their flattering promises of plenty to eat and a pinto pony, which he had fallen in love with, to ride. He therefore left his flocks in the spring of 1856 and remained with these Shoshones for about

two years, accompanying them to this valley. "Nick's" full name was Elijah Nicholas Wilson, who in 1889, located in Jackson Hole, and from whom Wilson, Wyoming, derives its name.

After this battle between the Crows and Shoshones the latter moved their camp to the junction of the Teton and North Fork of Snake Rivers. Here the mosquitos drove them out, and they then found their way into their favored retreat—the Teton Valley.

During those early days there were not only plenty of antelope, elk, deer, moose, and bear, but vast herds of buffalo. The Indians would not wantonly kill game, as they alleged the palefaces did, but killed only what they required for food, clothing and some furs for market.

In hunting buffalo one member of the party was selected to ride up to a buffalo and cut the ham-string. He was equipped with a spear attached to a long handle and he was usually an expert in the business. Others of the group would come along and kill it, then the squaws would follow up the chase, skin the buffalo and get the meat by cutting it all from the bones. After getting it to camp they would cut it into thin slices and hang it up to dry. When the time came to migrate to their winter haunts every horse was packed to the limit with hides, dried meat, fish and berries.

"Uncle Nick" relates an experience he had while they were encamped here. The squaws and children went up the canyon to gather berries. Towards evening, he heard a terrible screaming, and saw the squaws and children running wildly down the canyon. When he asked what the matter was, one replied: "A bear has killed my girl." "Nick" jumped on his pony, rode up the canyon, drove off the bear and picked up the apparently lifeless girl. When she roused a little she asked for a drink of water, which he supplied with his berry cup from a nearby stream. As soon as she was able to be moved he lifted her upon his pony. He reached camp late that night with the wounded girl, and was acclaimed a hero. The girl was offered him as a wife for his reward, which offer he abruptly declined.

As early as 1868 the Bannock band of Indians, living in the eastern part of Idaho, agreed to go on the Fort Hall Reservation, provided the land was set apart for them; but the government had a hard time to keep them on the reservation because of their roving dispositions.

The Blackfeet, so named from the fact that after leaving their Algonquin family, they traveled over fire-burned prairies which made their feet black, had wandered to the northwest where they affiliated with the Teton and Sioux bands. The Shoshone Indians formerly inhabited western Wyoming and southern Idaho, and parts of Utah and Nevada. The name signifies people of the high lands, inhabiting the elevated country of the Rocky Mountains. They were also called "Snake Indians." Lewis and Clark first described them and called them "Shoshonees." The early trappers found them in this valley and in the Snake River Valley. It is reported that they had lived in this vicinity about 50 years before the advent of the trappers.

In October, 1863, a treaty was concluded with the western bands of Shoshones. In this treaty the government acquired title to large tracts of land extending over parts of Utah, Nevada, Idaho, and Oregon. Associated with them more or less were the Bannock Indians. On June 14, 1867, Fort Hall was set apart for the Shoshone, Bannock and associate tribes. Then by the treaty of Fort Bridger, in the spring of 1868, they agreed to relinquish all lands in Wyoming and southern Idaho, except certain parts reserved for their occupancy. Part of this cession embraced what is now Teton County.

Even after this it was hard to control the Indians. In 1878 they went on a rampage and committed many depredations all over the country, killing freighters, burning their wagons, stealing their teams and making a great deal of trouble. In that year General O. O. Howard was sent out by the government to get them back on the reservations. He had under his command a company of infantry, and after rounding up the Indians in this valley and other retreats he followed them down Falls River, and thence back to the reservations.

In 1894 more stringent measures were adopted, after their game hunt in Jackson Hole and the Teton Valley Indian scare. They had become tired of their restraint and longed for their accustomed hunting haunts and stole away over their old trails through this valley into Jackson Hole. The ranchers there objected to them killing game. R. E. Miller, of Jackson, then sent for William Manning, at that time an officer in this valley holding some government position, to go to Jackson Hole and assist in settling the Indian troubles. A number of the Indians were arrested, but at an opportune time made a break for liberty.

In the mean time Samuel Swanner wrote the governor of Idaho requesting arms and ammunition, saying the people here were poorly equipped, but as the arms had been sent to the scene of labor troubles at that time, the governor wired for U. S. troops, who at once came in here, as elsewhere related in this history.

Roland W. Brown, Jr., in his souvenir history of Jackson Hole, says that "Amy Racehorse" in attempting to escape was swept from her horse by a limb of a tree. A papoose she was carrying on her horse was lost and was never found. Another two-year old child was also swept from a horse but was afterwards found by two men, Wilson and Hunter, and later was returned to his parents.

Mr. Brown also relates that this same Indian boy that was lost served overseas in the World War, and is now living on the Shoshone reservation in Wyoming.

James E. Jensen, a resident of Teton Valley ever since this Indian affair, happened to be in Jackson Hole prospecting at that time, and says that the people there built a stockade for their protection, and that the soldiers that came there were all colored men. He was standing behind Sylvester Wilson when he dropped dead with heart failure at this time, and Jensen caught him as he was falling.

This case, to determine the Indian and state rights to enforce the state laws, was taken to the federal court in Wyoming, and finally to the supreme court of the United States, which sustained the state laws which made the game the property of the state, and settled the game question for all time.

On this side of the range, bordering Teton Valley, during the search for escaped prisoners a small Indian baby was found which the mother had lost during the flight. Some of the men wanted to kill it, but they decided to leave it lying in the grass where they had found it. Later, in going back to the place they discovered the baby was gone. The following year Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Marker, of Driggs, Mrs. N. A. Just and daughter Agnes, residing at Presto, a small place that now has a rural route out of Shelley, Idaho, with whom Mr. and Mrs. Marker were visiting, saw this Indian baby. It had been recovered by a Bannock brave, who took it to Fort Washakie, and the mother recovered it from there the following spring. It was then about two and a half years of age. When these parties saw it the mother was scrubbing it with a brush on the banks of the Blackfoot River, and in answer to the

question why she was scrubbing it so hard, she replied that she was trying to wash all the Bannock off from it. When asked how she came to lose the baby she said that it was riding behind her and fell off the horse unobserved. With the baby on the Blackfoot River bank were his mother, grandmother, great grandmother, and a few other Indians.

During this Indian escapade most of the people of this valley became somewhat alarmed and many women were frightened, some of whom then left never to return. The people on Trail Creek gathered at Frank Parson's place and built a stockade of logs and earth. Part of a regiment of soldiers came in, and in passing through Driggs, made a requisition on the Driggs and Kimball store and took nearly all the supplies on hand.

A week after the escape of the Indians from Jackson Hole the body of a buck Indian was found by the side of a stream, a tributary of Trail Creek, where he had crawled to bathe his wounds and to quench his thirst. This Indian scare, with the sight of soldiers marching through the valley was a break in the monotony of the lives of the lonely settlers in their log cabins. The soldiers encamped for some time on Game Creek. Here one of them died and his grave may still be seen near the banks of the creek.

While they were encamped here Henry C. Bowles got acquainted with Captain Ray while trying to sell him some beef. Captain Ray told him they preferred mutton, and as Bowles had a few sheep at his ranch he sold them mutton. One day Captain Ray asked Bowles to go hunting with him. When they had gone up Moose Creek a short distance the Captain suddenly brought his gun to his shoulder and said to his companion Bowles, "Look at those elk." Bowles replied "Where?" "Under that tree up there," said the captain. Bowles looked up and said, "Don't shoot, they are men and horses." On nearer approach it was discovered that the men under the tree were Nean Christensen and another young man who thus narrowly escaped a shot from the captain's rifle.

After they came down in the evening from their day's hunt they discovered a band of Lemhi Indians encamped on Moose Creek, while some were scouting around; when the latter observed the soldiers they headed in haste for camp. When Captain Ray saw the Indians he said to Bowles, "Let's go talk to them." Bowles replied, "Maybe they are on the warpath." "Oh no," said the captain. Bowles then added, "If you ain't scart I ain't,

go ahead." The captain could talk Indian and told them they would have to get a permit to pass out. The chief replied, "White men in Jackson Hole all-a-time 'fraid Indian kill elk." They went out next day by permission of Captain Ray.

Other stories of Indians and their battles will be interwoven in the ensuing chapters of the early trail-blazers and trappers.

CHAPTER III.

JOHN COLTER, DISCOVERER OF THE YELLOWSTONE AND TETON PASS.

THIS region was never traversed by white men, that we have any record of, prior to the time when John Colter, the first discoverer of Teton Pass and the Yellowstone wonders, came into the valley with the Crow Indians, in September, 1808. Colter had been with the Lewis and Clark expedition, and after reaching some distance down the Missouri on their homeward journey, he secured his discharge and returned to the wilderness.

The events here chronicled were at the time of the mighty pageant of adventures that moved beyond the Mississippi toward the great unknown West and began their keelboat voyage up the Missouri. It was at this time when the adventurous trapper, trader, settler, prospector and cattlemen began crawling up the rivers, singing their merry chansons, but ever on the alert, with gun in hand, for surprises from the enemy or wild beasts.

Among the early voyagers—the first to start the Yankee fur trading—was Manuel Liza with his keelboat, whose plan was to establish posts on both sides of the Continental Divide, and to send his men along the course of every stream and out among the wandering tribes of Indians until the commerce of the then land of mystery in this western wilderness was his and there remained no place unexplored. He had with him some of the most intrepid Kentucky and Tennessee hunters, raw backwoodsmen with their long-barreled flintlocks, usually carried across their knees while on the boat. It was such an adventure as no tradesman had undertaken before, and he needed fighters who were experienced and daring from the start.

Liza's keelboat was breasting its way up the Missouri, and the voyagers were singing their usual chant. The singing suddenly stopped. They sighted a log canoe coming down the stream. In it was a solitary man, whose hair hung down to his shoulders, and as he drew nearer the startled crew saw a dark stained face, stained by the wind and weather. He had on a tattered buckskin shirt and waist-high leggings, soiled by long and rough usage. At first they supposed he was an Indian, but as he paddled nearer they discovered him to be one of their own race. It was the Virginian, John Colter.

Here the first and boldest of the early Yankee trappers of the west met the first and greatest of early traders. They then rested upon the bank while they talked. Colter told of his experiences with Lewis and Clark, and Liza told him of his plans. When this part of the conversation ceased Colter turned back once more from the civilization from which he had been absent for three adventurous years and became a member of Liza's party.

As they neared the mud-hutted village of the Arickaras the warriors swarmed forth but soon fled from the leveled muskets of Liza's hunters. The traders went ashore and smoked the pipe of peace with the chiefs. The heretofore warlike tribe then became timid and sought the white man's presents, and to traffic for his scarlet cloth and trinkets.

Liza's men then purchased ponies from these Indians and struck off westward toward the valley of the Yellowstone, beholding with amazement the bad land buttes, and on the north of the Big Horn built their trading post. They feared the Blackfeet Indians and thought it better to abide in the land of the friendly Crows.

Late in the season, John Colter rode away for a hunt. He carried with him his little pack, powder and balls; a little salt to season his meat and a few trinkets for presents all rolled up in the buffalo robe which served him for his bed. Many days followed before he reached the Crow village, early in September, on the Wind River range. Here he went into the chief's tepee and had a feast of fat dogs. He gave them presents and told them of the great trader who had come from the east to traffic with them. The Crows then declared their affection for the white man, and said they were going to join their main village across the mountain in the west.

The next morning they broke camp and the cavalcade struck out for the "Broad Valley," as they called it, later known as Pierre's Hole. Day after day Colter journeyed with them, crossing the Wind River, Union Pass and other points that no white man had seen before; on they came until they passed the verdant valley where the Lewis Lake mirrored the Tee-win-at, later known as the Trois Tetons, thence on over Teton Pass—the first white discoverer of it—and entered this valley where they found the great Crow village. Here Colter gave a feast and smoked the pipe of peace with them.

It was while these festivities were going on in this seemingly peaceful vale, that a war party of Blackfeet swept down upon them from the north. These two hostile tribes fought fiercely all day long. This intrepid Virginian with his ever ready rifle against their arrows with the 800 Crows against 1500 Blackfeet, put the latter to flight, but not before Colter had received an arrow in his leg.

This is the first battle that we have any record of that occurred in this valley, September, 1808. From the description given by Colter it happened on the "flat" between Teton and Leigh Creeks, and we have named it the "Battle of Flats." This may have been the battle that Chief Washakie mentioned when here in 1857, in which they lost so many braves. He said that it happened when he was a little boy.

When darkness came on the air resounded with the squaws wailing over their dead. A council of the chiefs ensued, and it was decided that it was too dangerous to remain in the land of the Blackfeet, so the next morning they departed for the Wind River, after interring their dead. But Colter chose to remain behind.

FIRST DISCOVERER OF THE YELLOWSTONE.

Colter struck out alone through the forests and over rough mountains, and finally found himself in the wonderland of the Yellowstone, and became amazed at the enormous fountains of boiling water and all its startling wonders. He called it "the place where hell bubbled up," and became its first discoverer; but the story was regarded as an imagination or some fairy myth, and it remained to be rediscovered later and made known to the world by other witnesses of its actual existence.

Three weeks later Colter found himself back in Liza's camp. He had gained the friendship of the Crows, had discovered a new pass across the Rocky Mountains, which soon became the national highway, was the first white man to enter this "Broad Valley" of the Tetons, had explored the Wind River country and Jackson Hole, then was the first to gaze upon the marvels of the Yellowstone.

We quote the following from the life of General Ainsley:

"Alone, with a pack weighing thirty pounds, he first traveled southward into Asaraka, the land of the Crows, and thence north-

ward with a band of these Indians until together they met a party of Blackfeet. Hostilities ensued, and Colter was wounded in the leg." Brigadier General Chittenden places the engagement on the western side of the Continental Divide, in Pierre's Hole.

About six months after Colter had been in the battle here between the Crows and Blackfeet in 1808, he again ventured out in the hunting grounds of the Blackfeet, as they were called, but were Gros Ventres, and hoped to smoke the pipe of peace with them, yet he feared some of the braves would recognize him as the white man whose rifle had helped to turn the tide of battle. With Colter was another man named Potts, and as they were silently paddling the canoe the Indians burst through the thicket from both sides, yet Colter kept cool and made for the bank. As they drew near the bank, Potts dropped his paddle and picked up his rifle. This was not a peace sign to the Indians. A stalwart savage leaped into the water and snatched it from his hands. Colter stepped to the bank and wrested the weapon from the warrior's grasp. The Gros Ventres were now swarming through the brush, yet Colter remained motionless; he raised his hand, palm forward, in the peace signal; but the Indians had noticed Pott's attitude of hostility, and suddenly a bowstring twanged, and Potts was wounded; then a score of arrows entered his body, and he sank lifeless to the ground. Still Colter did not move. When the chief came crashing through the willows a dozen warriors told him that this prisoner was the white man who had slain their companions in the battle the autumn before.

"This is a brave warrior," said the chief, "we will see how bravely he can die." They stripped him naked and asked if he could run. He said no, that he was slow of foot.

They then gave him several paces the start and let him run the gauntlet, and such running he had never done before. He ran until his lungs burned within him and the blood gushed from his nose and mouth. Thus he sped on mile after mile until the Indian yells were growing fainter. Colter stopped for a moment, and when he looked around he beheld a warrior within twenty yards, who then hurled his spear, as arrows were not allowed according to Indian ethics in a race for life, but as he did so he stumbled and the spear broke in the earth. Before the brave could regain his feet Colter sprang for the lance and plunged it through the body of his prostrate enemy. The other Indians were yelling in the timber near by, but Colter had gained the river bank and swam

to a jam of driftwood in mid-stream, where he kept himself secreted while they were searching everywhere for him. Here he lay until darkness came on, with his naked body lacerated by the briars and brush he had rushed through in his race with death. He finally reached Liza's camp.

CHAPTER IV.

MAJOR ANDREW HENRY.

THE next to enter this valley was Major Andrew Henry and his company, in the fall of 1810, after he had been driven out of the Yellowstone River country by the Blackfeet. He found his way over the Continental Divide which is now the highway between Jackson Hole and the Yellowstone National Park, followed down Jackson Hole, thence over the Teton Pass, spent some time in this valley, and then went on to what was named in his honor, Henry's Fork, where he built Fort Henry.

It was after Manuel Liza had returned to the frontier with many bales of beaver skins that the strength of his success inspired Major Henry to enter the fur business. Henry and Liza then organized the Missouri Fur Company and the invasion of the Blackfoot country followed.

Henry engaged in a fight with the Blackfeet at the Three Forks of the Missouri, and then plunged into the wilderness, as above related.

Fort Henry was built near what is now called Eagle Nest Ford, about three miles west of St. Anthony, and consisted of a cluster of log houses which he and his men occupied until the following spring.

It is related that game was so scarce during the winter of 1810-11 that they had to use their horses for food and before the snow melted away they were boiling the hides for soup.

Inasmuch as Fort Henry has figured so conspicuously in the early trapper history of this valley it might be of interest to relate here subsequent events as to its location, and continued existence, as some historians make the statement that it was destroyed by the Indians. Captain Bonneville visited the fort in 1832, and Father De Smet, in 1840. An old Indian still living (1926) at Fort Hall, now about 110 years of age, named Quish-in-Demi, and two other old Indians, made the statement to J. A. Harrington, in 1925, that when Quish-in-Demi was about twenty years old, he had seen this fort, along with these other old Indians, at the above described location, and that the roofs of the buildings were then falling in, so it had not been destroyed by Indians then.

On April 26, 1925, a medallion of bronze, shield-shaped, about the size of the palm of a man's hand, was discovered at this location. It was greatly corroded, and upon it was inscribed 16 stars arranged in a semicircle. Beneath the stars are two American flags, each with 16 stars. Crossed cutlasses and crossed pistols are carved on the shield.

Some of the men that were with Henry at this fort were John Hoback, from whom Hoback River and Canyon were named, Jacob Rezner, Edward Robinson, Michael E. Immel, John Laugherty, William Weir, Nicholas Clineau, Archibald Pelton, A. Henry, and John Day.

At the time Henry started out with a new organization in 1822, with William H. Ashley, Liza was dead. Henry at this time was nearly 50 years of age. He was described as a tall man, with dark hair, mixed with gray, and was, before becoming a mountaineer, dressed after the fashion of the times, with a high hat, ruffled shirt front, tight breeches and highly polished boots. This was quite a contrast to his buckskin suit. He who before had scorned corn pones was glad to subsist on horseflesh and horsehide soup while at Fort Henry. He made his fortune, however, in the fur business, and after his last trip when he went east by way of the Big Horn and the Missouri, nothing more was heard of him, except that he died January 10, 1832.

In order to lead the reader to the events we have to relate in regard to the trappers of Pierre's Hole, let us first explain a little of the fur trade of the Northwest. In 1811, John Jacob Astor, as related in the next chapter, established his fur trading at Astoria, which was captured by the British, in 1814, and the control of trade fell into the hands of the Northwest Company. Owing to the apathy and neglect of the American government, Mr. Astor abandoned all thought of regaining Astoria, and the Northwest Company considered themselves the lords of the country. A fierce competition ensued between them and their old rival, the Hudson Bay Company, which ended in the ruin of most of the partners of the Northwest Company, and the merging, in 1821, into the rival association. From that time the Hudson Bay Company had a monopoly of the fur trade from the Pacific Coast to the Rocky Mountains. These mountains formed a great barrier between them and the United States, with their stern and awful defiles, mountain valleys, and rivers.

Major Henry, who was head of the first American company to trap as far west as the head waters of the Columbia, had experienced terrible difficulties in 1808. Hunt and his party sustained frightful hardships, also Ramsey Crooks, who, after Astor had retired from his activities in the trapping business, became manager of the business Astor had first established, endured all kinds of suffering in the difficulties which he had to surmount; Robert Stewart, the intrepid Astorian, with his six companions, who had accompanied Hunt to Astoria, and then returned east with messages to Mr. Astor, also met with almost insurmountable obstacles and hardships; and it was very hard for the early trappers to establish themselves in these then inhospitable wilds.

At first the Americans contented themselves on the eastern side of the Rocky Mountains, but after Colter's lone experience through the snow-crowned rocky barriers, Major Henry and General Ashley were the first to revive the tramontane expeditions. They were men who became famous for their courage and achievements in the Great West—the Rocky Mountain region. Others who became associated with them almost from the start, who also became leading trappers and mountaineers, and who finally succeeded to the business of the company which Ashley and Henry organized, were Jedediah S. Smith, William L. Sublette, Thomas Fitzpatrick, Robert Campbell, and James Bridger. These all became renowned in frontier story, and made Pierre's Hole their rendezvous.

It was the success of the Missouri Fur Company that first attracted the American Fur Company, founded by Mr. Astor. At the time of the change of leaders of the Missouri Fur Company, in 1830, the association took the name of the Rocky Mountain Fur Company. Henceforth the rivalry was between the American Fur Company and the Rocky Mountain Fur Company, to which we will hereafter have occasion to refer.

CHAPTER V.

THE HUNT EXPEDITION.

AFTER the starve-out winter of 1810-11, the three Kentucky hunters, Hoback, Rezner and Robinson, left Fort Henry and found their way back to this valley and thence on to Jackson Valley, trapping and hunting game to eat as they went along; thence up the canyon that bears the name of Hoback, on through the Wind River Mountains, again landing on the Missouri with a rich load of furs. As they were about to embark, however, their camp was plundered by Indians and they barely escaped with their lives.

In 1811 John Jacob Astor, in establishing his fur trading on the Columbia, fitted out one company by water and another for an overland trip. The latter started up the Missouri in the spring of 1811, following the Lewis and Clark route (1804), with Pierre Dorion and his Indian wife as guides. This expedition had at its head William Price Hunt, a young man then 30 years of age.

By the time the Hunt expedition started for the Columbia Colter had retired from the wild mountain life and married, but when he heard of the expedition he left his clearing in the Missouri forests to go and warn Hunt against the warring Blackfeet, and to tell him of the new passes near the Three Tetons. When the three Kentucky hunters came down the Missouri and gave additional information of the route by way of the Teton Pass, Hunt was glad to offer them great inducements to return with them as guides through the wilderness.

When Hunt came up the river into South Dakota, near the present site of Pierre, on June 18, they met these three hunters who had left the Henry trappers, stranded and hungry, who had been coming down the river, drifting back on the Missouri, but now encamped on the shore. They had found a shorter and easier way through the Rockies than the Lewis and Clark trail, and were induced to return with the Hunt party as guides, on condition that Hunt would outfit them again for another winter. So the bargain was then struck, and these brave pathfinders who had now been over this new national highway twice, again turned their faces to the west to pilot the Hunt expedition. They came

through the Wind River Mountains, and on to the summit of Union Pass where the Hunt party first caught sight of the Teton Peaks; thence they came into the head waters of Green River, down the Hoback Canyon, through Jackson Hole, and over the Teton Pass, (then named Hunt's Pass after their leader, by which name it was known for many years). After passing through this valley they stopped for a while at the deserted Fort Henry, October 8, 1811, and remained at this fort for ten days. Hunt named the Teton Peaks the Pilot Knobs. The Shoshones called them Tee-win-at, meaning the pinnacles.

It might be of interest to follow Mrs. Dorion, the modern Pocahontas, who started out with her husband to pilot the Hunt party, in the tragical events that occurred a little later, as she helped unlock the secrets of the Indian trails that later were so often used by the trappers.

After these Kentucky hunters had been fitted out again, according to promise, headed by John Reed, they plunged once more into the wilderness and were not heard of again for a year and a half. Pierre Dorion had decided to become a hunter and had joined them. The wife determined to follow. After suffering untold hardships and the winter blasts she finally came in sight of her husband's cabin on the banks of the Boise River. From a distance it appeared some foul work had been done, so wrapping her children up and leaving them in the woods she crept cautiously toward the cabin, where she found the whole hunting party murdered and scalped. She had been without food for several days, so she gathered up the few frozen fish that were in the cabin, returned to her children, whom she found nearly frozen, packed them on top of her loaded horse and proceeded on her long wearisome journey through the winter snows, woods, rocks and rugged ways, until the horse became so poor and weak it could proceed no further. Here she selected a spot in the rugged clefts of the Blue Mountains to spend the remainder of the winter. She killed her poor old jaded horse and hung the flesh up in a tree for their winter food, built a hut of the branches of trees, long grass and moss, with her hunting knife as her only tool. After leaving her winter camp she became snowblind, and they were without food for six days; finally she became so weak she could not carry her children; she wrapped them up and left them, then crawled her way until she reached a camp at what is now Walla Walla. On hearing her story a party was sent out to recover her

children, who now fatherless had battled their way along with the mother over a bitter winter trail to this point. Here the rescuers found the two little children, sad little creatures, hungry and cold, and brought them to the exhausted mother. The story told by her made her a heroine. In the spring many canoes put off from the river bank, and in one of them was this Indian pathfinder, the heroic mother, and her children. Such is but a brief story of the woman who first helped to lead the Hunt party and to blaze the trails over the mountain passes into this valley of the Tetons, that became the national highway until the South Pass was later discovered. She was as wonderful a scout and as brave a woman as Sacajawea, who guided the Lewis and Clark expedition.

After Hunt and his expedition had reached the Columbia he sent messengers back from Astoria, to Mr. Astor. The leader of this party was Robert Stewart, who again passed through this valley in 1812. He made a journal of his trip, called the "Journal and Voyage Across the Continent of North America from Astoria to New York." This journal has not been published. It was left in the possession of a lady, one of his kin, in Florida, but lately a copy has been secured and deposited in the public library of New York.

On Monday, September 7, 1812, Stewart and party were on Falls River on foot and went down the Snake River Valley trying to secure some ponies from the Snakes. On the nineteenth they were at Fort Henry, and on October 1 came into the Valley of the Tetons, where, he states, there was an abundance of beaver. They "traversed the plain in view of Pilot Knobs." Stewart stated in his journal that the valley was about 16 miles wide, and that they traversed it 18 miles before entering the pass on their way east, so he must have entered the valley from the west entrance.

CHAPTER VI.

THE HUDSON BAY COMPANY.

WHILE the French were the first trappers of the northwest and may have penetrated below what is now the Canadian Line, the Great Hudson Bay Company that had received its charter from King Charles the Second on May 2, 1670, were the first trappers that we have any record of in the great northwest. The headquarters of that company was Fort Albany on the Hudson Bay, and all the country trapped by them was named Rupert's Land, in honor of Prince Rupert, founder of the company. There were no limits to its boundaries, which were so elastic as to stretch to wherever its men trapped, from Hudson Bay to the Columbia.

Donald Mackenzie, a Scotchman, was in the northwest country for some time prior to 1800, and in 1820 had charge of the trappers from this valley to the Bear River. He left in 1820, and Alexander Ross succeeded him. He was about to quit the Columbia when he received order dated July 13, 1823, to occupy the Snake River country. Peter Skeen Ogden, from whom Ogden, Utah, derived its name, was a companion of Ross and urged him to accept the appointment.

In going south with his forty men winter overtook them; but in spite of the blizzards and snow they pushed their way through to the buffalo range to lay in meat. This was a time fraught with great consequence in regard to the possession of the territory of the northwest, whether England or the United States should be the sovereign head. The American trappers were heading off some of the inroads into Pierre's Hole and other choice beaver fields; and in the mountains near the Trois Tetons the Ross party met with some surprises. The Americans had been trapping around this rendezvous; and had somewhat shattered the loyalty of the Ross Iroquois hunters with whom the British traded, which raised considerable discussion in London and Washington about the sharp practices of the Yankees. The Iroquois trappers had to take such prices for their beaver as were offered and when they came to settle they found themselves usually in debt to the British, and they thus became servants to the

company. The Americans marketed their furs and reaped the profits. This free way of American trading raised a storm over the two continents, and caused considerable ill feeling between the trappers as well.

At this juncture of ill feeling Ross dispatched, in June, 1824, three men to the Trois Tetons, which was their appointed rendezvous, to trade with the Iroquois. These men had to travel through the dangerous Blackfeet country, where they were surprised, and the men had to fight for their lives. When Ross heard of this, he sent out a strong party, who returned on October 4, bringing with them ten Iroquois and seven American trappers. They arrived, however, without any furs, naked and almost destitute and in debt to the American trappers for having conveyed them to the Trois Tetons.

Vieux Pierre, from whom Pierre's Hole was named, in 1818, and who was one of this party, related the story that they traveled in a southerly direction, and after crossing the main river attempted to keep out of the way of the Indians, and landed in this valley where they trapped with good success for about two months, when some of the Snakes found them out, and one Canutahare married one of their women, for whom he gave a horse. The Indians thought the consideration for this Indian belle insufficient and demanded another horse, but were refused; then the Indian bride deserted, and the trappers changed their location. Soon a band of Snake warriors fell upon the Iroquois trappers and robbed them of everything. They had 900 beaver, 54 steel traps and 27 horses, which, together with nearly all their clothing, the Snakes carried off. In this destitute condition they fell in with the Americans and promised them \$40 to escort them back to Godin's River. The Americans accompanied them to that point. The next day they met the men Ross had dispatched to meet them. The Americans confirmed the story of Old Pierre.

There are different stories of this exploit but probably the true one is that they fell in with the Americans and were told how they marketed their furs, and that they could get a higher price for them at the American post on the Yellowstone. With this in view the Iroquois hunters cached their furs with those of the Americans, and were ready to induce their comrades to desert and join the Americans.

The Hudson Bay Company called it knavery on the part of the Yankees to use such tactics with the Iroquois. The answer was

that the Americans believed this country was theirs, and they wanted to see what the British were doing here. The Americans had planted their trading posts in the heart of this land of mystery, and had no intention of yielding to others not only the rich fur business, but the possession of the land. This was but the beginning of the end that secured the northwest to the Americans. Pierre's Hole might well be classed as the nucleus or beginning of this great movement, where it remained so long a favored rendezvous of the American trappers.

This party of Iroquois trappers who had been fitted out by Ross consisted of seventeen, and six of their number were killed in the encounter with the Snakes.

Jedediah Strong Smith was one of the seven men—Americans—who went to the Ross camp, and the two, at first seeming antagonists, became boon companions during the following winter. It was Smith, with other Americans, who accompanied the dilapidated Iroquois who had been despoiled, as they stated, by the Snakes, back to the Ross camp.

It was shortly after this episode they encountered thieving bands of Indians with about 40 English and American horses, and a skirmish ensued, in which the trappers were the victors and recovered the horses.

Immediately after this Ross left for good, and followed Mackenzie over the mountains to the Red River settlements and became the historian of the colony, and his Indian wife became one of the "ladies" of the community. Ross in his story called Smith the American spy.

Peter Skene Ogden and Smith later met at what became known as Ogden, and the former boasted that after the Americans had been driven away from the northwest country in the war of 1812, that the British had taken out of this valley, the vicinity of the Tetons, and the Snake River Valley 85,000 beavers, worth \$750,000. This message was sent east by Smith, in a letter to Thomas H. Benton, by Smith's friend, William H. Ashley.

The Indians used the skins of animals for clothing and to cover their wigwams in what might be termed an extravagant way, considering the fabulous value in European markets of which they were wholly ignorant, so they were ready to barter them for cheap trinkets, bright colored cloth, knives, hatchets, etc., that the trappers carried in their packs, in exchange for furs. We read of some of Bridger's deals where he would some-

times get a valuable robe for a string of beads worth about ten cents.

The fur trade became an important factor not only as a business in those days, but in the final conquest of the great northwest. The trappers donned similar costumes to those of the Indians, usually made of buckskin; for one reason such material would stand the rough usage of the wild life in the wilderness, where laundries were unknown, and when becoming lousy, all they had to do was to lay their buckskin clothing on an ant hill, and the vermin were soon carried away by the ants. A buffalo robe was the usual bed, whether out in the open under the broad canopy of heaven, or in a tepee or other shelter.

Lewis and Clark met trappers in 1804, even before the American trappers penetrated this far, and on their return trip they met several small parties on their way into the wilderness for a season's hunt.

CHAPTER VII.

THE TRAPPING BUSINESS.

OTHER American trappers, now almost forgotten heroes, soon followed in the wake of Liza's adventures. Numerous parties were soon wending their way to the land of mystery, the heart of the western wilderness, the direction that the course of empire was then taking. The United States had just come into possession of Louisiana when her citizens began to penetrate its remote interior. The great events, however, of these intrepid hunters were obscured by the better known events that soon followed. The "Mormon" emigration, the war with Mexico, the discovery of gold in California and the controversy over the Oregon question absorbed public attention, while these venturesome trappers were making themselves heroes. At that time no one dreamed of the hidden wealth of precious metals or the facilities of the west for settlement. The simple question then was its wealth of furs, which for some time was the only business of the entire western region, and Pierre's Hole became the favored section and rendezvous for their endeavors. The roving trappers and traders first sought out its then apparently uninhabitable wilds, traced its streams to their sources, penetrated its rugged mountain defiles and explored the boundless expanse of territory where white men had not been before, and Pierre's Hole in particular became a field of romance and adventure. It developed incidents of heroic life in the wandering careers of these hardy men who ventured out in the then trackless wilderness, and the annals of their adventures now inspire an interest even greater than that of ancient history.

These trappers were armed for every emergency of combat both with native foes and savage beasts, and every kind of hardship of the rough mountaineer life in order to gather the scattered wealth of this then inhospitable region. Every movement was pregnant with peril and every step beset with enemies of every kind. But they were intrepid against every obstacle, and they pushed their way through all obstructions in spite of the jeopardy of their daily existence.

It was a romantic era in the history of the west and left its influence on the course of empire. In the events that followed

their trapping careers these great trail-blazers became the guides of the future, and the fur trade had a potent influence upon the history of the west.

It may be of interest here to note the prices of trading equipment in those days: Gunpowder was \$1.50 per lb., lead \$1, shot \$1.25, blankets \$9 to \$11 each, scarlet cloth \$6 per yard, teakettles \$2 per lb., iron kettles \$2.25 per lb., copper \$3 per lb., axes \$1 per lb., sugar \$1, coffee \$1.25, raisins \$1.50, flannel \$1.50 per yard, calicoes \$1, cotton (domestic) \$1.25, beads \$2.50 per lb., vermilion \$3 per lb., fourth proof rum reduced \$13.50 per gallon, bridles \$7, tobacco \$1.25 per lb., soap \$1.25 per lb., etc. These figures are taken from Chittenden's "The Fur Traders." The goods all had to be packed on animals from the Missouri River.

Immense profits, however, were made, and enormous fortunes made by some. Nathaniel J. Wyeth gives an estimate of invoices delivered into the Teton Mountains at 400 per cent above the first cost. The trappers were paid in goods at an advance of 600 per cent, \$400 worth per year to each trapper. A successful trapper would take 125 beaver skins, valued in New York or Boston at about \$1000.

There were many sources of losses, however, as there were perilous expeditions, and profits were not always made. The losses were sustained mostly from hostile Indians, involving both life and property, as the Indians did not always approve of the palefaces invading their country. Innumerable tragedies occurred, not always through the fault of the Indians.

It seems from the stories told that no bargain was ever made without liquor and he who gave most was sure to obtain the greater bargain, and often the fire-water was the cause of some tragedy. These wet goods — always alcohol — were carried in flat kegs made to rest conveniently on the packhorse. Usually at the opening of trade at the rendezvous it flowed like water, notwithstanding the high price. Games and gambling then ensued and the hard earnings of the season were soon lost, especially by the hired trappers, most of whom thought only of the time being, and were improvident to a marked degree.

Such was the condition in Pierre's Hole where beaver swarmed in the immense swamps and many streams, hence this valley became the favored rendezvous from the time of Old Pierre until the end of the trapping business.

CHAPTER VIII.

EARLY TRAPPERS.

THE next to make this valley their favored rendezvous for trapping beaver and other fur bearing animals were William H. Ashley and associates, whom Henry had induced to enter the field. Ashley was the principal organizer of the Rocky Mountain Fur Company. He was born in Virginia in 1778, and in March, 1822, advertised for 100 young men to be employed in the fur business, and to be enlisted at St. Louis under the command of Major Andrew Henry. Ashley and Henry began their operations April 11, 1822. James Bridger, then a youth of 18 years, was one of the young men who enlisted in this call. Within four years Ashley and Henry accumulated comfortable fortunes in the fur business.

A NEW ROUTE DISCOVERED.

Edward Rose, a man of mixed breed, had traveled with Ashley's party as far as the Arickara villages, as interpreter. He had been with the Crow Indians considerably and knew something of their trails and passes. He gave some data to Ashley and Henry concerning a pass farther to the south that the Crows sometimes traversed. It was largely on the strength of this information that Ashley and Henry acted when they sent eight or ten of their "enterprising" young men that they had advertised for, southward from the Yellowstone to scout around the region of the Crow trails that they were informed swarmed with beaver. Thomas Fitzpatrick and Jedediah C. Smith were the leaders of this detachment. They brought back information, gained from the Indians, that this rumored pass to the south of them was a fact, and that there was an easy route over the Rockies at the headwaters of a tributary to the North Platte; and they gleaned the fact that beyond the divide there were streams where the beaver were plentiful beyond their fondest hopes.

Therefore, when the spring of 1824 came, three of the men who evidenced leadership left the post at the mouth of the Big-horn to seek out the beaver streams. Fitzpatrick headed one outfit; Jedediah S. Smith, another; and Etienne Provot, the third. Neither of them had yet passed his twenty-first birthday.

These men, who became such noted mountaineers through all the succeeding trapping years, followed the same route John Colter had taken when he smoked the pipe of peace with the Crows. On they went until they reached the valley of the Sweetwater. Here was the stream of which the Indians had spoken, beyond whose source lay the pass across the Great Divide. In their journey they discovered the monolith, on which men in after years chisled their initials, and called it "Independence Rock." Here they recognized it as the landmark which the Crows had described. From here Fitzpatrick and his men traveled west, and found the grade so easy they could hardly realize they were climbing toward the backbone of the continent. They soon found themselves in a gentle swale and suddenly realized that the land sloped down before them. The next day they saw the waters flowing toward the setting sun, and soon found the Green River.

The word went back to the other parties and one after another of these buckskin-clad horsemen came on across the newly discovered South Pass. From this time on the Missouri River route was abandoned as a highway. This brought on a great change in the plans of the Rocky Mountain Fur Company. These packtrain cavalcades came from thenceforth over the new route up the Green River into Pierre's Hole, until Captain Bonneville, in 1832, demonstrated that wagons could be taken over the pack trail to Green River. Trading posts were also then discarded and in the future the rendezvous became the place of trading trinkets for furs.

THE SOUTH PASS DISCOVERED FROM THE WEST.

When Hoback, Reznor and Robinson had returned to Fort Henry with the Hunt expedition they separated from Hunt at this point, in company with John Miller, who did not continue with Hunt because of ill health, but who regained his health before another winter. It was this quartet, in 1812, who first discovered the South Pass, the gateway of the Rockies, but never got back east to tell the story.

After leaving Fort Henry they met a party (the Stewart messengers) going east with a message from Astoria to John Jacob Astor. At this time these hunters had just previously discovered the South Pass, and sent Miller to guide the Stewart party over this route that later became so well known, by which

the thousands of prairie schooners were to surmount the Rockies two decades later. But during the interval of the war of 1812, and the period of the Ashley-Henry trappers, in 1824, these mountain passes, both north and south, were remembered by but a few and became once more a secret until these later trappers blazed the trails anew.

This was a period of great restlessness and wild adventure, and although the government was indifferent as to what became of the country west of the Rocky Mountains, yet the people were not. They began to migrate west, and the pioneer spirit was rampant. These bold adventurers began to wend their way to the untracked wilderness and paved the way for the exploitation of the resources of the Pacific Slope, by which the development of the west was brought about.

Some writers discredit this first discovery of the South Pass by saying they only passed through within 12 to 15 miles of the later defined pass. This discovery is confirmed in a letter by Ramsey Crooks, in the *Detroit Free Press* June 28, 1856; in speaking of this party (Stewart) for whom John Miller was sent as guide, he says:

"The Hunt party found Indians very troublesome in the vicinity of the Yellowstone River. A party of seven men who left Astoria at the end of June, 1812, traveled southeast as soon as they had crossed the main chain of the Rocky Mountains (at Teton Pass), and after several days' journey, came through the South Pass in the month of November, 1812. The men consisted of Robert McClelland, Joseph (John) Miller, Robert Stewart, Benjamin Jones, Francois LeClaire, Andre Valee and Ramsey Crooks," the latter the writer of the letter.

Returning now to the time Henry reached the Yellowstone fort in August 1823, Colonel Leavenworth, Henry, Bridger, Fitzpatrick and others left the Arikara village about the same time. At the fort on the Yellowstone a band of Gros Ventres attacked the men, killing four of them. This was simultaneous with the Hugh Glass bear story. Glass had an encounter with a grizzly which got the better of him. He was so seriously wounded that his injuries were considered fatal. Glass was left in charge of two companions who were delegated to bury him when he died. They got tired of waiting for his death and fearing to get too far in the rear of the company, took the dying man's gun and ammunition and left him to die alone. He, however, did not die, but when

he recovered sufficiently to crawl he found himself with no means to obtain food. He finally crept along for about 30 miles before he found some friendly Indians who nourished him until he recovered.

On July 18, 1826, Ashley and Henry sold out to Jedediah S. Smith, David E. Jackson and William L. Sublette, men who had been associated with the Rocky Mountain Fur Company from its inception, and who all operated in this valley. In one of their caravan trips, 1832, with merchandise, Nathaniel J. Wyeth, founder of Fort Hall, accompanied Sublette to this rendezvous. As all of these leading spirits in the trapping business were associated in the events that followed this period of time, and as we were fortunate enough to get a copy of Wyeth's journal, we shall begin the ensuing events with his story; also in advance of prior events, to show the new route they were taking after the discovery of the South Pass.

NATHANIEL J. WYETH.

Nathaniel J. Wyeth was born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1802. As early as 1815 a number of articles had been written by Hall J. Kelly of Boston on Oregon, which began the agitation for the occupancy of Oregon country. His essays were read by young Wyeth, who then began the organization of a company in the winter of 1831-2 for the purpose of exploring the west. The company of 20 men left Boston for St. Louis, and four others joined them at Baltimore. At St. Louis they met Sublette, Mackenzie and other old trappers, and traveled with the Sublette company to Pierre's Hole, arriving here July 7, 1832. It was shortly after their arrival here that the Battle of Pierre's Hole occurred. From a letter written by Mr. Wyeth to F. Ermatinger, dated Green River, July 18, 1833, a year after the battle, we condense the following:

"I arrived here on the sixteenth, saw no Indians but saw the bones of Mr. More, killed the year before by the Blackfeet. He was one of my men in Pierre's Hole last year. A Mr. Nudd was also killed by them."

He follows this statement with an account of his first coming to Pierre's Hole, as follows:

"After leaving the Platte June 2, frost each night, snowed once. On the head waters of the Colorado found abundance of

buffalo; grass poor. On the sixth some of my men wanted to go back; I gave them liberty to do so; many horses gave out, the rest falling off fast, and unless we come to better grass all will die and leave us afoot. The last of June we neared Lewis River, rested all day, feed poor; saw white bears, wolves and antelope plenty. My hunters just brought part of four buffalo into camp; were visited next night by six men from Drips and Fontenell's concern, who with thirteen others were camped five miles from us. This night were attacked by Indians about midnight; they approached within fifty yards and fired about forty shots and some arrows into the camp; wounded three animals, stole five from Sublette, one from an independent hunter, and four which we had left out, being poor, sorebacked and useless.

"On the third of July we traveled west, and on the fourth at noon crossed the divide, and drank to my friends with mingled feelings from the waters of the Columbia, mixed with alcohol, and eat a buffalo cow. The snow-clad mountains now entirely surround us, the streams increase rapidly, grass much better; some fertile land; frozen snow yesterday; three sick men and no spare animals.

"On the fifth we passed along a wooded river (the Hoback) and through a very difficult road, its sides so steep that one of my horses losing his footing in the path rolled down about 100 feet into the river. The sixth we marched early and at two o'clock stopped at Lewis River and within 20 miles of the Trois Tetons, three very conspicuous snow-covered mountains visible in all this region. This river runs nearly south and is divided over a bottom about two miles and into eight streams, very rapid and difficult. These we forded, took all day, made 18 miles on west bank, no grass. On the morning of the seventh we proceeded up a small brook coming from a gap in the mountains (Teton Pass), due south of the Trois Tetons, and passed the range without much difficulty. On the highest point we had snow accompanied with heavy thunder, and being out of meat we fed on the inner bark of the balsam trees, similar to the eastern balsam. At night we encamped at the foot of the pass on the western side, and at the commencement of a large valley with several streams running through it into Lewis River, surrounded with high snow-clad mountains. The weather here is warm in the day-time, but frost every night, grass is good, the land ordinary. On the eighth proceeded into the plain, and after a march of ten miles arrived

at the rendezvous of the hunters of this region, (on Teton Creek). Here we found about 120 lodges of the Nez Perces and about 80 lodges of the Flatheads, a company of trappers of about 90 under Mr. Drips of the firm of Drips and Fontenelle, connected with the American Fur Company, many independent hunters and about 100 of the Rocky Mountain Fur Company, under Milton Sublette and Mr. Frapp."

This was Wyeth's first introduction to Pierre's Hole, and he found a mixed gathering of mountain men, American trappers, half breeds and Indians. Among the noted trappers here then were the Sublettes, Thomas Fitzpatrick, Jim Bridger, Kit Carson, Joe Meek, and others who had enrolled under Ashley's call, most of them not over 20 years of age at the time, and who became very noted trappers and heroes of these western wilds.

CHAPTER IX.

INDIAN AND TRAPPER SKIRMISHES.

IN THE fall of 1829, while trapping in this vicinity, Fitzpatrick, Meek and others had their first skirmish with the Blackfeet, who attacked the camp early one morning, designing to stampe the animals. In this they were too hasty, as the animals had not been turned out to graze. A hundred guns were fired to frighten both horses and men, the Indians charging on the camp at the same time with their savage yells. A few horses broke loose, but the noise and charge of the enemy only caused the animals to turn back to camp. Fitzpatrick mounted a horse immediately and commanded the others to follow. In this skirmish two horses were shot under him; but he escaped, and the camp horses were saved. The battle was now to punish the invaders, who as usual took their position in a narrow ravine, and it was hard to dislodge them. At the end of six hours of hard fighting a few men were wounded, and the Indians skulked off through a canyon. The trappers then moved off in a northwesterly direction through the pine forests in the north end of Pierre's Hole.

The trappers were continually harrassed by hostile Indians ever on their trail, and always required a strong guard at night, yet these undaunted mountaineers plunged on their way toward the head waters of the Missouri, the home of the Gros Ventres, usually referred to by the trappers as Blackfeet.

Following this skirmish young Meek and a veteran named Reece were put on guard. It seemed to have been the custom that one of the men in camp would go out during the night and shout the challenge of "all's well," and Sublette came around the horse pen to give the accustomed shout. Neither Meek nor his companion on guard could resist nature's sweet restorer and had fallen asleep at their post of duty; but Sublette made so much noise that it awakened Reece, who at once adopted the ruse of calling to his fellow nightguard Meek, "Down boy, Indians." Then Reece crawled over to where Sublette was, and the latter asked him how many Indians had been there. Reece replied that he could not count the number. The ruse worked, and they got the credit of due vigilance instead of being punished.

As they proceeded on their journey, when in the vicinity of the Yellowstone, the party was again attacked by a large number of Indians and two men were killed.

In this skirmish young Meek, then only 19, got separated from camp and fled over the high mountains alone, in a country unknown to him, and the cold was severe; but he had his mule, gun, and blanket. Game, however, was scarce and even if plenty, he feared to use his gun on account of attracting the Indians. He finally hid his mule in a thicket and ascended a high mountain to view the best route for him to take.

What a scene he beheld! Below him rolled the Yellowstone River; to the north the windings of the Missouri, and looking back he saw the silver line of the Snake River. All around him were white mountains extending as far as the eye could reach. What a world of mystery to be in all alone. He then retraced his steps to his mule and traveled on until he had to abandon his mule and then floundered through the snows in the rugged mountains unknown to him. He finally ran into a band of mountain sheep. After three days of fasting he revelled now in the luxury of mutton.

THE YELLOWSTONE.

After traveling on once more, what was his surprise? He beheld the valleys below him smoking with vapors from boiling springs and burning gases and heard unusual sounds. He stood and gazed spellbound, curious thoughts came to him of what he had heard the preachers say about hell and doomsday, and he said to himself, "I've been told the sun would be blown out and the earth burn up, if the earth is not burning up over there then it is the place the old preacher used to threaten me with." At all events he ventured to make a closer inspection.

On descending from the mountain he found the earth to have a hollow sound, and it seemed about to break through; but he found warmth that was more delightful to him than the freezing cold of the mountains, and he said to himself that "if it war hell, it war a more agreeable climate than he had been used to for some time."

While thus meditating on heaven and hell, and not seeing a living creature, he was startled by the report of two guns, followed by the Indian yell. His alarm was soon quieted, however,

for soon there stood before him two of his companions, who had been out in search of him.

This information of Meek's adventure is taken from the "River of the West" by Victor.

The company then headed for Wind River, the buffalo country and place where they could get the bark of the sweet cottonwood for their animals to subsist upon during the winter. The men would carry the limbs of the cottonwood, and by the campfire would transform their hunting knives into drawing knives by fastening a piece of wood to the point, and would then peel off the bark. This sweet cottonwood bark is only found on the east side of the Rocky Mountains. It is said to be so nutritious that the animals fatten on it as if fed with oats; therefore this was a favorite wintering place. Here they would cache their furs, or at times take them on snowshoes to the Missouri, and thence go down the river on rafts.

One may ask, what has this to do with the history of this valley? We make this digression because of its close proximity to the Yellowstone where the men trapped, leading out from this valley, and set out from here to their various fields of labor, also to show how these trappers and their animals subsisted during the winter time after leaving this summer rendezvous.

These winter camps, after the successful fall hunt, became in a way like the summer retreat in Pierre's Hole, for here the mountain men lived fat and enjoyed their winter pastime in a state of relaxation, rest and plenty, for here, too, was the winter home of the buffalo.

However, the trappers were not altogether idle. Hunting parties were coming and going; some were cooking or drying meat, making moccasins or cleaning their guns; and by way of diversion, they wrestled, played games, and did everything they could to while away the long winter hours. Some times they made an attempt at eloquence from Shakespeare or the Arabian Nights, the two favorite books some intellectually inclined trappers carried with them, and many of them became familiar with quotations from these books. Thus, nature's superb silence and majestic loneliness were broken with the laughter of men, the hum of conversation, their "orations," the sharp report of the rifle, the neighing of horses and braying of mules.

CHAPTER X.

A CHANGE IN THE FUR COMPANY.

AT THE rendezvous in Pierre's Hole on August 4, 1830, an important change took place. The three copartners, Smith Sublette and Jackson, sold out to Milton Sublette, James Bridger, Thomas Fitzpatrick, Henry Frapp and John Baptiste Jervais. Not only this document but many others were dated at "Pierre's Hole under the three Teton Mountains," the then noted place of designation or headquarters of the Rocky Mountain Fur Company.

After this transfer of interests the old members of the company left for St. Louis with a company of 70 men to convoy the furs. Two of the original company never returned to the mountains, Smith was killed the following year, and Jackson spent his remaining days in California, after he dissipated most of his hard earned fortune in St. Louis. William Sublette, however, continued to make his annual trips here, and was in this valley at the time of the Battle of Pierre's Hole.

Smith started on an expedition to Santa Fe, and near the forks of the Cimarron, as he was hunting for water holes his tragic death at the hands of the Arapahoes occurred. His death was the more deplored by his companions because his body could not be found and he could not be buried by his friends. As they were crossing the Cimarron they found it dry. He told his associate and long time friend, Fitzpatrick, to remain while he prospected for water. As he passed from view that was the last sight his companions had of him. The story of his death was later learned from an Indian, who, on July 4, 1831, attempted to sell the weapons that had been taken from his body. These weapons were of the percussion style which the Indians did not then understand how to use. From his story it was learned that the Indians had been lying in wait for buffaloes, and when this lone horseman and his horse were quenching their thirst, they rushed upon him from ambush, and he was soon dispatched with their spears.

Jedediah Strong Smith was such a remarkable man and so well known as a leader among men, a dauntless soul amidst the perils of the Rockies, such a noted trapper and explorer, that his name

is becoming more distinguished as the years roll by, and we digress here to give a brief picture of the man. He has been described as a tall, slim boy, not yet 19 when he started to be a mountaineer, dark haired and quiet spoken, who stood out a marked figure in all his rough trapper life, because he would invoke a blessing on his meat and kneel and pray beside his blankets every evening, and carried a Bible with him. Jim Bridger was but a year younger, and the two are known as the greatest pathfinders of the west.

It is a wonder how Smith did so much, especially after the amputation of his leg. It was while he was operating in the vicinity of Pierre's Hole that his horse stepped in a badger hole and Smith's leg was broken. He, however, managed to get to his lodge where he and his Indian wife made a saw from a hunting knife, and the two managed to saw off the broken leg. As each artery was severed his wife would tie up the artery with sinews, and the surgical operation was tediously and painfully accomplished. After the leg was healed Smith made himself a wooden leg, and ever after that he went by the name of "Pegleg Smith."

After some of his hard experiences in the mountains he wrote to his brother telling him the reasons why he spent such perilous years in the mountains and faced so many dangers; that it was to help those who stood in need, and for this he deprived himself of the privileges of society and the companionship of friends; for this he had endured hardships, gone for days without food, and at times gathered a few roots or satisfied his hunger with a piece of horseflesh or roasted dog. Similar hardships and privations could be related of all the other trappers.

During the year of 1830, Bridger and Sublette, after the departure of Fitzpatrick, and the completion of their spring campaign, with a considerable gain in beaver skins, and, having once more visited the Yellowstone, they turned to the south and again came into Pierre's Hole, their usual summer retreat. Here some of their trappers would relate their hardships and narrow escapes; sometimes, as they stated, their hunger and thirst were so intense as to cause them to eat things that would make one sicken at the thought. For instance, they would place their hands in an ant bed until they were covered with ants then greedily lick them off; they would kill pole cats and devour them, or in a pinch, take the soles off from their moccasins, crisp them in the fire and eat them; or at times they would catch the large black crickets, throw

them into a kettle of hot water, and when they had stopped kicking, eat them. Sometimes, in order to quench their thirst, they would bleed a mule and make soup from his blood.

We now return to some previous events. During the winter of 1828-9, Smith found his way to the Columbia, and had many narrow escapes from the Indians. He seemed to have lost his associates. However, the next spring he found his way back to Pierre's Hole. That season the Rocky Mountain Fur Company, with Sublette in charge, brought in men and merchandise, and while part of the company were resting in the Green River Valley, and part of them in Jackson Hole, Joseph L. Meek and some others were sent out to search for the missing Smith. They discovered him in the company of only four men in this valley which was then described as a "deep valley in the mountains, from which issues the Snake River in many living streams."

When some of these young trappers started west on March 17, 1829, from Independence, Missouri, that town consisted only of a dwelling house, a cotton gin and a grocery. While Meek and some of his associates went in search of Smith, Sublette fell in with Jackson in the valley of "Lewis Lake," where he had passed the winter, and from whom Jackson Hole then received its name. These early trappers called all these valleys in the mountains "holes."

Meek's biographer gives the following description of this valley:

"Notwithstanding the excitement and elation attendant upon the success of the party, Meek found time to admire the magnificent scenery of the valley, which is bounded on two sides by broken and picturesque mountains called the Three Tetons, towering to a height of 14,000 feet. This emerald cup set in its rim of amethystine mountains was so pleasant a sight to the mountain men that camp was moved to it without delay, where it remained until sometime in September, recruiting its animals and preparing for the fall hunt."

When the summer festivities and rest were over Meek and his companions traveled down Pierre's Fork, as Teton River was then called, and other members of the camp went out at the north pass and began their trapping for another season.

From this beginning of the occupancy of Pierre's Hole as a summer rendezvous it continued for many years. In 1832 at the time of the arrival of the Sublette Company and Wyeth and

the independent trappers, as heretofore related, this valley was alive with trappers and Indians. The two rival fur companies with their retainers of all kinds, traders, trappers, hunters, half breed scouts and helpers, had assembled from all the trapping fields, together with many lodges of friendly Indians of the Nez Perce and Flathead tribes. The trappers were awaiting the caravan that would bring their yearly supplies and orders to start again to their various quarters. The Indians were encamped along the various streams, awaiting the exchange of their furs for goods, especially the finery, beads, calicoes, and bright colored cloth. There was also a band of free trappers, under the command of their gallant leader, Sinclair, from Arkansas who held their encampment apart from the rest, and who met his tragic death in the Battle of Pierre's Hole that soon followed.

The Indians made their trails along the foothills where they could be on the lookout and observe any lurking enemy, but the trapper trails were along the center of the valley, east of the swamps, and were discernible when white settlers first located here.

The main encampment, from the meagre evidence we have as to its exact location, was at the spring that gushes out of the ground into a flowing stream where the slaughter yards are now situated. It was a little southwest of Driggs, where a log house was constructed for storing the goods and alcohol, and at that time was like a tented city, teeming with a different kind of humanity, however, than is found in cities. William Sublette seemed to have been the master spirit at this time and put everything into activity which was being carried on as to the trading, also at the outbreak of the war described in a subsequent chapter. It has been asserted by some of the men in here at the time that there were about a thousand people here then.

It will be necessary here to review some of the events that led up to the time of this great encampment.

In the spring of 1832 the Rocky Mountain Fur Company commenced their march up the Lewis River, as the Snake River was then called, and wound their way around to Bear River, where the American Fur Company were encamped. Then some fierce conflicts followed when they tried to inveigle men from one company to the other.

Finding their rivals in the possession of the field, Bridger and Sublette resolved to spend a few days in that part of the country.

It was during this sojourn on Bear River that a quarrel occurred in camp on account of some real or fancied indignity which had been offered to a Rockaway chief's daughter, and the chief, named Gray, stabbed Sublette so severely that it was feared he would not recover. Thus Sublette had to be left behind, and Meek was left to care for him, or bury him when he died.

These two spent many lonesome days together while Sublette was slowly recovering, and each revealed the secrets of his bosom to the other. Meek was now 22 years of age, of a daring yet cheerful disposition, and his humor helped the invalid on the way to recovery. He was thus spared the necessity of burying Sublette. At the end of 40 days Sublette found himself well enough to ride, and they set out on their journey. On their way they suddenly came upon a band of Snake Indians. The two lone travelers at once threw themselves at the door of the medicine lodge, which they knew was held sacred, and that their blood could not be shed there.

A conference was held and the death warrant issued. There was, however, an old chief called "the good Gotia," who argued long for an acquittal, as he said he did not see the necessity of killing two harmless white travelers; but their doom was fixed. The only hope of escape was the darkness coming on. This good Gotia made signs to the captives, and then when darkness came over the camp he caused a stampede of the Indian horses, which drew the attention of the Indians away from the prisoners; then Gotia appeared at the door where they were imprisoned and beckoned them to come. They at once ran to the thicket, where the good Gotia had stationed their horses in charge of an Indian girl whom they called the Mountain Lamb. Thus they made their escape, and then, too, began the rosy hue of romance that finally led to the marriage of Sublette to this Mountain Lamb, Umentucken.

Proceeding without further accident up the Green River Valley trail, they came by way of Teton Pass and joined their company in Pierre's Hole.

Here again they found the ever present American Fur Company, and here too, the rivalry was intense. For this reason the Rocky Mountain Fur Company then determined to send out scouts to meet William Sublette, then on his way with a stock of merchandise, to hurry him forward before the American Company should first dispose of their goods when the usual gathering

at the rendezvous began. At this juncture Fitzpatrick determined to go on the trip himself, which he did, falling in with Robert Campbell and William Sublette near the Black Hills; then, after urging them to hasten on, he parted with them at the Sweetwater, and hurried back to prepare for business.

Sublette hastened forward with his packtrain, consisting of 60 men with packhorses, three horses to the man. In company with him was Nathaniel J. Wyeth, whose story of the journey is given in a previous chapter. When they reached the foothills of the Wind River Mountains, they were treated with a foretaste of what was to be met in their trapping careers. The company was suddenly aroused at midnight by the discharge of guns, together with the whoops and yells of the Indians, the battle resulting in the loss heretofore related from Wyeth's journal. After this episode they were more careful and watchful, and reached their destination in Pierre's Hole safely on July 7.

When Sublette arrived in camp it was found that Fitzpatrick was missing, and much anxiety was felt. Sublette remembered with apprehension the night attack of the Blackfeet and was about to send out a searching party. But before anything could be determined about a search for him, Fitzpatrick put in an appearance in camp in company with two Iroquois half-breeds.

Fitzpatrick's adventure was this: After leaving the Sublette train, and while coming up the Green River Valley, he spied a party of mounted men and supposed them to be trappers. At that moment the supposed trappers perceived him. He saw they were Blackfeet and he took to flight, abandoning his packhorse and packs, and soon gained the mountains, where he secreted himself until he judged the enemy had left; but no sooner did he emerge into the open country than he was again pursued. This time he abandoned his remaining horse, and by crawling where it was inaccessible for a horse he finally eluded his pursuers, traveling by night, until he fortunately fell in with these two Iroquois hunters in Jackson Hole, where he had lain down ready to die. They conveyed him to the rendezvous in Pierre's Hole. He was, however, so famished and had been so long without food that he was hardly recognizable by his friends when he arrived. He had been too weak to hold his gun while swimming rivers and had no means of obtaining food, other than a few berries that he found

during his ten days' hiding from his foes. Heretofore he had been called by the Indians "Bad Hand," his left hand being withered from a gunshot wound; but now, through the terrible ordeal he had gone through, his hair had turned white and henceforth he was called "Chief Whitehead."

CHAPTER XI.

THE RENDEZVOUS IN PIERRE'S HOLE.

ALL parties were now assembled, and these lonely vales were populous with the many camps. Each company had its separate camp, Wyeth with his men, Sinclair with his free traders, the two rival fur companies, then the numerous lodges of the Nez Perces and Flatheads, friends and allies of the whites; so that altogether this heretofore quiet retreat was alive with human beings. Fontenelle, in charge of the American Company's goods, had not yet arrived.

When Sublette's goods were opened, the distribution began. The alcohol first in demand was followed by the sprees, feats of horsemanship, and personal exhibits of strength, before a motley audience, which of course stimulated their valor. The more manly sports, however, soon degenerated into the baser exhibits of drunkenness and wild carousals, and many were ready for wild freaks. It is reported by some of these mountaineers who survived the dangers and hardships of mountain life, that on one of these occasions one of their number raised a kettle of alcohol and poured it over the head of a tall, lanky, red-headed fellow, repeating as he did so the baptismal ceremony. Then another man lighted a stick, touched the saturated red-head, which was soon enveloped in flames, baptising him with fire, as they termed it. Some, however, seeing the danger, began beating him with packsaddles to extinguish the blaze; so between the blaze and the beating, the unhappy man all but lost his life. He never fully recovered from this "baptism of fire."

In the conviviality of camp life some graduated from the vices and when filled with alcohol became immune, even to mad wolf bites, but those not "soaked" when thus bitten usually fled from their companions so as not to contaminate them, and were never heard of again.

It is not to be wondered at their enjoying these jollifications; such were their only means of relaxation from their perilous life. They were ever in a state of constant warfare. Wild beasts, famine, exposure, cold and all manner of accidents made the trappers' lives very uncertain; so that when the spring caravan ar-

rived with a few luxuries, especially the alcohol, the wild Arabs of the mountains often exhibited fantastic excesses. A thousand miles from habitation or civilization, a year's toil and hardships just passed through, caused them to make a genuine home-coming in meeting fellow trappers and mountaineers—hail fellows well met. Here at least they could find temporary oblivion from their accustomed hardships, and it became like a little inland world to them.

Out of the many that hazarded their lives on these wilderness expeditions but few remained to tell the stories of their exploits. These few seemed invulnerable to the bullets and treachery of the enemy. Henry lost twenty-seven men in his first trip into the wilderness at the Three Forks of the Missouri, and in 1823 Ashley was attacked on the same river by the Arickaras, and sustained a heavy loss in men killed. Prior to this Henry lost on the Missouri six men and 50 horses. Of the 200 men Wyeth started out with, only 40 were alive at the end of the three years; but such instances would fill a book, and only show how uncertain was life among the trappers of the wild west.

When one escaped all these dangers no wonder he revelled with delight in these annual festivities. Or seated around the campfire after a day of foraging, with a roast of buffalo hump on a stick, he exchanged tales of the day with companions who had had similar harrowing experiences. These recitals often told of the loss of a boon companion less fortunate than themselves. But while thus revelling in their temporary security and companionship, they little knew but that on the morrow they too were destined to become the target of some wily redskin. But they argued to themselves that this was no time to brood over matters, but to enjoy the luxury of the occasion and forget their troubles.

It is no wonder that the valley of the Tetons was a haven for the weary hunters and trappers. Mr. Wyeth notes that it was a happy relief, after traveling over the barren prairies, with scarcely grass enough to keep their horses alive, to arrive at this oasis in the desert, where they drank with mingled feelings of the waters flowing toward the Columbia. Or picture the French-Canadians in 1818, and the American trappers later, in their hardships and privations, in their hopes and disappointments, and their wild joys in a way, crossing sagebrush plains, through a wilderness, in a land of mystery, among savages and wild beasts. At times they crossed the parched and arid lands of the Snake

River Plains, ever scanning the horizon for signs of hostile Indians, or in numerous directions for water to quench their thirst; dust-covered and burnt with long exposures to wind and sun, they traveled at snail's pace, often with parched lips—hardy sons of the west, setting out for tremendous tasks, often traveling for miles without sight of a single tree for shade or place of rest; the trackless wastes only mirrored their pitiless reflections of the scorching sea of sage and lava beds. What exultations of joy when they beheld this haven of rest with its shady nooks, the crystal streams of water lined with trees and a luxuriant growth of grass and green herbage for their weary and hungry animals! Here they could relax beneath the spreading boughs and set their traps under the shaded retreats, supply their wants with most every kind of game, and then indulge in their races and games. Often they engaged with friendly Indians, or gambled with them for their peltries, and in this manner broke somewhat the monotony of the wild life. As they reached this valley from either pass, and wended their way down to the shady streams, they seemed transplanted into a land of paradise. As Jim Bridger exclaimed when he first beheld it, "This is the most beautiful valley in the world!"

Except for the Indian wars, Pierre's Hole was indeed a hunters' paradise, where they celebrated their annual festivities in this lovely mountain retreat, hemmed in on all sides, with but an entrance or two, making it an ideal and secluded place for such events. It was like entering a garden of roses compared with their previous haunts. With sparkling streams everywhere, alive with trout, the hills and vales filled with game—why worry—the world lay at their feet—they had plenty to eat and wear. The streams were lined with trees and willows. There was abundant grass for their ponies to graze upon, like a waving lawn over it all, and the majestic Tetons stood as silent sentinels guiding their way to this beautiful vale.

However, their pleasures were not for long. It required a great deal of courage, fortitude and perseverance to break again their way through the mountains, in the snow and cold, ever trailing the beaver in its secluded haunts. In their search for furs and game, they would climb the most rugged mountains, scale frightful precipices, pass through narrow defiles, inaccessible by horse, and often never before trodden by man; but they were inspired, in addition to their search for wealth, with the

wild chivalry of the mountain life. They were not averse to danger in any form. The Crows and Blackfeet were the terrors of their paths and kept them in a perpetual militant state and ever on the *qui vive* for a surprise of some kind.

They became accustomed to living in tents or the open air and to despise the comforts and confinements of log cabins, and usually got their food as they went along, from game or fish. When hungry they would cook their repast over a campfire, and when mounted on a good horse, with rifle in hand, the trapper became independent of the world. Their life, however, was one of continual exertion, peril and excitement; yet they became enamored with their occupation so that no toil or danger would turn them from their pursuit. Neither the winter blizzard nor the cruel and wily savage could hinder their progress. They would push their way across rapid and dangerous streams, sometimes in the midst of floating ice, and with their packs on their backs would surmount all obstacles in their path.

CHAPTER XII.

LOVE MATCHES IN THE WILDERNESS.

IT WAS at the time of the Smith-Jackson-Sublette trading here, and for a number of years thereafter that this valley became a noted rendezvous for their annual trading and festivities, similar to that heretofore noted, together with some trading for Indian brides and love matches; for some of the trappers when relaxed from their strenuous life, had that lonely feeling come over them and they wanted a companion; although this companionship in some cases was simply to get a squaw to tan their buckskins. Then, too, the respite from their hardships and sufferings, and the beautiful surroundings they were in during the summer glow of warmth, put in their hearts a desire for the more tender romance with Indian maidens. Here, in this lovely retreat where they could look upon the lofty mountains without wading through their snows, where they could see the sun come over the pure whiteness of snow, emerging over the giant peaks, the mountain and dell, rocks and trees seemed to glow with surpassing lustre, like their own glowing hearts, and they were led into the fairy dreams and romance with the "fairer sex."

Their principal diet was meat, and often they feasted on choice buffalo humps or tender venison. Amidst their feasting and the idle life, a streak of tender passion also intervened, and wrought a change upon their hearts, and these wild men of the mountains were anxious to secure their belles among the Indian maidens, who were also glad to come under the protection of their seeming heroes, for they admired the heroic and dashing mountaineer, and looked upon him and his bravery and gallantry with superhuman awe. Above all, they knew that the white lover would lift the Indian girl above the drudgery and slave-like life to which the squaws were accustomed, and that they would be indulged in finery; that her white lover would bedeck her out with jewels, bright calicoes and the red shawls she so loved; and instead of being a slave to an Indian husband and obliged to carry his pack, build his lodges, make his fires and receive his blows, she usually preferred the free trapper; one who would present her with the finest horse and bedeck it with all the fine trappings that her heart desired.

So when the love-sick trapper had a horse to offer the father, and trinkets enough to present to and bedeck his bride—the Indian belle—he usually fell into the “squaw man’s” ways and became lost in the nomadic life; and in the cavalcades were often seen the half-breed children packed on top of the load of furs.

These squaw wives, however, proved themselves faithful in all the trying circumstances of their hard existence, even unto death, as instanced in the case of a Blackfoot girl. When her white husband had been shot and her tribe tried to prevail on her to go with them, she remained with her supposedly dead husband and soon saw some signs of life; then nursed him until he recovered.

There is one instance related where a trapper stole his wife, and that, too, a young bride who had married a chief who had other older wives. The two runaways fled to the mountains to some secluded place away from the enraged chief, giving no thought for food or other provisions, with only the idea of flight.

THE STORY OF AN INDIAN GIRL’S LIFE.

Captain Bonneville related the story that after he had befriended a “squaw man” and his wife when they were deserted and stranded in the midst of desolation, he won the confidence of this Indian girl and drew from her the story of her life, which briefly is as follows:

She had been the wife of a Blackfoot warrior; had served him faithfully; kept his lodge well provided with “domestic art,” and kept it clean, brought in the wood and placed water at hand. When he was absent she watched for his coming, and he found his meat cooked ready on his return. If he rose to go forth there was nothing to delay him; she searched and read the thought that was in his heart. When she went out of his tepee on errands the chiefs and warriors smiled on her, and the young braves spoke soft things to her; “but,” she said, “my feet were in the straight path, and my eyes could see nothing but him.

“When he went out to hunt, or to war, who aided to equip him but I? When he returned I met him at the door; I took his gun, and he entered without further thought. While he sat and smoked, I unloaded his horses, tied them to the stake, brought in their loads, and was quickly at his feet. If his moccasins were wet I took them off and put on others that were dry and warm.

I dressed all the skins he had taken in the chase. He could never say to me, 'why is it not done?' He hunted the deer, the antelope and the buffalo, and he watched for the enemy. Everything else was done by me. When my people moved camp, he mounted his horse and rode away, free as though he had fallen from the skies. He had nothing to do with the labor of the camp; it was I who packed his horses and led them on their journey. When he halted in the evening and he sat with the other braves and smoked, it was I who pitched his lodge; and when he came to eat and sleep his supper and bed were ready.

"I served him faithfully, and what was my reward? A cloud was always on his brow, and sharp lightening his tongue. I was his dog, and not his wife. It was he who scarred and bruised me."

With the advice and aid of her brother she mounted a horse and left, only to fall later into the hands of the Nez Percés, who, when she arrived, took the dearest thing on earth to her, an only horse, and upbraided her with these words: "Behold, a stranger flies into our camp from the dogs of the Blackfeet. Let shame cover your face."

An old woman took her in and befriended her. When a party of trappers came into the village, is it to be wondered that she willingly became the wife of one of them? When she had been treated as a human being and found the "big heart" of Captain Bonneville, she was ready and willing to unfold the story of her life to him.

Love in the wilderness had its romances, as well as the cares and perplexities that followed in its wake.

THE "MOUNTAIN LAMB," UMENTUCKEN.

Another instance of affection in savage life is that of Umentucken, the Indian belle who married Milton Sublette, referred to in a previous chapter. Meek was Sublette's right hand man and constant companion. In moving camp to the Portneuf for the winter, where game was plentiful, Meek was left behind to gather up the stray horses, and finally overtook Umentucken, the "Mountain Lamb," as she was called, with her child on horseback. The weather was terribly cold and growing colder. There was no shelter from the piercing winds, and the air glistened with frost. Meek thought himself poorly clad for such an occasion, but he said to himself, "What are my sufferings compared to those of

Mountain Lamb and her little Lambkin." So without further hesitation he wrapped his own blanket around the mother and child. The fine, dry, icy hail pierced him to the skin, and he became so cold that when he reached camp the men had to rub him and roll him in the snow before allowing him to come near the fire. Umentucken and her babe were saved, however, and Meek became a hero in her eyes. From this time on there crept into the heart of Meek a susceptibility to the charms of this dusky beauty, so that when Sublette was forced to leave the mountains and seek medical aid for a troublesome wound in his leg, which was only cured by amputation, and he returned no more to the mountains, Meek could not refrain from insinuating himself into the good graces of this idol of the mountains. She consented to join her hand and fortune with her hero who had taken off his own blanket to protect her; and as the law of divorce was easy in the wilderness they were united in marriage.

Here is Meek's description of his bride:

"She was the most beautiful Indian woman I ever saw, and when mounted on her dapple gray horse, which cost me \$300, she made a fine show, wearing a skirt of beautiful blue broadcloth and a bodice and leggings of scarlet cloth of the very finest make. Her hair was braided and fell over her shoulders, a scarlet silk handkerchief tied on hood fashion covered her head, and the finest embroidered moccasins her feet. She rode like all Indian women, astride, and carried on one side of her saddle the tomahawk for war, and on the other side the pipe of peace."

Meek said that the saddle and ornamental equipment cost him \$300, and they were ornamented with fine cut glass beads, porcupine quills and hawks' bells that tinkled at every step. The blankets of his bride were of scarlet and blue and of the finest quality.

Thus we see it cost something then as now to take a bride, and it was not every trapper that could afford the outlay.

No doubt Umentucken was beautiful, especially in the eyes of her new lover. Her name signified gentleness, yet she was brave and had a will of her own, as instanced in the case of a big Irishman named O'Fallen, who imagined Umentucken had liberated a couple of Utes whom he kept in a state of slavery. With a whip in hand he was going to flog her. On hearing of these threats, Umentucken repaired to her lodge and armed herself with a pistol. When O'Fallen approached, she cried out: "Cow-

ard, you would whip the wife of Meek. He is not here to defend me; nor here to kill you. But I shall do that myself." The big Irishman thus taken by surprise was very glad to apologize and begged to have his life spared.

In the summer of 1835, Umentucken met her death by a Bannock stray arrow, in an attack on Bridger's camp.

We find later when the emigrants began coming into the West, this falling in love with the palefaces was not altogether on the part of the dusky females. The following is one instance related in "Across the Plains," by Hewitt.

A fine young brave became badly smitten with a young girl of the white caravan on one occasion when the Indians were visiting their camp. Finally he could resist the temptation no longer; he ascertained who the young lady was connected with and opened negotiations for her purchase, the usual method an Indian adopts for getting a wife. After a little parleying in his meager jargon, he exclaimed: "Nika potlatch hyu dolla wpa tenas klootchman"—which means: "I will give you many dollars for your girl." Of course the generous offer was refused and no doubt this chief of the redmen was greatly disappointed, as this sweet paleface would have greatly enhanced the attraction of his wickiup.

After this refusal and again further parleying, in a humorous mood, the price of the girl was raised—more "cuitans" and horses were asked in addition, which were refused, and the young lady lost the only opportunity she ever had of becoming the blushing bride of a handsome native of the forest.

We note in Captain Bonneville's story when he returned to the Green River Valley, after spending a winter on Salmon River, and when a Shoshone tribe contributed somewhat toward breaking the monotony of the mountain life, that the Shoshone girls were similar to the palefaces in wearing bright apparel to attract the opposite sex. They were eager to purchase his finery, and then the "beauties" would flaunt about in all the colors of the rainbow to attract the attention of the trappers, who, also, regaling each other in the best style the encampment afforded, exhibited their chivalry, and some love matches were made. Irving, in relating this part of the story, says: "Happy was the trapper who could muster up a red blanket, a string of gay beads, or a package of precious vermilion, with which to win the smiles of a Shoshone fair one."

Just prior to coming into Pierre's Hole again enroute to his cache, while they were encamped for some time and had a cessation from toil, from hunger and alarm, past dangers and ills were forgotten and idleness and ease led to love, and love to matrimony, and being filled with good cheer, living on mountain mutton, one of the free trappers began to repine at the solitude of his lodge, and to experience the force of that great law of nature. He said to himself, "It is not meet for man to live alone." He therefore negotiated with a chief, in the Indian fashion, for a wife, but he told the chief he wanted a sober, hard-working squaw, not one that would think of nothing but flaunting and finery; one that could take care of his lodge and be a companion and helpmate in the wilderness. Kowsoter, the chief, promised he would find such a girl. When the Indian maiden was presented, with all her relatives, the usual ceremony took place, by filling the pipe, the great symbol of peace, with the best tobacco, which went from mouth to mouth, and she was proclaimed his lawfully wedded wife. Then the duties of the wife began, which Irving relates are little less than those of the packhorse. The groom then turned to her friends and congratulated them on the great alliance she had made.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE BATTLE OF PIERRE'S HOLE.

AFTER digressing to relate some of the love matches, Indian characteristics, the revelry, besides alcohol sprees after the distribution of the Sublette goods at the rendezvous, and a few weeks of relaxation and festivities in this mountain retreat, some of the parties set out on July 17, 1832, on exploring expeditions. Among them were Milton Sublette and party, Wyeth, with his raw New England recruits, and Sinclair, with his free traders. William Sublette, Jim Bridger, Kit Carson and other noted trappers remained in the main camp near Teton Creek.

This exploring expedition got fairly started the first day and encamped near the swamps on the south side of Darby Creek, as they decided it best not to go far the first day for fear they had forgotten something. The company now consisted of 42 men, many of them new to mountain life.

As they were raising camp next morning, a caravan was observed moving down the long ridge south of Fox Canyon where was the accustomed Indian trail to and from Jackson Hole. On close observation through a glass it was discovered that this caravan was Indians, consisting of mounted warriors and many women and children on foot. At first the trappers were not alarmed as they were expecting Fontenelle and party, but when they discovered it was their old enemy, whom they encountered on their way into this rendezvous, they prepared for an encounter.

When the Indians saw the smoke of the camp fire of the trappers the braves rushed down the mountain into the valley and set up the usual yell of defiance, and as they drew nearer they flourished their gay blankets and feathers to the wind. They were Gros Ventres, but were called Blackfeet by the trappers, and had perceived the trappers before they themselves were observed.

Under the general name Blackfeet, are comprehended several tribes; such as the Surcies, the Peagans, the Blood Indians, and the Gros Ventres of the Prairies; who roamed at this time about the southern branches of the Yellowstone and Missouri Rivers, together with some other tribes further north.

The bands infesting the Wind River Mountains, and the country adjacent, at the time of these events, were Gros Ventres of the Prairies, which are not to be confounded with the Gros Ventres of the Missouri, and were friendly to the white men. These hostile bands during these trapping periods occupied the territory about the head waters of the Missouri.

Captain Bonneville was in here a month or so after the battle, and gleaned the facts from the participants in it, and from his story we quote the following, couched in the words of Irving:

"One of the trappers of Sublette's brigade, a half-breed named Antoine Godin, now mounted his horse and rode forward as if to hold a conference. He was the son of an Iroquois hunter who had been cruelly murdered by the Blackfeet at a small stream below the mountains, which still bears his name. In company with Antoine rode forth a Flathead Indian, whose once powerful tribe had been completely broken down in their wars with the Blackfeet. Both of them, therefore, cherished the most vengeful hostility against these marauders of the mountains. The Blackfeet came to a halt, and one of them advanced singly and unarmed, bearing the pipe of peace. This overture was certainly pacific; but Antoine and the Flathead were predisposed to hostility and pretended to consider it as a treacherous movement.

"Is your piece charged?" said Antoine to his red companion.

"It is."

"Then cock it and follow me."

They met the Blackfoot chief half way, who extended his hand in friendship. Antoine grasped it.

"Fire!" cried he.

The Flathead leveled his piece and brought the Blackfoot to the ground. Antoine snatched off his scarlet blanket, which was richly ornamented, and galloped off with it as a trophy to the camp, as the bullets of the enemy whistled after him."

Joe Meek, who was in the battle related the story to Mrs. Victor, and we quote from "The River of the West" the following:

"There is no doubt as to the warlike intentions of the Blackfeet Indians in general, nor was it for a moment to be supposed that any peaceable overtures on their part meant anything more than that they were not prepared at this particular juncture; therefore, let not the reader judge too harshly of an act which under ordinary circumstances would have been infamous."

The Rev. Samuel Parker, who came through this valley in 1835, in his journal, says: "This battle was not much to the credit of civilized Americans. The excuse made for forcing the Blackfeet into battle is this, that if they had come upon a small party of trappers, they would have butchered them and seized upon their plunder. If heathen Blackfeet would have done so, civilized white men should not. What a noble opportunity here was afforded for our American citizens to have set an example of humanity."

There are several accounts by those who participated in the battle. One story tells that there were about 150 Gros Ventres in a company that came over the pass and began the battle. This story that they were Gros Ventres is confirmed by J. A. Harrington, a man familiar with Indian history, and by Grenville W. Dodge and other historians.

When the trappers had dispatched a messenger back to the main camp and the Indians saw that they were being outnumbered they hid themselves in the thicket and fired from ambush. While the braves fought, the squaws built a barricade of fallen timber, dug down to water and threw the earth against the log barricade. Firing kept up some time through the trees and brush, but the trappers could not accomplish much this way, so they began crawling through the brush. When they had the enemy about surrounded, they proposed burning them out but the allied Indians objected, saying they wanted to plunder the camp. At this juncture of affairs an old Indian rode up and reported the trappers' camp was about to be plundered, and a force was sent back. The report proved to be false, and the battle continued. According to the stories of the trappers at the time the Gros Ventres, or Blackfeet, as they called them, left nine dead, 25 horses and most of their camp equipment, and the balance decamped during the night. It was learned later, however, that the hostile Indians admitted 26 of their warriors had been killed.

The account of Mr. Wyeth, who was a participant in the battle, is as follows:

"When near starting we observed two parties of Indians coming out of the pass, about 200 in number, with but few horses. After securing our camp, our riders went out to meet them, and soon found out they were Blackfeet. A little skirmish ensued, one of the Blackfeet was killed, and his blanket and robe were brought into camp. On this the Indians made for the timber. At



Place of the Barricade. Timber cleared off, but Embankment remains. The Author on the Rim of Embankment and W. H. Woolstenhulme in the Pit.



Site of Bill Spear's Cabin, near where Richard Leigh said the battle started.

this time only 42 men, being the party of Milton Sublette and Frapp, mine, and a few independent hunters, were in sight, and the Indians were disposed to give us the usual treatment when they met us in small bodies, but while the Indians were making their preparations we sent an express to camp, which soon brought out a small force of Nez Perces, Flatheads, and whites. The Indians, finding that they were caught, fortified themselves in a masterly manner in the woods. We attacked them and continued the attack all day. They decamped during the night, leaving most of their utensils, lodges, etc., and many dead. Probably 20 of them were killed, and 32 horses were found dead. We had lost three whites killed, eight badly wounded, among them William Sublette, who was extremely active in the battle. About ten of the Nez Perces and Flatheads were killed or mortally wounded. In the morning we visited their deserted fort; they had dug into the ground to reach water and to secure themselves from our shot. It was a sickening scene of confusion and bloodshed. One of our men who was killed near their fort we found mutilated in a shocking manner.

"On the twenty-fourth I visited the scene of our conflict for the first time since the battle. The din of arms was now changed into the poise of the vulture and the howling of the masterless dogs. The stench was extreme. Most of the men in the fort must have perished. I soon retired from this scene of disgusting butchery."

CHAPTER XIV.

LOCATION OF BATTLEFIELD.

BEFORE proceeding with further accounts of this battle it might be better understood if we here tell of its location.

A number of recent searchers after data have as yet come to no definite conclusion as to its location, but the writer has made diligent search, compared the measurements, as related by Wyeth and others, in the distance of their travels in the vicinity of this battlefield, and the statements of living witnesses who were informed by Indians who were here at the time of the battle, and compared the estimated distances made by the trappers. In this way we have established the location of this battlefield. The trappers measured distances by the number of miles a packhorse would travel per hour.

From all this evidence it is determined that the battle started in the open country near what is now the main highway between Driggs and Victor, on the south side of Darby Creek, about three miles south of Driggs, and the location of the barricade is near the center of section fifteen, township four north of range forty-five east, near the edge of the swamps.

On Mr. Wyeth's way out over Piney Pass, he says that the battlefield was eight miles from the entrance to this pass. On his return trip from the Columbia a year later, he entered the valley from the west at the point of the mountain. He says his course was due east toward the Trois Tetons, and after surmounting the rim of the basin he encamped at the first watering place, which would be Packsaddle Creek, and the next morning traveled in a southeasterly direction twelve miles, crossing an almost impenetrable swamp and encamped two miles from the battlefield of the year before. This would bring him near Fox Creek, south of the battlefield. The next day, he says, it was a journey of three miles to the mountains where he began the ascent over the Teton Pass on his way east. These measurements tally very well with the present official surveys.

Bill Spears established a homestead at the location of this battlefield, among the early settlers in this vicinity, and Richard Leigh, who had traversed this valley with the Indians from 1840

to the time of its early settlement, had the battlefield pointed out to him by the Indians who knew of its location, and made the statement to D. O. Walton that this claim of Bill Spears' was a historic spot where the battle occurred that Captain Bonneville told about.

The only man now living that we are aware of that knows its location is John F. Carnes, one of the first pioneers of Jackson Hole, living at the time he was interviewed in 1925, near Fort Hall. He is now about 90 years of age. He had this battle ground pointed out to him by an Indian woman of the Shoshone tribe, whom Bridger's trappers called Mary Ann, who was one of the friendly Indians here at the time of the battle. The writer made a map of the valley from Teton Creek to Trail Creek, showing the various streams and the swamp, and had Mr. Carnes mark on the map his cross to denote where the location of the battle was, as pointed out to him by Mary Ann, and his designation was apparently but a few rods from where we had estimated the barricade was constructed.

In addition to all this evidence, Indian skulls have been found in this vicinity, after the people began to clear the land of its timber and brush. These skulls and bones had lain under the debris until the clearing fires uncovered them. One skull was found near the river to which they had fled during the night with their wounded.

Arrowheads have also been found here, and an old Queen Ann musket bayonet, similar to those used by the Hudson Bay people, which the Indians had no doubt secured from that source. Then, too, in the early days of white settlement there was a large grove of cottonwood and aspens, as well as dense willows, vines, etc., that made the "thicket of tanglewood" mentioned, at this place where the barricade was constructed, and while most of the timber has been removed and the land cleared in places for meadows and pastures, yet the embankment in a sort of long semi-circle, the place where they dug down to water, still remains.

We have evidence and good reason to believe these Indians came over the hills from Moose Creek and thence down the long ridge south of Fox Canyon. This hill was their long noted point of observation, called "Bald Hill," where the stone fort was located, as heretofore mentioned. From this point there has always been a well defined trail leading over to Moose Creek, the beginning of the steep ascent over Teton Pass. This route over

the hills was traveled to avoid the heavy growth of brush and timber of the canyon, and no doubt in order to be on high ground where they could observe any lurking enemy.

In Irving's "Adventures of Captain Bonneville" it is stated that the Indians immediately threw themselves into the edge of the swamps, among willows, hawthorne, and cottonwood trees, interwoven with vines. Here they began to fortify themselves, the women digging a trench and throwing up a breastwork of logs and branches, deep hidden in the bosom of the wood, while warriors skirmished at the edge to keep the trappers at bay.

CHAPTER XV.

DESCRIPTION OF THE BATTLE.

WYETH and his "Down-Easters" were astonished by this specimen of life in the wilderness, and not being used to bush fighting were at a loss as to how to proceed. Wyeth, however, was more experienced and acted as a skilful commander.

In the meantime messengers had been sent back to the camps for reinforcements. William Sublette and his associate, Robert Campbell, were at the camp on Teton Creek when the messenger arrived, waving his cap and crying out, "Blackfeet! Blackfeet! A fight in the upper end of the valley! To arms! To arms!"

The alarm was passed from camp to camp, and as it was a common cause with them, every one turned out in full battle array, including the allied Indians; and this usually quiet valley was soon alive with men galloping at full speed to the scene of action.

As Sublette's men were raw recruits from St. Louis and unused to Indian warfare, he ordered them to keep to the camp, while he and Campbell prepared for action. Discarding their hunting jackets and arming themselves, they mounted their horses and dashed forward among the first. On the way they made their verbal wills in soldier-like style, each stating how his effects should be disposed of in the case of death, and appointing the other his executor.

The Blackfeet (or Gros Ventres) when they first saw this small party supposed they were the only foe they had to contend with, and were astonished to behold the whole valley suddenly swarming with horsemen galloping to the field of action. It was when they saw these reinforcements that the Indian warriors withdrew and sheltered themselves behind the barricade that the women had constructed, and were soon completely hid in this tanglewood. The trappers approached toward the swamp thicket, firing into the dense foliage at random, and were good marks for their adversaries, as they were in the open field.

By the time William Sublette arrived, one half-breed had been wounded in the shoulder. Sublette urged his men to penetrate the thicket and storm the fort, but they hung back in awe

at the dismal horrors of the hiding place and the danger of attacking them in their savage den. Even the Indian allies, accustomed to bushfighting, regarded it as almost impenetrable and full of danger. Sublette, however, was not to be turned from his purpose and offered to lead the way. Campbell, seeing his determination, stepped forward to accompany him. Before entering this perilous woods, Sublette took his brothers aside and told them in case he fell, Campbell, who knew his will, was to be his executor. Having done this, he grasped his rifle and pushed into the thicket followed by Campbell and Sinclair. The latter was then at the edge of the wood with his brother and a few of his men. Excited by the gallant example of the two friends, he then pressed forward to share their dangers.

It was stated by those who emerged from this conflict that the place was all overgrown with wood and thicket so densely matted and entangled that it was impossible to see but a few paces ahead, and the three associates in peril had to crawl along, one after the other, making their way by pushing the branches and vines aside. They took the lead by turns; then some of the men at the edge of the thicket followed a little distance in the rear. Finally they got in sight of the rough fortress amidst the huge cottonwoods and dead wood piled up, which, in addition to the breastwork of timber and earth, blankets, buffalo robes and leathern covers of lodges, extended around the top of the barricade.

The movements of these leaders, as they groped their way, had been observed by the enemy, and as Sinclair, who was then in the advance, was parting some brush, he was fatally shot in the body and fell mortally wounded. He asked to be taken out of the thicket to his brother, and was conveyed out on the back of a comrade crawling on his hands and knees. Sublette now took the advance, and as he was reconnoitering the fort, he perceived an Indian peeping through an aperture. He at once leveled his rifle and fired a shot that struck the savage in the eye. He called his companion Campbell to watch the hole, saying that he would soon have a chance for a shot. He had scarcely uttered the words when a ball struck him in the shoulder, and almost wheeled him around. He discovered by moving his arm that no bones were broken. The next moment he became so faint he could hardly move and Campbell carried him out of the thicket. The same

shot that wounded Sublette struck another man in the head, inflicting a slight wound.

The trappers got scattered in searching for the fort, so that Wyeth and a number of Nez Perces approached the barricade on the north side, while others did the same on the opposite side, and a cross fire thus took place, which occasionally did mischief to friends as well as foes. An Indian was shot down close to Wyeth, and the bullet, he believed, had been shot from the rifle of a trapper on the opposite side.

By this time, with the number of whites and Indian allies arriving, the Blackfeet, as they were called, were completely overwhelmed and kept within the fort that had been constructed, making no effort to surrender. Firing was kept up during the day. Most of the savage garrison that fell, however, were killed in the first part of the attack while fighting out in the open.

At the time it was resolved to burn them out the Nez Perces were unwilling to destroy the coveted spoils of the enemy, and this idea was abandoned.

During one of the pauses in the battle the voice of a chief behind the barricade was heard: "So long as we had powder and ball we fought you in the open field; when these were spent, we retreated here to die with our women and children. You may burn us in our fort; but, stay by your ashes, and you who are hungry for fighting will soon have enough. There are 400 lodges of our brethren at hand. They will soon be here—their arms are strong—their hearts are big—they will avenge us."

Through this being interpreted and passed from one to another of the allied Indians, a wrong impression was had and the word was circulated that these 400 lodges were then at hand, which caused the stampede hereinafter related.

After this flight by some of the trappers, when night came on, those left in the timber and brush surrounding the barricade, came out and remained about the edge of the woods. During the night the Indians in the barricade decamped and effected their retreat, carrying off their wounded, leaving their bloody traces on the herbage.

The bodies of ten Indians were found within the fort, besides the number killed in the open field, making a total of 26 of the Blackfeet warriors among the slain. Among the horses not slain they found some that had been stolen from the Sublette party en route here and the saddle horse that Fitzpatrick abandon-

ed in his flight from the Indians in the Green River Valley heretofore related. They also left most of their camp equipage. Five white men and one half-breed were killed and six wounded, and about 16 of the allied Indians were killed or mortally wounded, according to the statement of one of the white trappers of the battle.

A circumstance of the fidelity of an Indian woman has been related as having been discovered the morning after the battle. As some of the Indian allies in advance and trappers in the rear were approaching the fort through the woods, they beheld an Indian woman leaning against a tree. Their surprise was dispelled at her standing there alone when they discovered the corpse of a warrior at her feet; she was too much lost in grief to notice or care for the approach of her enemy. Before the trappers could interfere her mangled body fell upon the corpse which she had refused to abandon; an instance of female devotion, even unto death.

The author of "The River of the West," however, puts a different version to this story, and says that the woman's leg was broken by a ball, and she was unable to move from the spot, and cried in a wailing voice, "Kill me, kill me, O white man, kill me." It would not look reasonable if her leg was broken that she would be standing, and contrary to the story that the Blackfeet carried away their wounded on hastily constructed litters.

Besides the names of the leaders in this battle already mentioned, the famous scouts, Jim Bridger, Kit Carson and other noted mountaineers here, took an active part in the battle.

The Rev. Samuel Parker also gives an account of this battle in his "Journal of an Exploring Tour Beyond the Rocky Mountains," 1835, which does not differ materially from what we have already related.

After writing the foregoing story of this Battle of Pierre's Hole, the author, on June 15, 1925, received another account of the battle by Zenas Leonard, one of the participants in the fight, and as it gives some details not heretofore related we add it to the story.

After leaving the mountains Leonard returned to his home in Pennsylvania, and the people of his neighborhood induced him to write an account of his exploits. They continued to bother this reticent mountaineer until he finally prepared a narrative which

was first published in the newspapers of his neighborhood in 1839, and later in book form by Wagner.

Leonard claimed to have kept a record or journal, but part of his narrative was stolen by Indians in one of their raids, hence part of the story was written from memory, which accounts for some errors, but furnishes some useful supplements to what we have already written. We quote from his narrative the following:

“Everything necessary for our expedition being ready this morning, we started in a southerly direction, but did not go far until we encamped for the night—thinking if we had neglected anything which we would stand in need of, we would thus discover it. The next morning, finding everything in order, we continued traveling down what is called Pierre’s Hole, or Valley. This valley is situated on the river of the same name, with high mountains on each side, east and west—each so high that it is impossible to pass over them, and is from eight to ten miles wide. The river runs immediately through the center, with beautiful groves of timber along either bank; from this timber to the mountains, a distance of four or five miles, there is nothing but a smooth plain. This meadow or prairie is so perfectly level that a person may look up or down as far as the eye will reach without seeing anything to obstruct the sight, until the earth and sky seem to meet. After traveling a few miles this morning, some of the men, in taking a view of the country before us, discovered something like people upon horses, who appeared to be coming toward us. After continuing in the same direction for some time we came in view with the naked eye, when we halted. They advanced toward us, displaying a British flag. This we could not comprehend; but on coming closer discovered them to be hostile Indians. We immediately dispatched a messenger back to the rendezvous for reinforcements and prepared ourselves for defense. The Indians commenced building a fort in the timber on the bank of the river; but at the time we were not aware what they were doing. After waiting here a few hours, we were reinforced by 200 whites, 200 Flatheads and 300 Nez Perce Indians. The Indians with the British flag seeing such a number of people galloping down the plain at full speed, immediately retreated within their fort, whither they were hotly pursued. The friendly Indians soon discovered them to belong to the Blackfeet tribe, who are decidedly the most numerous and warlike tribe in the mountains, and for this reason are not disposed to have any friendly intercourse with

any other nation of an inferior number, unless they are good warriors and well armed with guns, etc. We thought we could rush right on them and drive them out of the brush into the plain and have a decisive battle at once. We advanced with all possible speed and a full determination of success, until we discovered their fort by receiving a most destructive fire from the enclosure.

"This threw our ranks into complete confusion, and we all retreated into the plain, with the loss of five whites, eight Flatheads and ten Nez Perce Indians killed, beside a large number of whites and Indians wounded. The formation of their fort astonished all hands. We had been within a few hundred yards of them all day and did not discover that they were building. It was large enough to contain 500 warriors, and built strong enough to resist almost any attempt we might make to force it. After dressing the wounded and reconnoitering their fort, our forces were divided into several detachments and sent in different directions with the intention of surrounding the fort and making them prisoners. This was done under the superintendence of Fitzpatrick, who acted as commander-in-chief.

"In a case of this kind a man not evincing the greatest degree of courage and every symptom of bravery is treated as a coward, and the person who advances first, furthest and fastest, and marks the greatest display of animal courage soon rises in the estimation of his companions. Accordingly, with the hope of gaining a little glory while opportunity offered—though not for any electioneering purpose, as a politician in the states would do—I started into the brush, in company with two acquaintances (Smith and Kean) and two Indians. We made a circuitous route and came toward the fort from a direction which we thought would be least expected. We advanced closer and closer, crawling upon our hands and knees, with the intention of giving them a select shot, and when within 40 yards of their breastwork, one of the Indians was shot dead. At this we all lay still for some time, but Smith's foot happening to shake the weeds as he was lying on his belly, was shot through. I advanced a little further, but finding the balls passing too quick and close, concluded to retreat. When I turned, I found that my companions had deserted me. In passing by, Smith asked me to carry him out, which met my approbation entirely, for I was glad to get out of this unpleasant situation under any pretext—provided my reputation for courage would not be questioned. After getting him on my back, still

crawling on my hands and knees, I came across Kean, lying near where the first Indian fell, who was also mortally wounded, and died soon after. I carried Smith to a place of safety, and then returned to the seige. A continued fire was kept up, doing more or less execution on both sides, until late in the afternoon, when we advanced to close quarters, having nothing but the thickness of their breastworks between us, and having them completely surrounded on all sides to prevent any escaping. This position was maintained until sunset, in the meantime having made preparations to set fire to the fort, which was built principally of dry logs, as soon as night would set in, and stationed men at the point where we thought they would be most likely to make the first break, for the purpose of taking them on the wing in their flight. Having made all these preparations which were to put an end to all further molestation on the part of the Blackfeet, our whole scheme and contemplated victory was frustrated by a most ingenious and well executed device of the enemy. A few minutes before the torch was to be applied, our captives commenced the most tremendous yell and shouts of triumph and menaces of defiance, which seemed to move heaven and earth. Quick as thought a report spread through all quarters that the plain was covered with Blackfeet Indians coming to reinforce the besieged. So complete was the consternation in our ranks, created by this strategem, that five minutes afterwards there was not a single white man, Flathead or Nez Perce Indian within a hundred yards of the fort. Every man thought only of his own security, and ran for his life without ever looking around, which would have convinced him of his folly. In a short time it was ascertained that it was only strategem and our men began to collect together where our baggage was. I never shall forget the scene here exhibited. The rage of some was unbounded and approached to madness. For my own part, although I felt much regret at the result after so much toil and danger, yet I could not but give the savages credit for the skill they displayed in preserving their lives, at the very moment when desperation, as we thought, had seized the mind of each of them.

“By this time we were made sensible of the full extent of our needless alarm, it had begun to be dark, and on ascertaining the extent of the injuries we had received (having lost 32, principally Indians), it was determined not to again attempt to surround the fort, which was a sore disappointment to some of the men,

who were keen for chastizing the Indians for their trick. We then took up our march for the rendezvous, but in starting out one of our party of 15 men, who had first started out the day before, could not be found. Search was made, and he was found in the brush severely wounded. After carrying him on a litter for a few miles he died and was buried in the Indian style, which is by digging a hole in the ground, wrapping a blanket or skin about the body and placing it in a hole, covering it with poles and earth. This is the manner of interring the dead in this country, both by the Indians and whites, except in the winter, when, on account of the ground being frozen, the Indians are in the habit of wrapping their dead in buffalo robes and laying them on poles from one tree to another, on which poles the corpse is tied with cords.

"The next morning we raised another war party and went back to the battle ground, but no Indian could be found. They must have left in haste, for we found 42 head of horses, together with Fitzpartick's which they had taken on the mountain, two warriors and one squaw lying dead inside the fort, a large quantity of their baggage, such as skins, furs, etc. There must have been a great number of them, from the holes they dug in the ground around their dead horses and the edges of the fort, say from three to four hundred. I learned afterwards that the Nez Perce Indians shortly after found seven more dead Blackfeet in some brush close by, where they had been secreted to save their scalps, which is the principal object, in order to have their women dance. In the afternoon we returned to the rendezvous and presented Mr. Fitzpatrick with his long lost and highly valued horse, which seemed to compensate for all the sufferings and hardships which he had encountered."

While there are a few discrepancies and facts stated a little different than other accounts, yet Leonard's story adds additional information in regard to the battle. Leonard was one of Sinclair's independent trappers. He gives a reason for Stephens leaving the party and attempting to return when the two men were killed in Jackson Hole. It seems that Leonard and Stephens had belonged to a trapping party of Grant and Blackwell, who were trapping on the Laramie River unsuccessfully. They had cached their furs, and Stephens went back to get them in order to take them to market.

A note by the editor of Leonard's narrative tells the sequel of this battle that occurred some or two three years later. Antoine

Godin was located at Fort Hall under Wyeth, when a party of Blackfeet appeared on the side opposite to the Fort, under the leadership of a notorious desperado named Bird, a former employee of the Hudson Bay Company, who, having been made a prisoner by the Blackfeet, in one of their numerous engagements, had remained with them, and was at this time quite a chief among them. From the opposite side of the river he requested Godin to come over and purchase their furs. This was a tempting offer to Godin, and without suspecting treachery he hurried across the river. He sat down to smoke with the Indians, when Bird signalled to some of them, who shot him in the back. While he was yet alive Bird tore his scalp off and cut "N. J. W.," Wyeth's initials, on his forehead.

It was evident that these hostile Indians in the Battle of Pierre's Hole were treacherous, and had stolen from the trappers on their way into this valley, both horses and equipage, and had attacked others and had stolen from them; therefore the trappers felt justified, according to their ethics, in attacking them. The one thing that is inexcusable is the violation of the peace parley, when the chief advanced alone and offered Godin the pipe of peace.

William Drummond Stewart, who took part in the battle, alludes to this peace parley in his "Altowan."

When Sublette's wound was dressed by Mr. Wyeth's physician, which hindered his departure for St. Louis, it was found later that it was well that he did not set out earlier, for of a party of seven who started out for St. Louis a few days after the battle, three were killed in Jackson Hole, where they encountered part of these 400 lodges that the chief behind the barricade threatened the trappers and Indian allies with, and through a wrong interpretation of his speech led the trappers to think they were near at hand.

These "tenderfeet" of Wyeth's party and some others who had seen enough of mountain life, after this battle, and wanted to return with Sublette and Campbell, became impatient of the delay caused by Sublette's wound. Among these men were Joseph More, Alfred K. Stephens, of St. Louis, a Mr. Foy and two grandsons of the celebrated Daniel Boone. These set out together, in advance of the Sublette party, thinking they would make their own way through the mountains.

It was but five days after the battle, that these seven companions started out and made their way to Jackson Hole, when, as they were descending a hill, a party of Blackfeet that lay in ambush came out from their retreat with terrific yells. More's horse was in front and wheeled round with affright, and threw the unskilled Bostonian rider. He scrambled up the hill, unaccustomed to such wild scenes, lost his presence of mind, and stood, as if paralyzed, until the Indian warriors came up and slew him. His comrades had fled on the first alarm; but two of them, Foy and Stephens, seeing his danger just prior to being killed, paused when they had got half way up the hill, turned back, and hastened to his assistance. Foy was instantly killed. Stephens was severely wounded, but escaped, to die five days later. The survivors returned to the rendezvous in Pierre's Hole, with the tidings of this new disaster. They were now content to remain until the Sublette party were ready to start on the homeward journey.

It seems from the story of the survivors, who escaped and returned to the rendezvous, that these warriors had been on the trail of the Sublette caravan as they were coming up Green River Valley, and this advance band were disappointed in the reception they met here.

CHAPTER XVI.

CAPTAIN BONNEVILLE.

WHILE the Battle of Pierre's Hole was going on Captain Bonneville was encamped on Green River, allowing his jaded horses to recuperate. He had as his lieutenants in his expedition I. R. Walker and M. S. Cerre, both noted frontiersmen. Here they met up with the delayed Fontenelle. All were ignorant at this time of the battle that was on in the valley they were headed for, and it seems from Captain Bonneville's story that the Gros Ventres who had lost the battle in Pierre's Hole and made their midnight retreat, fell back into the Green River Valley to join the main lodges of the "four hundred." They were all incapacitated for any enterprise of a warlike nature because of their wives and children, so when they saw Fontenelle and Bonneville, with their many retainers, and remembering their recent severe lesson they were inclined to moderate their fury. A formal talk ensued, in which the warriors kept silent as to the recent battle.

These marauders, being dismayed at finding so many resolute and well-prepared trappers here, finally abandoned this part of the country, and bent their course toward the Yellowstone. Misfortune pursued them, however. Their route lay through the country of their deadly enemies, the Crows. In the Wind River Valley, they encountered a large party of that tribe and were completely put to rout. Forty of them were killed, many of their women and children captured, and the scattered fugitives were completely chased out of the Crow country. What with this reception at the hands of their old enemy, and their disastrous battle in Pierre's Hole, they became averse to further warfare for that season.

Probably the most interesting figure in the early history of this valley, and through whom some early events were recorded, was Captain Benjamin L. E. Bonneville, who came here not only as an itinerant fur trader, but to explore the northwest and furnish secret information as to the operations of the Hudson Bay Company, and of the country. He was an officer in the United States Army and obtained a leave of absence for his enterprise in the west. He left a splendid legacy in his maps, his manuscript

and conversations with Washington Irving, who later produced his fine classic, "The Adventures of Captain Bonneville."

He started west on his mission in the spring of 1832. He had many influential friends, among them Thomas Payne and Lafayette. The latter, when he visited this country in 1825, secured young Bonneville as aide in a tour of the United States. He was also a frequent guest of John Jacob Astor, where he met Irving, and entertained them with the stories of his exploits.

Bonneville crossed the plains, leaving Independence, Missouri, May 1, 1832, and reached Pierre's Hole in September of that year, about two months after the battle. He started with 110 men and ten wagons, with ox and mule teams, and was the first to bring wagons as far as Green River, in western Wyoming, and later to Fort Hall. He and his company made this valley their rendezvous for part of two summers, trapping and trading in furs. He tells that in the part of the valley known as the swamps it was an impenetrable jungle of aspens, cottonwood, hawthorne, and willows. He got his story of the battle from the participants in it.

Captain Bonneville spent three years among the mountains, exceeded his leave of absence and was supposed to be dead. His name was dropped from the army, but President Jackson ordered him reinstated. The war department, however, refused to accept or publish his report, and he began rewriting it, intending to publish it himself; but while thus engaged he formed the acquaintance of Irving, and as his purse was depleted, after his unprofitable three years in the mountains, he was glad to accept the \$1,000 which Irving offered him for his manuscript, and gave him the privilege of publishing it in any way he desired. From this narrative Irving wove a fine story and made this hunters' paradise of Pierre's Hole famous. His story aroused the interest of the whole nation in the Great West.

Captain Bonneville enroute here encamped for some time on the Green River, then called the "Colorado of the West," and by the Indians "Seeds-ke-dee-Agie," meaning Prairie Hen River.

Here he abandoned his wagons, cached his extra supplies and merchandise, and started by packtrain to Pierre's Hole. In passing through Jackson Hole he discovered the bones of More and Foy and interred them. He reached Teton Pass on September 3, and from the summit he beheld a view of the eventful valley of Pierre's Hole; whence he could trace the winding of its

streams through green meadows and the foliage of their shaded banks.

After viewing this magnificent prospect of the verdant valley he descended into it and visited the scenes of the late conflict. There were the remains of the rude fortress at the edge of the swamp, shattered by rifle shot, and strewn with the mingled bones of the slain and the horses that had been killed.

He passed on from this scene of the recent battle and encamped at what was the late populous and noisy rendezvous, with the traces of trappers' camps and Indian lodges; but their fires were extinguished, the motley assemblage of trappers and hunters, with traders and Indian braves, had all dispersed to different points of the wilderness, and the valley by this time had relapsed into its pristine solitude and silence.

Bridger and Fitzpatrick had gone out at the north end of the valley with their force of trappers, and their ever present rivals, the American Fur Company men following into the field they had chosen, usually in charge of Vanderberg and Drips.

When Vanderberg was delayed by the non-arrival of Fontenelle, whom he had gone to meet on the Green River, and on their return had found that Fitzpatrick and Bridger had gone north it put him upon his metal, and he determined to follow hard upon the heels of his rivals. By forced drives Vanderberg and party overtook the leaders of the Rocky Mountain Fur Company trappers just as they had reached the heart of the beaver country. Fitzpatrick and Bridger seeing they were followed began a race to outstrip their rivals. By this time, Vanderberg, with about 50 men went in one direction, while Drips pursued in another. Vanderberg, in his headlong march, got into the very heart of the Gros Ventres country, yet seemed to have been unconscious of his danger. As his scouts were out one day they found traces of a recent band of savages. There were the deserted fires still smoking, surrounded by the carcasses of buffaloes just killed. The Indians had spied the trappers and used this as a decoy to entrap them into ambush. Vanderberg made light of the affair, but taking nine men, galloped off to reconnoitre for himself. He found the deserted camp that his scouts had informed him of; there were the still smouldering fires and buffalo carcasses just as had been represented; everything bore traces of a hasty retreat. With heedless daring, Vanderberg put himself upon their trail, to trace them to their place of concealment. It finally led

him into a dark and dangerous ravine. He pushed in, without hesitation, followed by his little band. They soon found themselves in a glommy dell, between steep banks overhung with trees; where the profound silence was only broken by the tramp of their own horses.

Suddenly the horrid war-whoop burst on their ears, mingled with the sharp report of rifles, and a legion of savages sprang from their concealments, yelling and shaking their robes to frighten the horses. Vanderberg's horse fell, mortally wounded by the first discharge. In his fall, he pinned his rider to the ground; who called in vain upon his men to assist in extricating him. One was shot down and scalped a few paces distant; most of the others were severely wounded, and sought their safety in flight. The savages approached to dispatch the unfortunate leader, as he lay struggling beneath his horse. He had still his rifle in his hand, and his pistols in his belt. The first savage that advanced received the contents of the rifle in his breast, and fell dead upon the spot; but before Vanderberg could draw a pistol, a blow from a tomahawk laid him prostrate, and he was dispatched by repeated wounds.

Such was the fate of Major Henry Vanderberg; one of the best and worthiest leaders of the American Fur Company; who, by his manly bearing and dauntless courage, is said to have made himself universally popular among the bold-hearted rovers of the wilderness.

In the meantime Fitzpatrick and Bridger, of the Rocky Mountain Fur Company, fared but little better than their rivals. In their eagerness to mislead them, they had rushed into danger, and got into a region infested with Gros Ventres. They soon found their foes were on the watch for them; but they were experienced in Indian warfare and led them into peaceful overtures. After making signs an equal number from both sides advanced, bearing the pipe of peace.

While this scene was taking place, Bridger left the main body of trappers, and rode slowly toward the main body of peace-smokers, with his rifle resting across the pommel of his saddle. A chief stepped forward to meet him. From some unfortunate feeling of distrust, Bridger cocked his rifle just as the chief was extending his hand of friendship. The quick ear of the savage caught the click of the lock; in a twinkling he grasped the barrel, forcing the muzzle downward, and the contents were discharged

into the earth at his feet. His next movement was to wrest the weapon from the hand of Bridger, and to fell him with it to the earth. He might have found this no easy task, had not Bridger received two arrows in his back during the struggle.

The chief now sprang upon his horse and galloped off to his band. A wild scene ensued; each party took to the banks, rocks, and trees, to gain favorable positions, and firing was kept up on either side, without much effect.

Among the trappers, was a young Mexican, named Loretto, who in the course of his wanderings, had ransomed a beautiful Blackfoot girl from a band of Crows by whom she had been captured. He made her his wife, and she had followed his fortunes ever since, with the most devoted affection.

Among the warriors who advanced with the calumet of peace, this Indian girl recognized her brother. Leaving her infant with Loretto, she rushed forward and threw herself upon her brother's neck; who clasped his long-lost sister to his heart, with a warmth of affection not usually observed in savage life.

The approach of night put an end to the skirmish. The Indian girl would have returned to her husband, even through the dangers of the fight, but was prevented by her brother. Loretto saw her struggles and her agony, and heard her piercing cries. With a generous impulse, he rushed with the child in his arms, regardless of the shaft of fire and arrows, and placed it safely upon the mother's bosom. Although the heart of the savage was reached by this noble deed, yet he bade him depart in peace. Loretto urged to have his wife restored to him, but her brother interfered. The girl, he said, belonged to her tribe—she must return with her people. The devoted wife implored him to depart lest his life should be endangered.

A few months subsequent to these events Loretto secured his discharge, and set off to rejoin his wife, where they were again reunited in the Blackfoot country.

CHAPTER XVII.

WYETH AND FORT HALL.

ABOUT ten days after the Battle of Pierre's Hole, Wyeth went on to the Columbia, and when he returned here the following year he agreed with William Sublette to sell him a stock of goods for the next season, saying that he could purchase them cheaper in Boston than St. Louis. When he returned in 1834 he had dispatched the *May Dacre* laden with goods to the Columbia River, and he with 70 men and 250 horses set out overland for this rendezvous, with the goods for Sublette. A number of missionaries had joined his party consisting of Rev. Jason Lee, then about 30 years of age, his nephew, Daniel Lee, Cyrus Shepherd, Courtney M. Walker and P. L. Edwards, who were all Methodists sent out from Philadelphia with the task of converting the Indians of the northwest, a delegation of whom had journeyed to St. Louis to learn of the white man's God. Also with the Wyeth party were John K. Townsend, a naturalist who later published an account of the expedition, and Thomas Nuttall, a botanist.

All these assembled at the rendezvous in Pierre's Hole. We do not know of any religious service held while they were here; but by this time the fur company had changed leaders, and Milton Sublette, Bridger, Fitzpatrick, Frapp and Jervais, the new co-partners, refused to purchase Wyeth's goods; he therefore, on July 12 left this noted rendezvous, going southwest over what is now called Piney Pass. On the thirteenth, their first Sunday out, they found the fish so plentiful where they encamped that they rested and fished the day away. When they had reached near the junction of the Portneuf and Snake Rivers, they selected a site for a fort, where they commenced building the next day, and named it Fort Hall in honor of Henry Hall, who had financed the expedition.

Minnie P. Howard, president of the Southern Idaho Historical Society, who wrote an interesting history of Fort Hall in the reclamation edition of the *Pocatello Tribune* of July 12, 1925, says that up to this time it had not occurred to Wyeth to ask the Rev. Jason Lee to conduct a religious ceremony. The twenty-seventh of July being Sunday they repaired to a grove of trees and there held religious services, no doubt the first held by white

people in Idaho. Mr. Lee took for his text 1 Cor. 10:31, "Whether, therefore, ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do it all to the glory of God." This text no doubt appealed to their hearts as to what they had to eat and drink in the wilderness, even to the inner bark of the balsam, but for the most part a simple diet of meat. Just prior to arriving at Fort Hall, they had made some liquor of wild honey.

The historian of this party, Mr. Tounsens, gives an interesting account of this first Christian sermon west of the Rockies, and says the Indians, although they could not understand a word were very quiet and attentive.

However, the Sabbath was not altogether revered, for after the services they indulged in horse races and games.

On August 5, after the completion of the fort, they set up a flagstaff, made a flag from some bleached cloth and red flannel, with some patches of blue for stars, and hoisted "Old Glory" to the breeze, the first time in Idaho. At sunrise they fired a salute, and thus began the occupation of the great northwest in the name of the United States.

They constructed a stockade of cottonwood logs set up on end about 15 feet high, inclosing a space about 80 feet square. Inside of this they built their log huts for habitation and for storing the goods that the new company refused to purchase.

In 1836 Wyeth sold the fort to the Hudson Bay Company, who occupied it until 1855. When they became owners they replaced the timber with abode walls. During the Civil War it was occupied for a while by United States troops. In 1869, after the agreement between England and the United States that the latter should pay the Hudson Bay Company for its possessions in the Oregon country, the old fort was abandoned, the government having selected a site for the new fort at a place about 10 miles east of Blackfoot.

During the days of trapper history after the founding of Fort Hall it became a trading point for some of the trappers of this valley, a noted land mark and place of refuge for the emigrants who poured into the northwest later.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE GALE BATTLE.

IN THE fall of 1834 some of the Rocky Mountain Company's men fell in with Wyeth's men, under Joseph Gale. Meek and some of his associates resolved to pay them a visit. On their return Meek and Liggit started out in advance of the others and were surprised by hostile Indians then on their way to besiege Gale's camp. A score of guns vibrated through the mountains, and some thrilling escapes are recorded, as both sides fought with desperation. When the Gale camp heard the first shots, all rushed to the scene of conflict. The Blackfeet loss by this time became so heavy that the chief ordered a retreat, and the trappers escaped from this peril without severe loss, although some were wounded.

Among the men engaged in this conflict were Meek, Carson, Hawkins, Gale, Liggit, Rider, Robinson, Anderson, Russell, Larison, Ward, Parmaley, Wade, Head and others, all noted scouts and mountaineers of the most intrepid kind.

The battle occurred in the northern part of Pierres' Hole, where they started for their trapping fields over the northern route.

The big camp under Bridger's command, came up in time to assist in caring for the wounded. Had it not been for the visit of Meek and Liggit no doubt the whole of Gale's camp would have been put to an end, as the Indians were headed for his camp when they encountered these visitors.

In 1835 Bridger and his party of trappers again moved on to Yellowstone for winter encampment in the great bend, to supply their winter food, where buffalo were plentiful, and the sweet cottonwood was abundant. Toward spring game became scarce, however, and a party started out for a hunt. A man named Ross went on some distance ahead of his companions. Some spies from a war party coming on in advance, were prowling around on the lookout for small parties from the Bridger camp, when suddenly a ball struck Ross' right arm, breaking it at the elbow, which caused his gun to fall. An Indian sprang forward and raised the gun quickly on Meek. The ball passed through his cap, and by this time the hunters were aware of an ambuscade. Meek was

riding an old mule that had to be beaten to make it go, but when an Indian grabbed his bridle and the mule got scent of the redskin, it plunged ahead like a race horse, ran into a ravine filled with snow, then suddenly stopped and Meek went on over its head. While Meek, prior to this had been calling for the men to stop and fight the enemy, now the other men were left in the rear. After remounting his mule, Meek shouted out, "Run for your lives, boys, there's 10,000 of them."

Meek then with his hitherto slow mule took the lead for the Yellowstone. He was, however, almost overtaken, when in crossing the ice over a stream, he had to stop and spread his blankets alternately, so the mule would not slip. He crossed to the opposite side just in time to avoid a bullet that came whistling after him, while the remainder of the party took another trail. The hunters returned to camp minus some packhorses.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE REV. SAMUEL PARKER.

THE Rev. Samuel Parker came into Pierre's Hole in August, 1835, one of the first missionaries to come to this great western wilderness, and we quote from his journal the following: "The American Fur Company has between 200 and 300 men constantly in and about the mountains, engaged in trading, hunting and trapping. These all assemble at the rendezvous upon the arrival of the caravan, bring in their furs and take new supplies for the coming year of clothing, ammunition and goods for trade with the Indians.

"Here were assembled many Indians belonging to four different nations: The Utahs, Shoshones, Nez Perces and Flatheads, who were waiting for the caravan to exchange furs, horses and dressed skins for various articles of merchandise."

This was written at the time of their arrival in the Green River Valley.

"While we remained in this place Dr. Whitman was called to perform some very important surgical operations. He extracted an iron arrow three inches long from the back of Captain Bridger, which was received in a skirmish three years before with the Blackfeet Indians. The doctor extracted another arrow from the shoulder of one of the hunters, which had been there two and a half years."

Here Mr. Parker described a duel between Kit Carson and a hunter called Captain Shunar, "a great bully of the mountains," who mounted his horse and with loaded rifle challenged any Frenchman, American, Spaniard or Dutchman to fight him in single combat. Carson accepted his challenge. Both mounted. Shunar with rifle, Carson with pistol, and both rushed into close contact, and both fired about the same instant. Carson's ball entered Shunar's hand and passed out above the elbow. Shunar's ball passed over the head of Carson, then Shunar begged for his life to be spared.

"August 21, 1835, we commenced our journey from here in company with Captain Bridger, who goes with about 50 men, six or eight days' journey on our route. Instead of going down on the west side of the Lewis River, we concluded to take our course

northerly for Trois Tetons, which are three very high mountains covered with perpetual snow, separated from the main chain of the Rocky Mountains, and are seen at a very great distance; and from thence to Salmon River.

"On the twenty-second, we traveled 20 miles through a somewhat barren country down several steep descents, and arrived at what is called Jackson's Hole, and encamped upon a small stream of water, one of the upper branches of the Columbia River. It was interesting to find myself, for the first time, upon the waters of this noble river.

"Sabbath, the twenty-third, we had an opportunity to rest and devotional exercises. The place of our encampment was just such as would naturally fill the mind with solemnity—just above a very deep and narrow defile which we had to pass. So high were the mountains that some of them were tipped with perpetual snow, and so narrow the passage that twilight shades obscured the view.

"Arose very early on the twenty-fourth and commenced our way through the narrow defile, frequently crossing and recrossing a large stream of water which flows into the Snake River. The scenery was wild and in many parts sublime, mountains of rock, almost perpendicular, shooting up into the regions of perpetual snow, and in one place projecting over our path, if a zigzag trail can be called a path. Often we had to pass over the sides of the mountains, which inclined at an angle of 45 degrees toward the stream below, and down which pack mules have fallen and been dashed upon the rocks in the stream below. I endeavored to guide my Indian horse so cautiously that he became unmanageable, being resolved to have his own method of choosing his way. I was under the necessity of dismounting and making the best of the way. But on farther acquaintance with Indian horses, I learned that their dashing mode of going ahead, even in dangerous places, was preferable to the most cautious management of the American.

"We encamped upon a fertile plain, surrounded by mountains, where three years before three men were killed by a small party of Indians. There were seven of the hunters, but when they saw the Blackfeet, they fled in all directions, and by so doing emboldened the Indians to the pursuit. Had they stood firm and combined, it is probable they would have escaped unhurt.

"We traveled four hours on the twenty-fifth, to a large pleasant valley, commonly called Jackson's large Hole. (Evidently the Hoback Basin.)

"After resting a few days to give the animals an opportunity to recruit, and for Captain Bridger to fit out several of his men to go into the mountains to hunt and trap—during our continuance here, I took an Indian for an assistant and ascended one of the highest mountains in the vicinity to view the surrounding country. About 60 miles to the east the Rocky Mountains lie stretched through the whole extent of the vision, spread like luminous clouds in the horizon; their summits so elevated that no soil ever rises to sully the pure whiteness of their everlasting snows, and tinged and mellowed with a golden hue by the rays of the sun. Not very far to the north the Trois Tetons, a cluster of high pointed mountains, covered with perpetual snow, rising 10,000 feet almost perpendicularly, were distinctly visible, with two others of the same form but of less magnitude. Only three of the cluster are so high as to be seen at a very long distance.

"The soil of this valley and upon the hills is black and rich, and the time will come when the solitude which now prevails will be lost in the lowing of herds and bleating of flocks, and the plow will cleave the clods of these hills and vales; and from many altars will ascend the incense of prayer and praise. [A true prophet.]

"On the twenty-eighth we pursued our journey and passed over a mountain so high that banks of snow were but a short distance from the trail. (Teton Pass.) When we had ascended two-thirds of the way, a number of buffalo, which were pursued by our Indians, came rushing through the midst of our company. One ran over a horse, on the back of which was a child and threw the child far down the descent, but providently it was not materially injured. Another ran over a packhorse and wounded it deeply in the shoulder.

"Our descent was through woods more dense than those on the other side, and the most dense of any forests since we left the waters of the Missouri. Many parts of the descent were of almost impassable steepness, and part of the way down a rough deep ravine a stream of water commences, and increasing from springs and rivulets to considerable magnitude, winds its way through the valley of Pierre's Hole, in the upper part of which we made our encampment among the willows in this prairie vale.

"On the twenty-eighth we moved our encampment and traveled five hours along this valley to the place, where two years before, two fur companies held their rendezvous. Between this and our last encampment, I was shown the place where the men of the fur companies, at the time of their rendezvous two years before had a battle with the Indians."

Then follows his description of the battle of Pierre's Hole, which does not differ materially from the other accounts related. After describing the battle, he says:

"At this place I parted with Captain Bridger and his party, who went northeast into the mountains to their hunting ground, which the Blackfeet claim, and for which they will contend."

From this point Mr. Parker and his company went on through the north pass of Pierre's Hole and on to Henry's Fork.

The site of the battlefield, as pointed out to him as he was passing, was between the mouth of Trail Creek Canyon and Teton Creek.

While the Rev. Mr. Parker was preaching in the Hoback Basin on the Sunday after their arrival there, to a motley audience of mountaineers, Indians and half-breeds squatted on the grass before him. There was evidently not a very pious reverence that marked their countenances; but, no doubt, sarcasm, or, perhaps, a silent, mocking levity would be more plainly visible in the expression of their faces. However, the Indians seemed to have a desire to become acquainted with the mystery of the "unknown God."

But while the Rev. Mr. Parker was preaching, a herd of buffalo appeared in sight. It is needless to say that the congregation broke up without even waiting for the benediction, and a mad scramble was made for horses and guns. The succeeding events were more successful than the revival. The Rev. Mr. Parker only looked on with sober aspect and then rebuked the Sabbath breakers severely. The palefaced hunters, however, returned the rebuke with the saying that the "partaker was as bad as the thief," when that evening he was enjoying the repast of the buffalo tenderloin.

CHAPTER XX.

ANOTHER CHANGE IN THE FUR COMPANY.

IT WAS the year before Bridger piloted the missionaries, the Rev. Mr. Parker at the head, that the Rocky Mountain Fur Company was dissolved, on June 20, 1834. The old partnership consisted of Thomas Fitzpatrick, Milton G. Sublette, Henry Fraeb, John Baptiste Jervais and James Bridger, and now the new firm consisted of Milton G. Sublette, Thomas Fitzpatrick, (called "Major") and James Bridger.

The trappers operated in and around this valley for about ten years, annually sending in large parties to this favored rendezvous. By 1840 the trading posts were all abandoned. The several companies ceased to operate and many of the trappers were thrown out of employment. They knew no other life and did not know what occupation to follow.

However, a few independent trappers still lingered in the mountains, among them Jim Bridger, Kit Carson, and Joe Meek, and some of their close companions. During the summer of 1837 Bridger's brigade was again in this valley, through Jackson Hole, and wintered again in the Wind River Mountains. In 1838 Bridger and his trappers were again in Pierre's Hole, where they discovered Meek now as an independent trapper. Drips was also here.

After Meek's second wife deserted him to go to her own people, he, uncouth, uneducated, and unfamiliar with the scriptures, was induced to teach the Indians the religion of the white man, and in return for his services as a minister among them, he intimated to the chief, Kow-e-sp-te, that a wife would be an agreeable present for his services as a divine. The chief, however, demurred at this, saying that Spaulding's religion did not permit men to have two wives, that they had to discard their extra ones. To this Meek replied that among white men, if a man's wife left him without his consent, as his had done, he could procure a divorce and take another wife. Meek, to cinch his argument, told the chief that the Bible made it plain that some of the best men had several wives. After two weeks of explaining the doings of David and Solomon, Meek succeeded in getting the chief to give him

a young girl, who became his third Indian wife, and who bore him seven children. He named her Virginia.

Meek's daughter by his runaway wife, whom he named Helen Mar, and one of Bridger's children, Mary Ann, then 11 years of age, were in the massacre with Dr. and Mrs. Whitman, when 14 people lost their lives at Waiilatpu.

CHAPTER XXI.

ANOTHER SKIRMISH.

AFTER this third marriage Meek set out trapping again in Pierre's Hole in 1839, with a comrade named Allen. They set their traps on a little stream that runs out of Piney Pass in the south end of the valley. Leaving their camp one morning to take up their traps they were discovered by a party of Blackfeet as they were nearing the trapping place. The only refuge at hand was a thicket of willows on the opposite side of the stream, to which point they directed their flight. Meek succeeded in gaining the thicket, but Allen stumbled and fell in crossing the stream and wet his gun. The enemy followed him into the brush, and although not yet perceived, he kept snapping caps on his gun to dry it. The savages caught the sound, and knowing him to be defenseless, plunged into the thicket after him and dragged him out to an open spot a few rods away.

These red fiends, while he was yet breathing his last, cut up their palpitating victim into a hundred pieces, each taking a piece, accompanying their horrible butchery with every kind of gesture in contempt for their victim, and reveled with delight in their hellish deeds.

Meek could only lie still hidden from view and witness this atrocity, then scooped out, with his knife, a pit in the sand to lie in, and lay hidden through the long hours of the day. When night came on the Indians left. Gradually, in a high state of fever, he crept out and worked his way to a timbered bluff. The next day he found his horses, and with these set out alone for Green River.

After this escapade and the beaver becoming about extinct, Meek, like many others, not finding trapping longer profitable, wondered what he could do, and was about to join some missionaries at Fort Hall, then enroute to Oregon, but he resolved to make one more dive at the mountain life, and with a Frenchman, named Mattileau, again visited the old trapping grounds of Pierre's Hole. He first tried his luck up Pierre's Fork, but finding the beaver scarce even in this favored net-work of beaver dams, they proceeded to Jackson Hole, and finally wended their way back to Bear River.

It was now 1840. Meek had been a trapper since he was 18. He had escaped death by near margins on many occasions, had many encounters with bears. At one time he was chased across a river, a bear swimming after him, at another time in such close contact with a bear that Bruin got hold of his gun with its mouth; now, after about 14 years of this rugged mountain life, and not tasting bread during all that time, he wondered what he could do.

Here on Bear River, he was told that his friend Newell at Fort Hall had something to propose to him. To make a long story short, Meek and Newell found their way to Oregon, after being the last trappers of Pierre's Hole. Beginning in 1840 for a few years they went through all the hardships of early pioneering, and even suffered more for food than they did in the mountains, where they could secure their meat as they went along; but in this new phase of life Meek knew nothing about farming. After harvest, he had to glean wheat from the fields and lived on boiled wheat for the first winter or so. No doubt his Indian wife and children did all the gleaning.

It was not long, however, in their self-made government before Meek was made sheriff, and finally a legislator; then he was sent to Washington to represent the conditions of the people in Oregon and to ask aid in establishing some kind of a government. He, with a few others, who wanted to return east, started out on horses to cross a continent. Leaving his horse when the snow became too deep, and improvising snowshoes out of willows, Meek crossed the mountains on foot and alone, without money, living on polecats or whatever game he could kill by the way. Finally, after many hardships and some amusing incidents, he arrived at his destination. His pass-word that secured for him rides on stages, steamboats, accommodations at hotels, etc., when he reached civilization, being: "I am envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary from the Republic of Oregon to the court of the United States."

We are not aiming to give the biography of Meek after his trapping career in Pierre's Hole, but to note what became of some of these famous trappers who escaped the perils of rough mountain life.

However, we cannot refrain from quoting from Meek's biographer an amusing incident that happened on his arrival at a fashionable hotel in Washington. After he had sat down to the table, with all the aristocratic company observing his peculiar

buckskin costume, a bill of fare was presented to him. He turned to the colored waiter and said:

"What's this, boy?"

"Bill of fare, sah."

"Read," said Meek, "the people in my country can't read."

When the waiter came to "game," Meek said, "Stop, thar, boy, what kind of game?"

"Small game, sah."

"Fetch me a piece of antelope."

"Got none of that, sah; don't know what that ar', sah."

"Don't know! In my country antelope and deer are small game; bear and buffalo ar' large game. I reckon if you haven't got one, you havn't got the other, either. In that case you may fetch me some beef."

The waiter returned with the customary thin and small cut, which Meek eyed at first contemptuously, and then accepting it in the light of a sample, swallowed it in two mouthfuls, returning his plate to the waiter with an approving smile, said, "Boy, that will do. Fetch me about four pounds of that same kind."

After Meek had accomplished his mission and the act was passed making Oregon a territory, he returned with the appointment of United States marshal, in Company with Oregon's first governor, General Joseph Lane, and executed the office of marshal with ability.

CHAPTER XXII.

LATER CAREERS OF OTHER TRAPPERS.

IN ADDITION to the later careers of some of the trappers heretofore mentioned it might be of interest to note in passing what became of some of the others who had made Pierre's Hole their rendezvous for so many years.

William L. Sublette died in the early part of 1847 on his way to Washington, D. C. on a business trip.

His brother, Milton G. Sublette, never returned to the mountains after his leg was amputated, and spent his remaining days in St. Louis. When he went east the last time he left his wife to the tender mercy of Meek. Her full name was Umentucken Tukutsey Undewatsey, called the "Mountain Lamb."

Robert Campbell, the close associate of the Sublettes, and founder of Fort Laramie, reached the end of his mountain career in 1868, when he then as an old gray haired man visited Fort Laramie for the last time, and died that year.

Henry Fraeb, a partner with Jim Bridger, met his death by the Indians soon after the establishment of Fort Bridger.

Hoback, Rezner and Robinson three of the backwoodsmen of the Henry party during the hard winter of 1810-11 at Fort Henry, were of too stubborn a breed to give up the rich trapping country entirely to the warring Indians. Edward Robinson had fought with the Reds in Kentucky during his youth in a grim battle in which he was scalped and left for dead. He always wore a handkerchief to cover his scarred head, so when his companions were finally scalped, as heretofore related, these Indian marauders were minus one trophy; when they tore the handkerchief from his head they were filled with consternation.

While these men were brave and courageous path-finders and hunters, their trapping careers were very brief.

CHAPTER XXIII.

JAMES BRIDGER.

JAMES BRIDGER embarked on his first expedition up the Missouri with the Ashley-Henry party April 15, 1822, at St. Louis. They built Fort Union at Great Falls, on the Missouri, at the mouth of the Yellowstone, on a tongue of land between the two rivers. Some of the other noted men of this expedition were Ezekiel Williams, Louis Vasquez, Etienne Provot, Thomas Fitzpatrick, David E. Jackson, Jedediah S. Smith, and Hugh Glass, the hero of the most tragic bear story extant.

DISCOVERERS OF THE GREAT SALT LAKE.

It was during 1824, when Ashley split up his men into various groups, some of whom scouted as far south as Utah County, that the party under Jim Bridger wintered on the Bear River. With him was Louis Vasquez, familiarly called "French Louie." They fell to arguing as to where the river emptied. "Louie" knew, for previous to this, he had seen where it emptied; but to settle the question Bridger was delegated to make the trip. He set out on snowshoes down Bear River Canyon and followed the stream to its outlet, accompanied by "French Louie," who had previously seen its course and informed Bridger of it, but the trappers were in doubt of this Frenchman's veracity. Bridger then tasted the briny water, returned and reported that he had found an arm of the Pacific ocean. Vasquez had discovered the Great Salt Lake, but Bridger got the credit for it.

Louis Vasquez had been a trapper with the Hudson Bay Company. He and two other Frenchmen left this company and started south. They traveled by way of Soda Springs, traveled down Cache Valley through the Mink Creek country, went through what later became Smithfield, where Fremont spent a winter, down through what is now Box Elder County, saw the outlet of Bear River, and went on to the location of Peter Skeen Ogden. Later Vasquez joined the American trappers, and then arose the discussion as to the Bear River outlet of which he had informed Bridger.

James Bridger was born in Richmond, Virginia, in March, 1804. He has been described as tall and spare, straight and agile, eyes gray, hair brown and long, which was even abundant in his old age; his expression was mild, and his manners agreeable. He was hospitable and generous, and was always trusted and respected. He possessed in a high degree the confidence of the Indians, and married into the Shoshone tribe. The common verdict from the trappers down to Col. Raynolds, whom he guided here in 1860, is that as a guide he was without equal. The whole west was mapped out in his mind as an atlas. Because of his ability in this line he was always in demand as a guide for exploring parties, both in government and private expeditions.

When the trapping business began to wane, and he beheld the emigrants beginning to pour into the west he saw his opportunity for profit in traffic with the emigrants and in 1843 located and built the fort that has ever since borne his name. He was then a man of middle age. After spending a quarter of a century on the frontier and in the rugged mountains, he finally bought a farm near Kansas City, Missouri, but the call to the west was too strong for him to withstand, and although over 50 years of age, he returned to Fort Laramie, and was engaged by the United States as a guide, which occupation he followed until too old to stand the hardships, and again retired to his farm, where he died July 17, 1881.

It is stated that he knew every foot of ground in the west. He was among the early trappers here and in the Battle of Pierre's Hole, and this was his hunting and trapping field for years. The last account we have of his being here was when he guided Col. Raynolds and his troupe around the base of the Teton Peaks and through this valley in 1860.

Bridger gave such romantic, picturesque and enticing accounts of the Yellowstone in the early days that no one would believe his stories, and in his efforts to disseminate a knowledge of that region it was said of him, as it was to Col. Raynolds, that it was only some of Bridger's lies. He had told the story to Col. Raynolds and Dr. Hayden, also to Captain Warren, and seemed to convince these gentlemen that there was something to his stories, but they attributed it less to fact than fancy. Both Colter and he tried to publish their discoveries of the Yellowstone but no periodical would lend itself to their service. One article was prepared by the *Kansas City Journal* editorially in 1879, the story

that Bridger told the editor nearly 30 years before, but it was suppressed because the friends of the editor ridiculed the whole thing as incredible. Col. Reynolds made an attempt, with Bridger as his guide, to penetrate the Yellowstone in June, 1860, but found the snows then too deep over the divide; but he became somewhat convinced of the truth of Bridger's story and was about to print it, until a man who claimed to know Bridger, told him he would be laughed out of town if he printed any of Jim Bridger's lies.

Whether the following incident is true or not we give it for what it is worth: Bridger thought his reputation as a dead shot was at stake when he drew near what is known as Obsidian Cliff. Coming one day in sight of a magnificent elk he took careful aim and fired. To his amazement, the elk was not even wounded, and seemed not even to have heard the report of the rifle. Bridger drew considerably nearer and gave the elk the benefit of the most deliberate aim, but with the same result as before. Utterly exasperated, he seized his rifle by the barrel, resolved to use it as a club since it failed as a firearm. He rushed madly toward the elk, but suddenly crashed into an immovable vertical wall, which proved to be a mountain of perfectly transparent glass, on the opposite side of which, miles away, still in perfect peaceful security, the elk was quietly grazing.

Because Bridger's veracity was at stake in regard to the marvels of the Yellowstone, he eventually avenged himself for the spirit of distrust so often shown, by telling a story of a mountain in the vicinity of the Yellowstone that had forms of life standing about in stone that were caught by petrifying influences so that they seemed to be as perfect as in actual life. Even the flowers were blooming in colors of crystal, and birds soaring with wings spread in motionless flight, while their music filled the air and the sun and moon shone with petrified light.

Bridger met Father De Smet in Pierre's Hole in 1840, who knew of the wounds by arrowheads in Bridger's back, and asked if the wounds had been long suppurating. Bridger answered humorously, "In the mountains meat never spoils."

Bridger was with royalty in 1854 to 1856, as a guide to Sir George Gore, a wealthy Irish nobleman, who came out into the western wilds with 40 servants and assistants, 112 horses, 12 yoke of oxen, 6 wagons, 21 carts and every conceivable luxury, with a small arsenal of ammunition. He was a profligate in the destruc-

tion of game—a wanton slaughter going on all the time—big game by the thousands, and birds in countless numbers, until the mountaineers and Indians resented this shameful destruction. When he was ready to make his exit from this game region the Americans endeavored to extract as much of his wealth as possible, by extortionate charges for transportation, etc., so when he discovered this he burned all of his outfit, except his trophies, which he shipped even at the “robbery” prices. He even had the iron that remained after the fire thrown into the river so it could not be used.

It was not until after this wanton slaughter of game that the government began placing restrictions and limited the amount of game to be killed.

After guiding the Gore party Bridger roamed the plains again, where we find him trading with Indians for robes and furs, in the vicinity of Fort Kearney. Later, under the recommendation of General Kearney, Bridger and his companion William F. Drannan, guided a train of emigrants through the hostile Indian country enroute to California.

Drannan was a nephew of Kit Carson, had been with these trappers all through the trapping period, and in 1858-9 was with Bridger on the plains, and we condense the story of their guiding this emigrant train from Drannan’s “Thirty-one Years in the Plains and in the Mountains.”

Bridger and Drannan were in the vicinity of Pike’s Peak when the rush for gold began and when Denver sprang into existence over night.

They met a company of gold seekers, whereupon one of them asked how far it was to Denver. Bridger answered that he never heard of any creek or river by that name in this country. “But,” the prospector exclaimed, “I mean Denver City.” This was a new one to the trappers who thought they knew everything of the West. As they continued on their journey up Cherry Creek they looked ahead and saw the new tented city and all kinds of conveyances from hand carts to six-horse teams. This was in the spring of 1859.

It was shortly after they made the discovery that a city had sprung up on their fur-trading ground that they became guides to the emigrant train above referred to, at the rate of \$6.00 per day each to pilot them as far as the Sierra Nevada Mountains. When they reached this point they were offered free rations to

continue on their journey. Enroute they had some Indian encounters, and one morning Drannan brought into camp a few Indian scalps. They had killed nine of a scouting party out away from the main cavalcade. When he showed the nine scalps a young lady of the train said to him:

"I always took you to be a gentleman until now. I don't think a gentleman could be so barbarous as you are."

The explanation was to the effect that taking the scalps was the means of saving the train; that the Indians did not fear death, but hated the idea of being scalped. The young lady's opinion was probably unchanged, but Bridger often teased her as to her lovely head of hair, by saying it would make a fine scalp for the Indians.

When they neared Sacramento, they met their old companion trapper John West, who had settled down on a farm and "quit drinking." The three, after partaking of West's hospitality, decided to spend Christmas at Sacramento, where they had a taste of "high life," and where the fine egg-nogs soon landed them in the "station house." It was two days before Bridger could be pulled away from the enticing resorts of Sacramento.

Col. Edward Z. C. Judson, born 1822, and died 1886, a noted writer, met Bridger after his trip with Col. Raynolds, and wrote some thrilling stories, which made Bridger famous. His pen name was Ned Buntline.

CHAPTER XXIV.

OTHER NOTED TRAPPERS—KIT CARSON.

KIT CARSON, the noted scout, who was in this valley during the trapping period and participated in the battle of 1832, finally became a noted guide to Col. Fremont and others. He spent about 30 years in the mountains and on the plains, and was with Bridger most of the time. His name was Christopher Carson, born in Kentucky in 1809, and died at Fort Lynn, Colorado, in 1868. His intimate acquaintance with Indian habits and language secured his selection as a guide in Fremont's expeditions and explorations, and as Indian agent in New Mexico, to which post he was appointed in 1853. For services in this quarter during the Civil War he was breveted brigadier general.

CAPTAIN BONNEVILLE.

Captain Bonneville, after his trapping experiences in this valley and other points in the west, returned to the army and won many distinctions. He died at Fort Smith, Arkansas, in 1878.

NATHANIEL J. WYETH.

Nathaniel J. Wyeth, founder of Fort Hall, after he returned from the mountains in 1836, reentered business and passed the remainder of his days at his old home in Cambridge, leaving behind him an honored name. He died there in 1856.

NEWELL AND CRAIG.

Dr. Robert Newell and William Craig, close companions of Meek, were two famous trappers of Pierre's Hole, and shared in the perils of frontier life. It was Newell who induced Meek to go to Oregon. They were in this valley and surrounding country from 1824 to 1840. Both of them passed as the finest type of pioneers, when the trapping business became a thing of the past.

Newell was born in Ohio in 1807, and after leaving the trapping fields he became one of the group of permanent settlers of Oregon known as "Mountain Men." Here he became active in commercial and political life.

Craig at first selected a home near the Spaulding mission. In 1846 he established a home in Idaho, and is regarded as Idaho's first permanent settler, with his Nez Perce wife, Isabel. He held important positions, aided in Indian treaties, and became an Indian agent. Newell and Craig both died the same year, 1869.

We have related brief sketches of some of the leading trappers who survived the perils of the trapper life. The ordinary trapper, however, when he found his occupation gone knew no other employment; some returned to their old homes and soon squandered their hard earned fortunes. They found it easy to spend money when they returned to civilization.

During the time of the annual caravans it frequently happened that tourists, scientists and artists, as well as missionaries, traveled along with them for mutual protection, and in 1835, the famous Indian painter, Stanley, was with the trappers in Pierre's Hole, and made some fine paintings. He was also with Meek in a battle near Henry's Lake when Meek was in close quarters with the enemy, and fired his last shot with fatal effect, which Stanley painted; his painting called "The Trapper's Last Shot," is lionized by artists.

SOME NAMES PERPETUATED ON STONE.

Some of the early trappers cut their names on the stones of the Menan Buttes, between Rexburg and Roberts. The names cut in 1810 of the Henry expedition are Reznor, J. Day, A. Henry and W. Weir. In 1827: J. Gardner, Stullock, A. Godin, H. Godin, Louis La Valle. In 1828: Henry Fraeb, M. Harris, B. Gervais, W. L. Sublette, Meek, D. E. Jackson, J. S. Smith, T. Fitzpatrick, Robt. Newell. In 1831-2: J. Beckworth, J. L. Meek and Frayor. Captain Bonneville was at these pyramidical land marks in January, 1833.

On July 27, 1840, Father De Smet chisled on a rock up in the mountains east of Henry's Lake, after he had left Pierre's Hole, the following inscription:

"Sanctus Ignatius Patrolius montium Die Julii 27, 1840.

This, in English, is "Saint Ignatius, patron of the mountains." Ignatius was the founder of the Jesuit order of which Father De Smet was a member.

CHAPTER XXV.

MISSIONARIES.

WE HAVE already referred to Rev. Jason Lee and associate missionaries who came in here with Nathaniel J. Wyeth in 1834, and the Rev. Samuel Parker in 1835, but the only one who held religious services in Pierre's Hole, that we have any record of, was Father Pierre Jean de Smet, or as we would say in English, Peter John Smith, a Belgian. In this valley he preached to about 1600 Indians, of the Flathead and Pend d'Oreille tribes, who had come a long journey from their homes to meet Father de Smet at the Pierre's Hole rendezvous and to escort what they termed the "Black Robe" to their homeland.

Father de Smet entered this valley of the Tetons on July 6, 1840. He was of the Jesuit order of the Catholic Church. He seemed to be well known among the Indians and they knew in advance of his coming. Here in this beautiful vale amidst all kinds of game the chief "Big Face" killed three of his best dogs for the feast and told Father de Smet that they were fat and nice, and that he was welcome. Notwithstanding all the variety of game at their command, even to young venison, which was at their taking, yet it seemed dog meat was the Indian's favorite kind. Whether Father de Smet enjoyed the feast we are not informed.

There was at least one impression made upon the Indians after the preaching of the missionaries, for they usually balked after this at making hunts or working on one day of the week, which the missionaries had easily instilled into the lazy bucks, as a day of rest.

INDIAN LIFE PERPETUATED ON CANVAS.

To no other individual do the Indians owe so much for the perpetuity in history and art of their life and customs as they do to George Catlin, the noted painter, who was not only in this valley in and prior to 1832, but he visited almost every Indian tribe in North and South America. He says of himself that he resolved to use his art and as much of the labors of his life as might be re-

quired in rescuing from oblivion the looks and customs of the vanishing races of native men in America. The result of his labors was a gallery of more than 600 pictures, now under the care and protection of the Smithsonian Institute in Washington. Some of these noted paintings were made from sketches taken in this valley.

CHAPTER XXVI.

CAPTAIN LOT SMITH AND HIS COMPANY HERE IN 1862.

ON APRIL 13, 1862, President Lincoln called upon Governor Brigham Young, through Adjutant General L. Thomas, to raise, arm and equip a company of cavalry to be employed in protecting the property of the telegraph and overland mail companies in and about Independence Rock, which had been the scene of Indian troubles. The company was organized, consisting of 72 privates, officered and equipped, with Captain Lot Smith in charge.

In July Captain Smith and his company set out from the vicinity of Fort Bridger in pursuit of a band of Indians that were making trouble, and had robbed the ranch of a mountaineer. They penetrated the heart of the Indian country, up the Green River Valley, and thence into Jackson Hole, where one of the party named Donald McNichol, in crossing Snake River, fell in and was drowned. They then proceeded over the Teton Pass and came into this valley, where they feasted on wild game and rested their jaded animals in the rich wild meadows. On going out of the valley near the Point of the Mountain they killed a bear and had a feast of bear meat. This wonderful trip is recorded as one of the most hazardous in the annals of local Indian warfare. The Indian marauders eluded them, however, and they wended their way on the homeward journey down the Snake River Valley.

Many of this band of Indian scouts became professional men and leading business men in Utah and Idaho. The writer was well acquainted with many of them, and heard Dr. Seymour B. Young relate some of their wild and rough experiences.

CHAPTER XXVII.

MODERN INROADS.

IDAHO was part of what was called the Oregon Territory until 1863, and some of the first settlers, like the trapper William Craig, thought he was located in Oregon, but became the first permanent white settler of Idaho, in the fall of 1846, as he discovered, when the boundary lines were established.

AFTER THE TRAPPERS CAME THE MINERS.

It was not until after the discovery of the precious metals in Montana, and there were probably a thousand people there in 1862, when prospectors headed in this direction. The first that we have any record of who came through this valley was a party led by Walter W. DeLacy, September, 1863, consisting at one time of 42 men. Its sole object was to prospect the country. They passed through this valley and on into Jackson Hole prospecting on the way. They kept on in their search for gold until they re-discovered the Yellowstone and its wonders. It may have been some of these early prospectors who left their gold pan in a cleft of the Biche Creek Mountains that Samuel Swanner later discovered. Other gold pans have been found on Trail Creek, two by Jack Cowan, now of Driggs. An old prospector came to the writer some years ago to get location notices drawn up and said he had discovered gold, which, according to his description, was near the top of the west mountains, about due west from Driggs, but we do not know what became of him or his claim.

NAMES OF STREAMS.

The U. S. Geological Survey, under the direction of Dr. F. V. Hayden, named most of the streams in this valley and vicinity in 1872, and usually named them from some characteristic feature connected with some historical incident of the stream, sometimes the name of one of his own party, or adopted names by which they were already called, as in the case of Conant Creek, named prior to 1870 by Richard Leigh for one Al. Conant, who came to these mountains in 1865, and who very nearly lost his life on this stream. Trail Creek, formerly called Pass Creek, is an exception

to being named by Hayden. It was named Trail Creek by Captain William A. Jones of the U. S. Army Corps of Civil Engineers in 1873, who came into this valley after a trip through the park, accompanied by Professor Theodore B. Comstock as a geologist. He gives the reason for naming it Trail Creek "as there was an elk trail along it." It was generally supposed that the creek derived its name from the Indian and trapper trails, but the elk usually kept aloof from the scent of human trails, and the Indian trails were not along the creek, but over the hills.

The creeks named from characteristic features by Dr. Hayden are Canon Creek, Fox Creek, from the many red foxes being seen there, Moose Creek, from herds of moose on it, Game Creek, from the abundance of various kinds of game, Warm Creek, because the water did not freeze, Badger Creek, from badgers, and Packsaddle Creek (first known as Yamp Creek), from the fact that during the Civil War some horses were stolen from the U. S. soldiers then stationed at Fort Hall, who followed the thieves into this valley and hung them where they captured them on Yamp Creek, then threw the packsaddles away, which the Hayden expedition discovered there. Dr. Hayden encountered Richard Leigh here, used him as a guide, and named what is now called North Leigh Creek and Leigh Lake for him and the Jenny Lake for his wife Jenny. This Leigh Creek was called Indian Creek by the trappers, it being the favorite Indian camping place and rendezvous for their hunting trips. What is now called South Leigh was named Cottonwood Creek, and so noted on Chittenden's map. He would, no doubt, be authority for the name, as he was one of the corps of civil engineers for the government. It is also so named on the maps prepared in 1877 by G. R. Bechler for the Hayden survey, and Hayden did not change the name, but the early settlers called both the streams Leigh, or North and South Leigh Creeks. Horseshoe Creek was so named because an Indian was killed there by his horse, according to the story told by Leigh. Darby Creek derived its name later from a man named Darby, but was named Goodfellow Creek by Dr. Hayden from his cook by that name. Mahogany Creek was named from the scrubby mahogany trees there, but was first called Bear Creek by the Indians.

What is erroneously called Bitch Creek is noted on the maps of the Hayden expedition as the North Fork of Teton River, but was originally named Biche Creek, meaning doe. The French-Can-

dian trappers found near its bank well defined deer and elk trails, and called the creek Biche from the female species of those animals. The American trappers, however, called it by its present appellation, perverting the French word, as they called it a son-of-a-bitch to cross. The Indians would never attempt to cross it only in times of low water. Many a trapper and his pack have been taken down its rapid current. Its true name as originally given it should be adopted in honor of these native wild animals rather than to be called after a cur.

There is another story to the effect that some hunters there at one time hung up some meat to dry and while they were absent their slut played havoc with the meat which enraged them so much that they shot her and called the stream from this "tragedy" of the dog.

The Teton Peaks became a familiar name after the French trappers entered this valley in 1818 and called them the Trois Tetons or Three Teats, and the creek that had its source near them was named Teton Creek, but was called Beaver Creek by the American trappers, from the rich beaver fields along its winding course and tributaries through the swamps. Pierre's Fork, as Teton River was known at first, gradually became known as Teton River through its sources rising in the Teton Mountains.

Beginning a little southwest and crossing Biche Creek at what is called Carter's Crossing, (where the Ashton road now is) the Bridle Trail is dotted on Chittenden's map, extending thence northeasterly across Conant Creek, and Falls River over the hills to some mountain pass west of Shoshone Lake. This no doubt was the trappers' trail leading out of the north part of this valley, to these streams and the Yellowstone district, and the one Bridger took when he parted with Rev. Parker in 1835.

On the 13th of April, 1859, Captain W. F. Raynolds, of the corps of topographical engineers was ordered to explore the region of country through which flow the principal tributaries of the Yellowstone River, and the mountains surrounding. This was the first government expedition directed to this locality. It was in 1860 that they directed their attention to this vicinity of Pierre's Hole. Bridger was selected as guide. They came down the Gros Ventre and traveled as a military party west across the base of the Teton Peaks. This was in June, and the snow impeded their travel some. They passed over an old Indian trail, and wound around the mountainside, then followed a water course

(Moose Creek) about eight miles, and entered this valley, and this may have been one of the trails of the early trappers, as it was an Indian trail with the least resistance from timber and brush, and seemed to be well known to Bridger. He would naturally take his accustomed trail. Also on top of "Bald Hill," south of Fox Canyon, was a stone fort, and from this point there was a regular defined trail over to Moose Creek. D. O. Walton says that the squaws used to gather pine cones and burn them in this stone fort to get the nuts.

Enroute into this valley in May, 1872, the Dr. Hayden party came up the Snake River Valley. Among them were surveyors, chemists, artists, writers, etc. Thomas Moran, a wonderful nature artist and his brother John, a writer for magazines, gave some glowing accounts of their trip, and noted the primitive condition of everything then.

The following is from "*Letters of Long Ago*," by Agnes Just Reid, who published the letters written by her mother, Mrs. N. A. Just, written from 1870 to 1891. She was the first white woman who settled in the Snake River Valley. This letter was written to her father May 15, 1872:

"We have had guests, distinguished guests from the big world itself. You see there is a land to the north of us, perhaps a hundred miles, that is considered marvelous for its scenic possibilities and the government is sending a party of surveyors, chemists, etc., to pass judgment with a view to setting it aside for a national park. Well, this party happened to stop at our little cabin. There were representatives from all of the big eastern colleges, and then besides, there were the Moran brothers. I think you must have heard of Thomas Moran even as far away as England, for he is a wonderful nature artist. And his brother John is what I have heard you speak of as a "book maker." He writes magazine articles. And these two remarkable men were interested in us and in our way of living. Think of it, father! I took them to the cellar where I had been churning to give them a drink of fresh buttermilk and while they drank and enjoyed it, I was smoothing the rolls of butter with my cedar paddle that Nels had whittled out for me with his pocket knife. I noticed the artist man paying special attention to the process and finally he ventured rather apologetically: 'Mrs. Just, would you mind telling me what you varnish your rolls of butter with that gives them such a glossy appearance?' I thought the man was making fun

of me, or sport of me as you would express it, but I looked into his face and saw that it was all candor. I tried to make him understand that the smooth paddle and the fresh butter were all-sufficient but I think he is still rather bewildered. And do you know, since that day, the art of butter making has taken on a new dignity."

During these times the U. S. soldiers were stationed at Fort Hall. A dance was held there and invitations sent out for 60 miles around, and all the ladies from 12 years and up that they could get at that time, was about 20, and it took them all to make up the sets.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

LATER TRAPPERS.

FOR a number of years after the trappers and trail-blazers paved the way for the civilization that followed with the pioneers of the northwest, and helped to make the important landmarks of its history, and in particular Pierre's Hole, it still remained the ideal hunting ground of the Indians; it was always filled with game of all kinds; even in the 80's. David Breckenridge, who came here in 1884, said that elk and moose were thick around his ranch then.

It seemed, as we discovered on first coming into this valley in 1888, that the buffalo would get caught at times by the early snows and were unable to get out. Down in the swamps west of Driggs we found in places hundreds of buffalo skulls in bunches, where they had evidently wintered as long as they could on the tall grass and finally perished. The great indented trails leading over the rim of the basin, their accustomed route of exit and egress from summer to winter ranges, called buffalo wallows, show there must have been vast herds of them passing in and out to make such depressions. Long after this valley began to be settled deer and elk would sometimes be seen running across our ranches.

After the early trappers had departed from this region, there were still a few "squaw men" within the memory of the present generation who came in here to hunt and trap. Those known to us were Richard Leigh, a pioneer of 1840 into this district, commonly called "Beaver Dick." Chittenden says the name arose from the fact that Leigh was an expert beaver trapper, and on account of the striking resemblance of two abnormally large front teeth in his upper jaw to the teeth of a beaver. The Indians called him "The Beaver."

Leigh operated in here in the early '70's and '80's; also about the same time, and associated with him to some extent, were Henry Hain, Dick Weaver, and John Karnes, the two latter still living near Fort Hall, very old men, and in about 1880 to 1881, Joseph Y. Hill, still living at Tetonia, Idaho, Jim Goodwin, and a few others at that time.

Richard Leigh for many years lived on what was called "Beaver Dick's Island," near the mouth of Teton River, with his Indian wife and five children, but made this valley his hunting and trapping ground. Hiram C. Lapham, the first settler here, said he first saw Beaver Dick in the spring of 1882, when he and his brother first came in here to look at the country. He was then encamped where the Seymours located south of Teton Creek, near Driggs. Mr. Lapham described him as a rough, coarse man, of sandy complexion, rather a red face, but with a true western hospitality. He was at that time sighting an old needle gun, shooting it occasionally, and testing it. As he was about to shoot, his squaw happened to get in range of the gun. He shouted to her, "Get out of the way, there. I quit killing Injuns long ago." Leigh told Lapham that he was an Englishman, and when he was a young boy he ran away from home and went to sea and finally landed in the '40's in Idaho. He said he never forgot a face, white or red, and that had saved his life more than once.

In June, 1876, Leigh went on a hunt to the Medicine Lodge country, with his wife and children. When he got to the "Hole-in-the-Rock" stage station, they lodged in a cabin in which a freighter had died a short time before of smallpox and was buried near there by his companions who were hauling freight from Utah to Montana. His wife then took sick and he immediately returned to his home where his wife and children died with the smallpox. He buried them all there and built a log enclosure around the graves, put a neatly carved headboard at each grave, giving the names, ages and date of death of each one, and the graves may still be seen there. He had a good education before leaving home, yet he continued until his death to follow the Indian style of life.

After the death of his family he went to Fort Hall and married another Indian girl named Sioux, and moved that summer into this valley, where he built a cabin on Leigh Creek, near the mouth of the canyon. He did not want to expose his new wife to smallpox and never returned to his old home. He also lost three cows, and after a diligent search gave up the hunt. A little later a man passing that way looked into an old log stable and found the cows dead. They had gone in there to avoid the flies, the door happened to blow shut and they starved to death. So Leigh said he had had enough of bad luck in that place and did not care to return to it. It was a fine natural meadow and A. M. Carter, still living at Rexburg, then entered the land as a homestead and still owns it.

Leigh's winter home was near the mouth of Teton River Canyon, at what is called Hog Hollow, about half way between Teton City and Canyon Creek, where he grazed his ponies, residing there until his death.

His wife Sioux was quite a mixer in the white social gatherings, attended the dances, quiltings, etc., and at one of these parties she admired the dress a certain lady wore. The lady told her she could have a pattern of it if she desired, but she needed no pattern, she grasped the cut and made it in her mind and at the next party she wore a duplicate of the dress, as neatly fitting as if cut according to pattern.

This wife Sioux now (1926) resides with her eldest daughter, Emma, on route 2, Shelley, Idaho. Mrs. N. A. Just, who has resided in that vicinity since its early settlement, ate dinner with the Leigh family at their camp in 1863. Leigh was then a mature man and the first man in the locality to have a regular marriage ceremony performed with an Indian woman. Emma was named after the given name of Mrs. Just.

Joseph Johnson, of Victor, went hunting with Leigh on Biche Creek in 1885 and 1886, and he said to Joe, "You Mormons don't know how to hunt, I get on their trail and let them hunt me." He encountered them coming down their accustomed trails for winter feed.

Leigh told Johnson that in 1857 a herd of buffalo got caught in this valley with the early snows which fell four feet deep. They were attempting to winter on Fox Creek, and all perished.

Johnson says that Leigh came here when he was 16 and the main reason he got married was, he said he wanted a squaw to tan his buckskins. He also told Johnson that when he died he wanted to be buried on the high hill above his home at the mouth of Teton River Canyon. His wishes were carried out.

Chittenden interviewed Leigh here in this valley when he was gathering material for his history of the Yellowstone, and later presented him with a copy, which Johnson still has.

Henry Hain also had an Indian wife. He was of German descent, uneducated, and could neither read or write. His squaw left him after a couple of years and went back to her tribe. He had about 100 cattle and a pretty good farm near Teton City, which he turned over to N. P. Hansen, with an agreement that Hansen would care for him until his death. He got very dissatisfied and died broken-hearted about 1905, at the age of 65 years, and was buried in the Teton City cemetery. He had a son by his

first wife who was a white woman. The son is now living in Montana.

Dick Weaver was an old trapper here in the early '80's and is residing now (1926) about a half mile south of Fort Hall, now about 80 years of age.

Sam Hill and his brother Joseph Y. Hill, the latter still living at Tetonia; Robert Benbrook, John Cutshaw, Ed Harrington, and four other men, were trapping in this valley in 1881. Joe Hill says that he was just a kid then; that the valley was then rich in fur bearing animals, especially the red fox which were quite numerous. The Hill boys built a cabin in 1881 south of Teton Creek nearly a mile southeast of Driggs, the chimney of which was in evidence for several years after the Seymours located at this point. Joe is now the only survivor living here, of the trappers of those days.

David Breckenridge, Tim Hibbard and Jim Goodwin were trappers in Jackson Hole in 1880-81, and on Canyon Creek just prior to locating in this valley in 1884.

Breckenridge said he was raised in the same woods as Abe Lincoln, and would often in telling his life's story say that "Abe" was to blame for spoiling his business in the south. When he could no longer drive slaves he went to Texas and became a stage driver, then he drifted north and became a trapper. He said that when he set his gun-traps for bears he would put a sharp stick in the gun and when discharged the stick would penetrate the bear and accomplish the purpose better than a bullet. At one time he only wounded one and had a knife struggle with it. The bear lacerated his arm badly, but his hunting knife soon got the better of Mr. Bruin. While crossing the plains his partner was shot from his horse by the side of Breckenridge. When they had secured pelts enough for shipment one of the party would return to St. Louis to market them, and on one of these occasions the one to deliver the goods never returned.

When roads began to be established in Idaho and routes of shipment changed we find him coming in from the west trapping on Canyon Creek.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE GRAND TETON.

CHITTENDEN says that this mountain called the Grand Teton has borne its present name for many years. Through more than a half century it was a cynosure and guide to the wandering trapper, miner and explorer. The name has passed into the literature of that period, which will ever remain one of the most fascinating in our western history. Indeed it has become the classic designation of the most interesting historic summit of the Rocky Mountains. That it should always retain this designation in memory of the nameless pioneers who have been guided by it across the wilderness, and the thousands who have perished beneath its shadow, would seem to be a self-evident proposition. Individual merit, no matter how great, can never justify the usurpation of its lofty place by any personal name whatever. An attempt to do this was made in 1872 by the United States Geological survey, who rechristened it Mt. Hayden. The new name never gained any local standing, and although it has crept into many maps, its continued use ought to be discouraged. It is greatly to the credit of Mr. Hayden that he personally disapproved the change.

The Teton Mountains are the most striking in the Rocky Mountain region. For over half a century after the overland journey of the Astorians, they were the chief landmarks in this trackless wilderness; and even long before Hunt called them the Pilot Knobs, they were noted landmarks of the Indians. Chittenden says that they present such a scene of grandeur they ought to be included in the reservation, which seems now about to be accomplished.

It is claimed that in 1872 N. P. Langford and John Stevenson, who were with the Hayden party, ascended the Grand Teton. Some doubt, however, has been expressed in recent years as to the actual accomplishment of this feat. It probably arose from the erroneous statement by Dr. Hayden in his report of 1872 that the inclosure part way up the peak was found on top of the Grand Teton. As a matter of fact, it was found on a point somewhat lower, as stated by Mr. Langford in the official report of his ascent, as published in *Scribners*, June, 1873.

By diligent efforts, however, through cutting steps and throwing ropes, its summit has been reached in recent years. In 1897 William Owen and a companion named Allen, with their wives, encamped in this valley two or three days before trying the ascent, and then encamped three days on the saddle of the range endeavoring to make the ascent from the west side, but finally abandoned further efforts until the following year, when they tried it from the east side.

Allen got drowned, so Owen secured the assistance of Jack Shives and Frank Peterson. These men made a trail and cut steps in the rocks, lassoed projecting peaks and by strenuous efforts and risking their lives at every step, they finally reached the summit in 1898. It is reported that they spent about three months in the preparation and final climb.

The next ascent was made by G. Blackburn, A. R. Arrow and A. Davis, August 5 and 6, 1923. They were 36 hours from the base of their camp in making the trip. They followed the footpath their predecessors had made. On top they found evidence of the former cliff climbers, in the shape of a monument, copper flag and initials cut in the rocks.

George A. Dewey, his sons Jesse, Joseph and John, together with Nean Christensen ascended to the summit of the Grand Teton from the west side in the summer of 1924, carrying with them a six-foot pine flag pole, which they erected there. They found on the summit of the peak in a bottle the names of William Owen and Frank Peterson, also their names cut in stone, together with a copper flag put there by Peterson and Shives.

Theodore Teepe and W. D. Young of Seattle, with Gib Scott as guide, also climbed to the summit on August 4, 1925. Teepe lost his life, however, on the return trip when attempting to cross a glacier. He slid down, increasing his speed as he went, landing across the glacier with his head against a rock.

CHAPTER XXX.

OUTLAWRY.

IT WAS here in early days like is often said of the arctic regions:

*"North of sixty-three,
Where neither man or God can agree."*

After the west began to be settled up this valley became known as a rendezvous for horse thieves. Even as early as Civil War times horses were stolen from the soldiers at Fort Hall and the thieves made for the Pierre's Hole seclusion, where they were overtaken and hung on Yamp Creek.

These soldiers had a perilous time of it coming through the Blackfoot country, fording almost impassable rivers and through a wilderness unknown to them, yet with a determination in duty they overcame every obstacle, and by patient endeavor tracked the footprints of the stolen horses to a secluded retreat in the timber and deep gorge in the mouth of the canyon down which Yamp Creek flows. They executed swift vengeance by hanging the thieves to the trees under which they were sheltered.

Until 1885 this country was embraced within the boundaries of Oneida County, which extended from Utah to Montana, and when the settlers came in here in 1888, this valley was included in Bannock County. Blackfoot was the county seat where all had to go for official business. It is no wonder then that this was a velvety path for the horse thieves and outlaws of those days with no organization that could attempt to enforce the laws from such a distance. The first trial for a crime committed in this valley was held at Malad, some 300 miles away.

THE COOPER HOMICIDE.

During the summer of 1882 there were three men, ostensibly prospectors, claiming to be prospecting for ore on Badger Creek. A. M. Carter, who kept his stock in the vicinity, and had a cabin at what was called Carter's Crossing at Biche Creek, saw these men in January. Their names were Robert Cooper, Harry Thompson and Wm. C. Jackson. They built a cabin on Badger Creek and had a quarrel, as Cooper had told a settler that they had some stolen horses. Before Cooper awoke the next morning his com-

panions shot him in his bed. They then left the body in the cabin, went down to Rexburg, and gave themselves up to A. M. Carter, then a justice of the peace, who turned them over to his neighbor Bob Tarter, who took them down to Malad for trial. Tarter then returned with deputy sheriff Ed. Winn. The two then came here to see what evidence they could get. When they arrived at the cabin they found Cooper's body frozen solid, with a bullet hole in his forehead. They were on horses and had no way of carrying the body so sheriff Winn got an ax and chopped the head off; they then put it in a gunnysack, tied it to the saddle of one of the riders and took it to court for evidence. H. C. Lapham, a resident here then, witnessed the severing of the head. The defendants both testified that the homicide was committed in self defense, and that they had to either kill Cooper or he would have murdered them. There being no direct evidence against them they were acquitted. This was in 1884 when the trial was had.

C. F. Ross, writing under date of June 5, 1888, at Mountain Home to the *Alturas County Journal*, criticizes an article from a Rexburg correspondent taken from a Pocatello reporter, wherein he states that "if the Rexburg correspondent will take a little trouble he will find from the evidence that Jackson and Thompson killed Cooper in self defense."

There seemed to be some intimation that parties in this valley of the Tetons aided in clearing the murderers, and Ross adds:

"I think I am acquainted with all who wintered in the Basin in 1884 and 1885, and I know of no one who is guilty of murder, nor any one who would help to clear such a one."

The statement of living witnesses now (1926) who knew of this murder and were at the trial, however, do not share in the view of Ross that the murder was committed in self defense.

These murderers, however, had taken 40 horses from the Poindexter and Orr ranch near Dillon, and Alexander Gervin went down to Malad at the time of this trial to get evidence against these men for stealing the horses. From the statement of Mr. Lapham it developed that Cooper had asked him to help round up the stolen horses, which he refused to do. From this and other circumstantial evidence these outlaws were then found guilty of this larceny and sentenced to the penitentiary for a term of 14 years, at hard labor.

Jackson later escaped from the penitentiary and found his way back into this valley. He then fell in with a man who was

only known by the name of "Red." These two committed some more depredations and deputy sheriff Swanner was instructed to run them down. He found them in the vicinity of Henry's Lake, and they were both sent to the penitentiary.

We have, since writing these events, received confirmation of this case from Samuel H. Hays, then a deputy clerk of the court, and now an attorney of Boise, as well as from the present clerk of the court, at Blackfoot who has examined the record.

M. A. Carter says that Thompson after this became a notorious outlaw in Jackson Hole and committed many depredations. Thompson later disappeared and it is not known what became of him.

When Mr. and Mrs. Lapham went to Malad as witnesses on this case there were no roads or bridges part of the way, and in crossing Snake River they had to take their wagon to pieces and cross in a small boat. Then when they arrived there the case was postponed while the boundary line was followed up to see if this valley was in Idaho or Wyoming. This caused quite a delay. The Laphams knew it was in Idaho but could not convince the officers.

There were many other horse thieves and cattle "rustlers," mostly from Montana, that made this valley their rendezvous in early days, and many a poor farmer down the Snake River Valley lost their work horses in this way.

In 1886 J. G. Arnold, father of G. S. Arnold, owner of the Arnold Store in Driggs, had a fine span of mares stolen from his place in Lyman which were traced to this valley, but it was never discovered who the thief was. A former resident here claimed to know, but his statement has not been confirmed.

While Mr. Lapham was hunting his own stock he met a young man whose horses had been stolen from Camas. He said he had been all over the Basin and that his horses were not here. Mr. Lapham knew where they were, but dared not tell him until he had secured the posse. After he had secured his horses he was very grateful for their recovery.

THE NICKERSON, TRAFTON, ET AL.

Mr. Lapham soon discovered after locating here in 1882, that this was not a safe place to be with his stock, and for that reason, in 1887, he decided to leave; but when making ready to go he

found his stock missing. After hunting for them about two weeks he found not only his own stock but many horses hid up in the canyons.

In May, 1887, Columbus (called Lum) Nickerson, Ed. H. Trafton (whose true name was Harrington) and Jim Robinson stole a bunch of Lapham's cattle, and while the latter was hunting for them he and Harry Scafe found some stolen horses hid up in one of the Twin Creek gulches. Jack Lyon had a beaver trap set but some one had stolen the beaver from the trap. He watched the place and just at daybreak Lum and Jim came up the river and went up to the canyon. Mr. Lyon told Lapham that if he would follow their tracks he would probably find his stock; so he took the trail and found these stolen horses, hobbled, cross-hobbled and heads tied down, so they could not get away. Lapham then took the brands and a description of the horses. He found his stock in a gulch south of Leigh Canyon. He then took a night ride to the lower country for officers. This was the first part of June. He could not get a sheriff at Eagle Rock, so he got a deputy named Sam Jones and a posse of three other men, among them Sam Swanner, now living at Tetonia, who was then made a deputy sheriff. Some of this posse had lost their own horses. They rode all night, arriving at the Lapham home about four a. m., where they had breakfast; then the four, assisted by Lapham and Scafe, pursued the rustlers. The next night they surrounded the Nickerson cabin, on a little island near what is now the Cache Bridge over Teton River. When Lum and Jim came out of the cabin the officers called a halt, but Robinson started to run around the cabin, and was shot through the hip, the ball going down his leg and coming out at his knee. He died a few days later at Rexburg. Harrington, alias Trafton, went out on the upper road the same night as the posse came in on the lower road, but was later arrested at Rexburg. He and Lum were then taken to Blackfoot and placed in jail to await the September term of court. In the meantime Lum's wife, Emma, came to the jail with her baby to visit her husband. She took in with her, secreted about her person, a revolver and gave it to Harrington, who then held up the jailer, Bill High, and forced him to unlock the jail. Thus they made their escape, together with a negro named Alex Woods, who had killed his wife in Pocatello in 1887; a white man named Frank Williams, who had killed Captain Winn and his partner, two old miners, in the Caribou district in 1886. Woods

and Williams had been sentenced and were awaiting execution. These murderers went down the Blackfoot River, but were soon captured and hung.

Nickerson and Harrington found horses in the brush near town awaiting them. These they mounted, then followed up the Blackfoot River, went east of Eagle Rock and on to Willow Creek. Enroute they had demanded breakfast at a farm house, and while they were eating they joked about breaking jail. The farmer overheard them, and as soon as they departed he gave the alarm, so that a posse was soon on their trail. They were cornered by this posse at the rush beds on the south fork of Snake River and were held at bay over night. In the early morning Edwards, one of the posse, was shot at by Harrington. Edwards returned the fire, hitting Harrington in the foot and they were again captured. They had made for the rush beds intending to ford the river but found the water too high.

Harrington received a sentence of 25 years and Nickerson got six months. About four years later Harrington was pardoned through the influence of his rich mother living in Denver. Notwithstanding his unsavory reputation as a horse thief and from robbing the Ricks store in Rexburg, as well as other criminal offenses, he became the first mail carrier for the U. S. mail into this valley.

Harrington was born in the Ozarks. Early in life he evinced a desire to emulate the James and Younger boys, and his petty stealing kept him constantly in trouble. Even after he came here, he would have witnesses to prove that he was at his home near the point of the mountain in the evening before making some thieving trip down the lower valley. He would then start out at about dark, rob some store in Rexburg or other nearby town, and return before daylight.

After some of the crimes heretofore enumerated, he went to Denver in 1907, and one day while there his aged mother, who had received \$10,000 insurance on her husband's life, turned over the money to Harrington to deposit it in a bank. He returned and reported that he had been robbed. Investigation was made; he was arrested and part of the money recovered. For this crime he was sent to Canon City for eight years, but got out before his term expired.

After his return to his old rendezvous in Teton Basin, he broke all previous records one July afternoon in 1915 by holding up

single-handed in the Yellowstone National Park, 19 coaches filled with prosperous tourists.

Before starting on this Yellowstone trip he stayed over night on Badger Creek, above Judkins, with a Mexican sheep herder, named Joe Martinez. He made his plans that evening, cleared all the brush away around the camp, except one tree, then in the morning he took Joe's gun and compelled him to sit by the tree that he had left in the clearing, while he plundered his camp of gun, saddle, and supplied himself with food for the trip. The Mexican found his gun later in the grass.

It was a fine summer afternoon that this party of 147 tourists from the East were going into the park, consisting of professional men, bankers, brokers, etc., with their wives and pretty daughters and friends. It seemed a prosperous party, all of them well loaded down with money and jewelry. It took 19 coaches to carry them. The rules of the park forbid weapons of any kind to be carried.

"What would we do if anybody held us up?" asked a nervous lady, to whom the sight of the old fashioned coaches had brought visions of old time highwaymen.

"Why this park is as safe as a nursery!" said the guide, laughing. "There ain't been no bandits out here since the days of Black Bart." This is the name of a desperado who, until Harrington made his hold-up record, was the sensation of the Yellowstone Park, who set dummies around with guns in their hands at the contemplated place of hold up, which frightened the people into yielding to his demands.

On the road where Harrington was stationed there was a large rock jutting out. Just beyond this rock, there was a little level nook.

The coaches were scattered out a mile or so apart, and when the first coach came rolling up, Harrington stepped out from behind the rock, wearing a handkerchief over the lower part of his usually smiling face, and leveled his rifle at the driver.

"Turn right off there," Harrington commanded, "and stop there." The driver could do nothing but obey.

"Now, then, all of you get out," continued Harrington to the passengers, "and hold up your hands!" Of course they obeyed but looked reproachfully at him. Harrington spread a blanket at his feet.

"Line up!" he commanded, "and march past me. As each one walks past, drop your valuables on this blanket! And don't you hide none!" he admonished. "You eastern plutocrats wouldn't cheat a poor Westerner, would you?" he continued plaintively. "If you do, ye'll get a bullet in you."

One by one the passengers marched past Harrington and threw their valuables on the blanket; then, at his command, the driver drove his coach into the little park and the passengers followed him.

"Now just sit around and be comfortable," said Harrington. "None of you are going to get hurt if you behave like good little boys and girls."

This process kept up until the whole party of the 19 coaches were relieved of their valuables.

Some of the passengers spoke highly of Harrington's gallantry, however, although stunned by his nerve. As one old lady was making frantic efforts to conceal her pocketbook and jewelry, in her nervous haste she dropped them. Harrington helped her pick them up and gave them to her, saying: "There, madam, you keep these. You look as if you needed them more than I do."

Another instance of his leniency was when two pretty young ladies were clutching at their rings, watches and purses. Each was hysterical from fright. Harrington then exclaimed: "Gosh, you gals are too pretty to be robbed, anyway, and I won't take your trinkets. But where would you have 'em hid if I wasn't looking?" The girls soon took the hint, lifted their skirts and deposited their valuables in their stockings, when Harrington told them he could not look the other way, but that he would look over their heads. It is not to be presumed that he kept his eye on the skyline altogether, however.

The loot from this holdup was estimated at \$20,000.

It was some time before the coaches reached a point where they could communicate the affair, but as soon as they did possessed soldiers soon galloped off on his trail, but he was lost in the vast wilderness of mountains and forests.

He returned by way of Teton Pass, and although disguised he was recognized by a man in Victor who knew him well. He stopped at the home of his sister-in-law in Driggs, waited here until he had grown a stubby beard and then decamped. However, emptying his saddle-bags a piece of jewelry was left in one, which was afterwards identified by the owner.

Harrington then left Idaho and returned to Denver. His wife joined him enroute. In Denver he purchased a costly touring car with his stolen money, and drove back to Jackson Hole, where he spent the winter. He was arrested later at Rupert. He was then about 62 years of age.

After serving time at Leavenworth for this crime he went to California and died while eating ice cream at a soda fountain, in 1924, at Los Angeles.

He said to his wife, just prior to this Yellowstone holdup, "I'll just play one more trick, and then we will settle down in California." It was a long and crooked road before he got there—to die.

According to a letter in the author's possession written by his wife from Canon City, February 10, 1911, what she claimed to be her own hard earned money, which she made boarding sheep men at the dipping pens, was attached there for Ed's debts, and she wrote here for affidavits to prove her statements, saying that when she got to Denver she turned over to Ed the most of her money to buy her a home with, but out of \$7,000 she only had \$14 left. After repeating over some of Ed's "sins," as she called them, she said she had suffered enough through his sins and was through with him, but this seemed to have been a ruse for aid, as she followed him back to the mountains when he got out of the penitentiary.

Ed Harrington and Lum Nickerson, together with some of their confederates also held up some coaches in the Yellowstone National Park a few years prior to this, but it was not discovered to officers as to who did it. Shortly after the event Harrington was exhibiting a lot of jewelry, and people wondered where he got it. He confided in some of his intimate friends, who did not spread the story until after his last haul, and he was in custody.

Harrington and Jim Robinson also stole a bunch of horses in the vicinity of Montpelier, in early days.

CHAPTER XXXI.

OTHER ROBBERIES.

THE "supply house," one of the earliest stores of the valley, and which later became known as the "Star Commercial," was located in the B. W. Driggs cabin, a little south of what is now the drug store corner in Driggs. During the term of D. C. Driggs' clerkship there it was robbed one night of about half its contents, and carried off on about a dozen packhorses. One of the horses had a crooked foot. There was about an inch of snow on the ground, and this horse with others was tracked to Lum Nickerson's door near the mouth of Teton Creek. From this point the goods were taken down the river on a raft and all trace or tracks were lost sight of. An armed posse was organized and went in pursuit, but no other clue was ever discovered. They had their suspicions of it being the Nickerson-Harrington crew but were loath to prosecute on the slim thread of evidence of tracing the packhorses to Nickerson's door.

In 1889 two horse thieves stole a small band of horses in Montana and brought them through this valley, then on into Jackson Hole.

The Montana officers wrote here to deputy sheriff Sam Swanner asking him to investigate the case. At that time John R. Karnes who was residing in Jackson Hole with his Indian wife, happened to be here, and told Swanner that there were some men over there with a bunch of horses who were not residents there. Swanner asked Karnes to investigate the matter when he got home. He soon reported that these were Poindexter and Orr horses from Montana, but the officers would have to hurry if they caught them, as the snow was going fast on the hills and the thieves were about to move. Swanner sent word to Montana.

A posse from Montana, consisting of five men, with John Williams, a squaw man as leader, then came in here in pursuit of the outlaws, and encamped at the Breckenridge ranch, where they added to their force from this valley until the posse consisted of 10 or 12 men. Among the men that went from here were Jim Goodwin, John Holland, (here then, but a resident of Jackson) and John R. Karnes. They went over to Jackson Hole on snow shoes.

The day before their arrival in Jackson Hole the thieves had taken the horses out in the hills a few miles away. They then came back to the Cunningham ranch where they had wintered the horses, expecting to move camp next day with the horses. The house was some distance from the barn, and on the east of the house a little distance away was an old canal, which formed an embankment or protection to the posse. Williams and one of his deputies stationed themselves there and the balance of the posse went to the barn. Early in the morning, just at daylight, the man who was in charge of the house got up and started a fire. Soon the dogs began to bark, and the two outlaws got up and dressed.

One of them put on his revolver and said he would go down to the barn and see what the dogs were barking at. He walked to the corral fence and leaped over, with one hand on his gun. Jim Goodwin and John R. Karns stood in the door of the barn with leveled shotguns loaded with buckshot. They ordered him to throw up his hands. Instead of doing so he drew his revolver and started firing. Karnes' gun misfired, then Goodwin emptied both barrels of his gun and the outlaw fell upon his knees, continued to fire until he had discharged all his cartridges. The other outlaw came around the corner of the house when Williams took a shot at him but missed him. The outlaw then turned around and saw Williams' head as it appeared above the embankment and shot at him, then returned to the house. He told the man inside that he got one of the bunch, as he said he never missed a man at that distance. The bullet passed through the bottom part of a high crowned hat, just grazing Williams' skull. The outlaw then said, "I guess the game is up we might as well go out and take our medicine." He then went out to the corner of the house calling for the men to show up and he would fix them. Just then one of Williams' men leveled a Winchester through a hole in the barn. As he did so he said to the rest of the posse, "I will get that man," and fired. The bullet went in at the shoulder and came out at the arm on the other side. The outlaw fell dead instantly.

A shallow grave was dug and they were both buried in the same grave with their "boots on." The posse took their effects and returned. When the snow disappeared over the Pass the horses were taken back to Montana. One of the deputies exhibited a fine ivory handled revolver that he took from the body of the first man who was shot.

In 1887, at Dead Man's Bar in Jackson Hole, there were four men placer mining who had to whipsaw their lumber. One of the men named Packer killed the other three, then hid the bodies and came over here where he stayed with Emil Wolf a few weeks. He appeared to be such an innocent harmless fellow that when the officers came to arrest him Mr. Wolf could not believe he was the guilty man. The murdered men were Germans.

On July 5, 1911, Ellington Smith, residing then near the mountains south of Darby Creek, took his gun out in a field where David S. Neal was working and killed him. Neal had been residing across the road from Smith on the same small stream of water. Smith accused him several times of taking the water which Smith claimed belonged to himself, then as he walked up to him in the field, repeated the assertion, then deliberately took Neal's life. Smith was sentenced for life in the penitentiary, and died in confinement after serving about ten years.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE SHEEP DEPREDACTIONS.

THE stockmen here, as well as on the Wyoming side of the line, were jealous over their long exclusive stock range, and when the sheep began to encroach upon the cattle range many depredations were committed. "Vigilant Committees" were formed, and in some of the raids on sheep there were from 20 to 27 stockmen who took it upon themselves to intimidate the sheepmen. These raids were made in 1901 and 1902.

In the Badger foothills, while Frank Potts was herding the Smart and Webster sheep, a raid was made which resulted in a loss of about \$3500 worth of valuable bucks killed, besides many wounded, which, lingering for some time filled with bullet holes, finally died. During this raid the sheep were driven about two miles from camp. A number of the perpetrators were arrested. They demanded separate trials. Guy Dakin was the first defendant tried. The case came up on November 23, 1901, in St. Anthony, when this valley was part of Fremont County. The stockmen professed so much friendship for Phil Averitt, who was prosecuting the case, that each one in turn treated him to the drinks, and as a result he became so intoxicated and the case was so badly conducted that it resulted in an acquittal. During the progress of the trial Judge Stevens said to Averitt, "Phil, you are drunk." Phil straightened up and replied: "Judge, that is the most correct decision you ever made." As a result of the verdict in this case no further prosecutions were had.

Shortly after this raid 21 stockmen from the north end of the valley met at Badger Creek and made a raid on the sheep in charge of E. A. Daniels who was herding the sheep owned by Mr. Bitton about one mile east of Felt. They drove a herd of cattle around the camp at night, as a precaution against a surprise from night guards, then commenced the slaughter of sheep. It is reported that there was a loss of about \$4,000 worth of sheep.

During August, 1901, some of the sheep of Smart and Webster got a little over the divide on the Jackson side, just over the top on Mosquito Creek. The stockmen in Jackson Hole, using the excuse that the sheep were encroaching on the elk range, began the extermination of the sheep over which John Palmer was foreman

and Nean Christensen herder of one flock. Nean was in his camp just starting to get breakfast when three masked men crept upon him with leveled guns, tied him to a tree, gave him a few lashes, then fired a shot which was a signal for the other men to begin the slaughter of the sheep, resulting in slaying about 300.

Nean witnessed them kill his horse and dog and the burning up of his camp equipment. He then begged for his life, promising the raiders he would leave. They threatened to take him to Jackson, but upon his promising to get out with the sheep they finally let him go, after taking his gun. The remaining sheep were taken out to safer quarters.

During these sheep troubles Ed. Harrington came near putting another notch in his gun. The Neeley brothers brought sheep into the valley in 1902, and suffered some depredations. Harrington shot Neeley's camp team and saddle pony, then placed several sticks of giant powder under some rocks in the trail where they were accustomed to travel. One of the men on foot had just passed over the place where the giant powder was and on looking back at the camp team that was coming he discovered the sticks of giant powder just in time to hail the driver to stop the team from passing over it.

Later Harrington became friendly to the sheep men and built the dipping pens by the little stream of water on his claim, which became the watering and dipping place for sheep for many years. His friendship came through seeing the profitable use he could make of his claim at this favorable location for such a purpose.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

SOME CASUALTIES OF EARLY DAYS.

SHORTLY after Josiah Ricks, Jr. located on what is now the Alfred Hansen home place in Clawson, he went to Rexburg and was killed. His father came up the next spring and located on his claim.

In 1900, while Sam Kunz, Jr. and Floyd Safford were out hunting in the hills west of Cedron, Safford was killed. Kunz was arrested and had a preliminary hearing before Nathan H. Stevens, justice of the peace, at Victor. The case was prosecuted by Mr. Clark, the district attorney from Blackfoot, and was defended by B. W. Driggs. The Court decided there was not sufficient evidence to hold the defendant and he was discharged from custody.

In 1902, Fred Sinclair, a rancher at Victor, was hit over the head with a beer bottle and killed, by William Raum, who was later convicted and sent to the penitentiary for a term of years but was afterwards pardoned.

In 1891, Ira Blanchard was dragged to death by a horse, in the Chapin district.

In 1903, William Vail, Joseph Nethercot and E. M. Vail stole some horses from Swan Valley. They were soon followed by a posse, and in ascending Piney Pass were overtaken. E. M. Vail was shot through the abdomen. Being unable to ride farther, his companions rolled him up in a wagon cover and left him beside the road. Some few days later his remains were found. It appeared that he had died of his wounds, soon after being left by his companions.

In 1905, the mail enroute to Jackson was caught in a snowslide. The driver miraculously escaped, but the mail was not recovered until the following spring.

During the same year, Frank W. Parsons, Jr. 21, was caught in a snowslide, near Trail Creek, and was killed.

On January 18, 1913, while carrying the mail from Victor to Jackson, Clarence Curtis, 25, son of Owen B. Curtis, was caught in a snowslide in Trail Canyon, and killed. The accident happened about dark at a point about a half mile above Birchers, or what is called the half-way house. He had with him a passenger, Mr. Hudson, game warden. As they neared a ravine and

bridge, Mr. Hudson said he thought he heard a noise like a slide, and raised up on his feet to look. Just then Mr. Curtis hit his horses and Hudson fell out of the sleigh, and thus saved his life. He, however, was buried, with only one hand sticking out of the snow. He felt himself smothering, but moved his head around to get breathing space, and finally extricated himself. When he arose all he could see was part of one horse above the snow. He could find no tool, but finally, after some difficulty, took off a singletree and began knocking around in the snow. He discovered one foot of Curtis, still alive, but his head was down in the snow, and the water backed up around it so that he soon smothered. Mr. Hudson ran down to Birchers for help, then tried to return, but found himself too weak and exhausted. In the meantime Curtis' father was phoned to, who at once hitched up a four-horse team, two of his sons having preceded him on horseback. When the father arrived at Birchers the body of his son was just being hauled in on a horse blanket hitched to a horse. James Powell had rushed from Birchers to the scene of the accident and dug the body out.

Mr. Curtis encountered several snowslides on the trip, which occurred either just before or after his passing. They arrived home with the body about four o'clock in the morning.

Ernest J. Green, 48, a farmer residing near the mouth of Teton Canyon, put in his spare time during the winter months trapping in the mountains. He had his traps set from the Darby to Teton Canyons, and in February, 1900, his boys drove him to the mouth of Darby Canyon, where he began his circuit on skis to inspect his traps. In trying to pass over a little canyon between Darby and Rapid Creek, he ventured to the edge of the rim of the canyon to find a place to pass. The snow had drifted over the rim, forming a projected cornice, which with his touch gave way and precipitated a snowslide. He was carried down with it and buried.

By eleven o'clock that evening his family became alarmed when he had not returned home. A small searching party left about midnight, and after discovering the snowslide, returned for reinforcements to recover the body, which they supposed had gone down the mountain. Word was dispatched to Driggs and 107 men started out with skis, snowshoes and shovels. When they reached the slide they began digging at the bottom. Frank Aland, how-

ever, took his dog up the slide, and it soon got the scent and began scratching in the snow. The body was recovered at this point.

Mr. Green's boy Elvied, 18, about two years prior to this, was trapping north of Teton Canyon. He was also caught in a snow-slide and killed.

On August 17, 1909, Marion Hulet, 19, was drowned in a little mountain lake up Spring Canyon. The next day Milton Dalley who had been herding sheep in the canyon, in passing along the shore of the lake observed some clothing and a dog. He knew the owner of the dog and surmised that the clothing belonged to young Hulet. He looked around for some time but could see nothing of the boy and becoming alarmed he ran to the Hulet home and informed them of what he had found. A searching party was immediately organized and the lake was dragged for the body. After some time the body of the unfortunate boy was recovered from the watery grave and conveyed home to the sorrowing parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. S. Hulet.

The mountain lake was ice cold and it is supposed the boy was taken with the cramps, but the only witness of the tragedy was his faithful dog that hovered by the lake until its master's body was recovered.

Rastus Priestley, about 12 years of age, in 1907, went out in the hills in the vicinity of Milk Creek to gather up lambs; a snow-storm came up, and it is supposed he perished. About 200 people scoured the hills for a week, and some of them longer, but the only trace they got was a part of the bridle he used, and after about a week's search they found the horse, but the boy nor his body was ever found.

The boy's mother's maiden name was Miller, an early settler in the Badger Creek district, who still resides there.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE PIONEERS' SOLILOQUY.

IT WAS not altogether easy sailing for the early pioneers of this valley. What with the lawlessness, the accidents and hardships usually endured in a new country, there was in addition that lonely wilderness-like life, especially to the women who had been reared in communities where there was at least some protection and social life.

While there were a few unmarried men among the early settlers, most of them brought their wives and plunder right along. While we have not mentioned their names to any extent, the women shared the burdens and hardships of these pioneer days; young women just starting in the family life, with an endearing devotion and bright hopes for the future.

Many a romance could be woven around those humble log cabins of the early days. In most instances these wives said to their husbands, "Whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God." They started life together in a rough, rugged, and crude cabin home, to say the least, little better than a stable and a manger. When once here, they had no money to return or could only return over rough wagon roads. In winter there was a white scene of leafless branches, snow-covered vales, mountains and frozen brooks; yet these brave women were not frightened or daunted by the dangers of the wild beasts in the inaccessible hills, or the frightful stories of Indians and outlaws. They started life with high hopes and with faith that knew no doubts, waiting and hoping for the dawn of brighter days. To one who had such a wife, while he toiled, yet he knew that in the circle of his little world there was for him one life in which there was cheer and happiness, one heart in which there was hope. So he carried with him wherever he went one of the richest treasures of this earth. It was by these ties and fond hopes that the hardy pioneers of this valley overcame every obstacle and made the country productive, and themselves prosperous.

The supreme tragedy of life is the immolation in the self-sacrifice that women make. With a heavy hand nature exacts from her a high tax of anguish and tears; but while the age of

knighthood has passed, the age of chivalry, we hope, may never die.

Many women were, however, frightened and lonesome at times in their lonely cabins far from neighbors, and the following may be only one of many similar frights: The wife of E. B. Edlefsen came in here with a babe only a few weeks old, and one day while her husband was absent a big buck Indian came to the door of her cabin; but when he saw she was so timid and frightened he was gallant enough to tell her he would go and not return until her husband was at home. He then sauntered off to the hills, turned his horse out to graze and slept the day away, lying down on the grassy hillside near what is now the Clawson cemetery. Toward evening he killed an antelope. He kept his word and did not return to the Edlefsen cabin until he saw the husband had returned.

A similar scare happened when two squaws approached the cabin of D. C. Driggs, when his wife was alone, and demanded a knife. Mrs. Driggs thought, of course, her time had come, but she timidly let them have a knife, which they used for digging roots, and then returned it, laughing as they did so, at the fear evidenced by the lone lady of the house when they first approached.

The young people of today may sometimes complain of hard times and the difficulties they encounter, but the bridges have been built, the great canals that required herculean efforts by the few pioneers then, have been constructed, the virgin soil has been broken, beautiful homes built, and now that the "desert has been made to blossom as the rose" the way has been paved and an easier path made for them to travel. Let them honor the pioneers of this valley, for to them they owe a debt of gratitude for the splendid heritage that has been bequeathed to them. We who are left should glory in their triumphant achievement, and be thankful for the blessings that surround us in this beautiful vale of the mountains.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE FIRST SETTLERS.

THERE were no permanent settlers in this valley until 1882. On June 1, 1882, Hiram C. Lapham with his wife Anna and boy Claude, then six months old, and daughter Carrie, together with Lorrain Lapham, a brother of Hiram C., entered this valley and located in the north end, at the big spring, which later became the Frank Hubbard ranch and afterwards known as the fish hatchery. Theirs was the second wagon track in here, the first being that of the government surveyors.

The Lapham family came west from southeastern Kansas in 1878 and first located on Goose Creek, near the present site of Burley. Hiram C. and family now live (1926) at Jackson, Montana. He was a school teacher, and reports as follows: "Being broke, as tenderfeet usually are, and as I had taught school in Kansas, was glad to accept the school at Albion during the winter of 1878-9. This was my first introduction to the Mormons, and must say that they were very kind to me. In 1881 we went up Snake River to where Plano is now, and afterwards located there, but as there was no hay to be had, and wanting to raise stock, we moved to Teton Basin in 1882."

On October 1, 1882, Nelson P. Lapham, father of Hiram C., with his wife Fannie and Almas, their youngest son, came into the valley.

On August 1 of that year, Robert Benbrook and his 15-year-old "wife," Sam Hill and Christie, his 16-year old "wife," and a Danish boy named Chris Sorensen, who was living with Benbrook, came in. Jim Darby encamped during the summer on Goodfellow Creek. These were all the people here in 1882.

We put the wife in quotation marks for the reason there is no evidence of a ceremony having been performed; "stolen wives" was a term that sprang up to cover such practices. Benbrook and Hill had been trapping in Jackson Hole and this valley just prior to this. They then went to Bear Lake Valley and "stole" these girls bringing them in here on their "honeymoon." They built their cabins at the "point of willows" just southeast of the present Driggs townsite, and spent two winters here, living on

love and game. Evidence of their place of encampment was here when the settlers arrived here in 1889.

A posse followed them to Eagle Rock (now Idaho Falls) and there lost track of them. This escapade created quite an excitement around Bear Lake, where the Seymours, Hubbards and Watermans were then living. This incident was the first that brought this valley to the attention of the last named families, who located here in 1883 and 1884.

Benbrook evidently made good with his stolen wife for they had about a dozen children. He visited the Laphams in 1923, enroute to their home in California.

The first white child born in this valley was that of Hiram C. and Anna Lapham, on September 30, 1883. He was named Harry Deane.

In 1883, Ed. Harrington, Tim. Hibbard, the Edward B. Seymour family, William Hubbard and family, including Frank Hubbard—a lifelong resident here, Jack Lyon, Columbus Nickerson, his wife and little daughter came in.

Edward B. Seymour brought with him his sons Ellett F., Emory, Ed. and eldest daughter Esther, then returned and brought the rest of his family in during 1884. The boys erected cabins on their location, now the E. J. Taylor ranch, bordering the Teton Creek just south of Driggs, which was their home for many years. Ellett, who is now the oldest resident survivor of these pioneers, lives a little northwest of Driggs, and is a prosperous rancher. (He died since above was written, March 27, 1926.)

The Seymours came from near Elgin, Illinois, followed the building of the Oregon Short Line railroad, hauling bridge timber and later made the excavation for the Pocatello depot. In their home life in Illinois they first learned the dairy business, each had about 15 cows to milk and had to get the milk cooled and to the depot five miles distant, before eight o'clock in the morning. They had to arise about four a. m., milk about sixty cows, hitch up a team and get the milk off before breakfast. They were not like the city chap that went into the country to get a job, and when he was called at four o'clock in the morning he brought his grip down with him. When asked where he was going he replied that he was going some place where he could get a night's lodging.

The Hubbards and Watermans first located just south of Darby Creek near the swamps, later Frank Hubbard purchased

the Lapham place when they left in 1887. Waterman and Hibbard changed their location to near the mouth of Leigh Creek.

In 1884 Pete Boquet, Lorenzo C. Waterman, William F. Carpenter, David Breckenridge and Jim Goodwin came in and made locations. In 1885, Emil Wolf and William Green located here. Boquet located on what later became known as the Bowles ranch, and when he left in 1885, Green took his claim and Jack Wolf located near Green. These places were near the mouth of Fox Creek. It is reported that Boquet came in here with 100 cattle. He had missed a cow and accused some of the settlers of taking it. We often hear of cattle rustlers being run out of a country by vigilant committees, but in this instance the tables were turned. A posse was formed in the north end of the valley. Wolf was informed of it and told Boquet. He offered to stand by Boquet and told him not to be afraid. When the posse arrived they asked Boquet how much time he wanted to get ready to leave. He asked until spring. When the snow was gone he moved out. But another reason is given for his sudden departure—they had left Mrs. Boquet's father at their place on Moody Creek, named Thorp, who about that time committed suicide.

There were located in this valley between 1883 and 1886 Robert Nickerson, William Manning, Andrew Hight, his wife and five children, Isaac Scott, a man named Dibbins, Jennie Siler, a grass widow, and her brother Harry Scafe, Bill Nordyke, William Skinner, and the outlaws, Cooper, Thompson and Jackson, heretofore mentioned in regard to the Cooper homicide.

During these early days the nearest neighbor outside the valley was Teton City, some 40 miles away, and even up to 1888-9 when the tide of emigration set in, the nearest town postoffice was Rexburg. The nearest railroad was Market Lake, (now Roberts) some 75 miles distant. The mail was carried in turn by the first settlers to the few people in this valley and a few trappers in Jackson Hole. The latter mail was left at the home of N. P. Lapham, on what was later the Carpenter ranch, now owned by A. W. Andrews, near the river, a short distance south of the Bates bridge, and was dubbed the Lapham postoffice. The mail was then carried from the Boquet ranch on Moody Creek where there was a small postoffice in his log cabin.

The Lapham birth was the only birth and the Cooper homicide was the only death in the valley prior to 1887.

In 1887 Sam Swanner came in and purchased the Tim Hibbard claim near the mouth of Leigh Creek, but did not move his family in until 1888. James F. Barry and family, Dick Bingham, Jim Davis and Gideon M. Murphy, the latter coming from Lyman, moved in during 1887 and located on Fox Creek, where he found Wolf and Green herding cattle. In 1888 George Allen, Smith Osborne, Charles Foster, Henry Foster, Stephen Foster and Albert Safford came in.

Charles U. Griggs first came here in 1888 on one of the annual railroad excursions to the Snake River Valley, and David Breckenridge brought him into the valley from Rexburg. He came again in 1889 with his brother James F. Griggs, Frank Jennings, Harry Jennings and J. C. Roundy. They stayed at the R. C. Kimball ranch and went hunting. Charles then purchased of George E. Little, Jr., for \$175.00, his squatter's claim on unsurveyed land in the mouth of Teton Canyon, one of the most beautiful spots in the valley, bordering "Lovers' Lane," a bower of trees that entirely comeingle over head which make a shady lane for a long distance. His father furnished the money. Here the father of the Griggs boys, Thomas C. Griggs, composer of music and songs, and a member of the general board of Sunday Schools, died on August 12, 1902. The mother spent her summers here and the father, what time he could spare from his business at Salt Lake. Robert E. Griggs settled here in 1894. James F. Griggs did not locate here permanently until 1901. He and his family landed in the valley with Mr. and Mrs. David J. Thomas on July 14, 1901.

At the time of this Salt Lake movement in 1889, the Felt brothers, from whom the town of Felt derives its name, Orson T. Rogers, Spencer Clawson, and others made desert entries of large tracts of land, in the Leigh Creek and Badger Creek districts.

Samuel L. Sheets and Milton L. Sheets located on Teton Flat in 1893, and Hyrum S. Stevens, in 1894.

John Letham and his son Alexander came in with cattle in 1888, and had Jack Lyon winter them. Daniel P. Letham, (now living in Cache) helped trail cattle in here in 1889, then the Letham family moved in during 1890. Their home was just east of the Tetonia townsite, part of the original homestead being included in the townsite.

During the early summer of 1888, E. B. Edlefsen hauled three Shuttler wagons over the trail as far as Moose Creek, which were taken from there over the Teton Pass into Jackson Hole by Robert E. Miller, John Cherry and John Hicks by packing the baggage and taking the wagons over the pass empty. They had to cut their way through the timber and brush and pile brush by the sides of logs to get them over fallen trees. The Miller wagon is still there owned by him.

These were the first wagons taken into Jackson Hole. A little later a man from Egin Bench went over to Jackson to put up hay for a rancher there. He left his wagon box at the foot of the steep hill of the pass, in which he had been hauling salt and greasy material. When he returned he found the wagon box entirely eaten up by the coyotes. Nothing remained but the iron.

Because Edlefsen knew the road, the author and his companions on their first tour of inspection of the valley in 1888 employed him to haul them from Rexburg, where Edlefsen was then residing.

The first public land surveys in this valley were made in 1882, as far as township 7 north, ranges 43 and 44 east, by John B. David as chief surveyor, which was approved August 16, 1882. This survey only reached about as far south as Badger Creek and not as far east as Felt. The first settlers had to get their bearings from this survey. Forty-five, the range east of this survey, embracing the Felt district, was not surveyed until 1900. This survey was made by the Albert Smith, Jr. party. The main survey of the valley was made by Rhoades and Long in 1890, but not filed in the land office until 1891.

In the early settlement of the valley before sawmills were established the people lived in log cabins with the earth for floors, or the skins of animals laid down for a carpet. Those who could afford the outlay hauled lumber from a mill that was situated a few miles above the hot springs on Canyon Creek, but here the roads were steep and bad. Many, therefore, hauled enough lumber for board floors from Rexburg. Trees were split for doors and window frames, and the roofs were covered with poles, brush and earth.

Charles M. Smith hauled a load of lumber from the Canyon Creek mill in 1889, and encamped on Darby Creek where Bill Spears had just built a cabin. He asked Bill what he was smoking, and he replied "tea." Charley then gave him a sack of

tobacco. Bill was in such high glee over this precious gift that he offered to hitch his team on lead and help Charley to his destination. This was in May and that night it snowed about six inches; but Bill made good his offer and helped pull Charley's load through the snow next day to his claim on Fox Creek.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

MORMON COLONIES NEAR TETON CREEK.

FOR the most part after 1888, the main settlers here were Mormons from Utah and different parts of Idaho, and it will be proper to treat at length their settlement and organizations in this, the valley of the Tetons, as they called it.

In the early summer, 1887, Mathoni W. Pratt, Thomas R. Wilson and B. W. Driggs went to Emery County to look at the country with a view of locating some ranches, as they wanted to engage in the stock business. They found the country dry and very little available water, therefore returned without making any locations. They passed by many "diamonds," however, in the way of large veins of coal cropping out of the ground, but did not deem this source of wealth worth taking up their attention.

The next spring Driggs happened to be in a meeting at Sugar House, Salt Lake, and heard Oscar Young speak about a wonderful range country, with plenty of water and grass, around Teton City, where he had just been. He and Martin Garn, of Sugar House ward, were then interested in constructing the Canyon Creek Canal, and Garn had purchased the Boquet ranch on Moody Creek.

When Driggs informed his companions of this country and what Young had said of it, Wilson and Pratt decided to go up and make an investigation. When they arrived at Market Lake they scoured the neighborhood for horses, but although some of the ranchers had hundreds of horses they were suspicious of strangers and none could be secured. They therefore started out to walk. They proceeded on foot until they arrived at the Menan Buttes, where they met Rowley Lapham, who furnished them horses for the trip. When they arrived at Teton City they were told of this basin, but were advised not to come here, as they said it was only a rendezvous for horse thieves and outlaws. They were not to be daunted, however, and wanted to see all that was to be seen of the country. They came by way of the point of the mountain, and when they reached Teton River, in June, they found the water too high to ford. They then proceeded toward the head of the river where they forded it near the mouth of Fox

Creek. After staying there over night with Jim Davis they made a tour of the valley.

Their report was so favorable that Driggs became more interested, and finally, the same season, made a trip of inspection himself. He interested his law partner, Isaac M. Waddell, in the features of the country, who in turn induced his neighbor, Henry Wallace, to become interested.

At this time Don C. Driggs, a younger brother of B. W., was an unmarried man, had a team and no particular employment. He was then engaged to come up with his team, haul logs and start log cabins on the different locations that were to be selected. He was sent on with his team and about the time he was supposed to reach Idaho Falls, Pratt and Wilson came again on the train to that point and met him there, after a day's waiting, and the three came in and staked off claims on the then unsurveyed land.

A little later B. W. Driggs, Isaac M. Waddell and Henry Wallace, piloted by M. W. Pratt, made the trip to Market Lake, thence by team to Rexburg, where they employed E. B. Edlefsen to bring them into this valley. They met D. C. Driggs at the depot in Blackfoot, then encamped there on his homeward journey, who returned with the party. He had spent many lonesome days here, with his dog as his only companion, who seemed to envy every mouthful he took of his scanty meals.

When the party beheld this beautiful valley covered with grass like a waving lawn, and its abundant streams of clear water, its immense forests of timber and good soil, they exclaimed, to paraphrase the expression of the greatest pioneers, "This is the Place." They were of the opinion expressed by Jim Bridger to Captain Raynolds when he guided him and his company into this valley on June 19, 1860, as stated in Captain Raynold's journal: "It almost deserves the extravagant praises bestowed upon it by Bridger, who declared it to be the finest valley in the world."

Through the talks and advertisements these young prospective "cattle kings" gave of the country, quite a colony made ready to move up in the spring of 1889. This wagon train of emigrants lined up in front of the temple block and started March 18 for a journey of nearly 400 miles. The party consisted of Thomas R. Wilson, Don C. Driggs, Leland M. Driggs, David Hilton, James Hilton, "Bish" Burt, Solomon Angel, Howard A. Wallace, Ebenezer Beesley, William M. Waddell and August M. Lambert. George

S. Young joined the party at Logan, Utah, and James T. Wilson, at Lewisville, Idaho.

The first women interested in the colony who came here were Susie M. Wilson, wife of T. R. Wilson, Cornelia Pratt Driggs, wife of Apollos G. Driggs, bishop of Sugar House ward; Leonora Waddell and Mary Waddell, wife and daughter of Isaac M. Waddell, who came on April 17. They came in and made selections of desert entries, then returned to Blackfoot and filed on the land. M. W. Pratt and Apollos P. Driggs came in July by train to Market Lake and brought the wives of the married men of the wagon train.

These first explorers from Utah met with every discouragement from the few squatters that were here. They were told that it froze here even in August, which was true in the swamps where the first settlers located on the natural meadows. Frost would show on the lariat of the horses when staked out over night, even in midsummer.

When Pratt and Wilson arrived at the "Point," where they could look over the valley it appeared like they were the first discoverers of a new country, not a sign of life to be seen, but as they scanned the horizon they observed a patch of green on what was later found to be the Tim Hibbard claim near the mouth of Leigh Creek, the only evidence to them of any inhabitant. As they neared the mouth of Fox Creek they discovered the cabin of Jim Davis.

The first wagon train had to stop a day at the Canyon Creek crossing, which was then near the hot springs, to repair the bridge and make a dugway in order to get over, which was the first real road at this crossing. Here the travelers used to indulge in a bath in these hot springs when encamped there.

These early pioneers made their first homestead locations bordering the swamps, where they could cut the wild hay of the natural meadows, produced from the moisture of the ground, until canals could be taken out. They were the first to start a system of canals for irrigation, although some small ditches had been taken out prior thereto. They could in those days cut wild hay from the swales near the foothills.

B. W. Driggs remained at Salt Lake while he was assisting his brothers get a start here, but usually spent part of his summers in this valley. He built his first cabin a little south of the Winger building, known as the drug store corner in Driggs, which

was used as a supply house. The title of this incipient mercantile establishment was "The Teton Basin Supply Company," which later became known as "The Star Commercial," with M. W. Pratt manager and principal owner. The store was later moved to the ranch of Mr. Pratt about a half mile north of the present town of Driggs, where the Hulet home is now located. This was the only store of the valley for a number of years.

During the early years of settlement here Howard R. Driggs, a brother of the author, and now a professor in English at the New York University School of Education, and author of several books, spent part of his summers here, and became the fisherman of the family. By taking an hour or two off work during the busy haying time, he would bring all he could carry in a sack of the speckled beauties.

When the writer first passed through Jackson Hole in 1891, the antelope were all over that valley like herds of sheep, and in the hills were vast herds of elk and deer. At that time there was but a trail down Trail Creek, and to avoid the heavy growth of trees and brush we had to travel down the creek in many places.

Among the sightseers on this trip were Dr. John R. Park, president of the University of Utah; Harry Squires, a fine artist, who made sketches by the way of notable scenes; Milando Pratt and his daughter Viola Pratt, a noted singer and actor, going horseback by way of Island Park and back through Jackson Hole.

In those early days sage hens and grouse were numerous all over Teton Valley; so with these, the larger game and trout so plentiful we never lacked for fresh meat; and it was brought in so often that the women got tired of cooking it.

An early visitor of this valley was Lorenzo R. Thomas, in 1887, who was for some time the registrar of the U. S. Land Office at Blackfoot. He says that from Canyon Creek on into this valley, there were antelope in many places, some in around the stock grazing on the hills.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE VICTOR COLONY AND OTHER SETTLEMENTS.

THE same spring of 1889, soon after the Salt Lake colony who located in the vicinity of Driggs, a company of settlers came in from Cache Valley and other points. When they arrived here they were informed that all the land was taken up around this vicinity, but were told there was plenty of land and water in the Trail Creek district. They then wended their way there, where they located on the south side of the creek, and their habitations became known as "The String," being strung out from the mouth of Trail Canyon to near Piney Pass.

This company consisted of Nahum Curtis, Owen B. Curtis, Leander Curtis, Eli Curtis, Frank W. Parsons, John L. Eynon, Ira Blanchard, John Blanchard, Ed Rice, John Dalton, David R. Sinclair, Selar Cheney and David Cheney. Some others followed a little later that season, among them the Pauls and Youngs, who were financed by Harry Jennings who visited this valley that season. The mother of Jennings was a Paul before marriage to the merchant and mayor of Salt Lake City, William Jennings. George S. Young and Eugene Young located here when they were young unmarried men. Most of the others brought their young wives with them.

During the same year a company came in and located between Fox and Trail Creeks, consisting of Charles M. Smith, Charles Powell, Joseph Johnson, Henry Tonks, Ben Jones, Albert Suiste, Fred J. Kimball, William, Patrick and James Davies, William Hart, Joseph Dewey, George Dewey and Michael Byrne, the latter locating north of Fox Creek. Ray C. Kimball located just south of Darby Creek in 1890. In 1889 Ebenezer Beesley, David Hilton, James Hilton and John B. Cowan also located in this vicinity, on and near Darby Creek, and Dana O. Walton, in 1890.

Joseph Johnson came here in 1888, but did not move his family in until the next year. He had been in here hunting with Richard Leigh in 1885 and 1886. Nels Christensen, the father of Nean, came in at the same time as Johnson but later located near the mouth of Fox Canyon, where he lost 18 cows when the deep snows fell in February, 1890. Bill Spears also located in 1889, near the swamps on Darby Creek.

THE LEIGH DISTRICT.

During this main pioneer period of 1889, Edlef B. Edlefsen, Abner McFersen, Osmond W. Shaw, James O'Brien, and possibly some others located in the Leigh Creek section, and N. C. Edlefsen, in 1890.

THE BATES DISTRICT.

On the west side of the valley James F. Barry and family had located in 1887 near the mouth of Horseshoe Canyon. Charles, Stephen and Henry Foster, also Albert Safford, and families, located in 1888 in what became known as the Bates district. On March 6, 1889, Thomas G. Bates established his home with his family near the mouth of Mahogany Canyon, where he still resides as a prosperous farmer. His neighbor for many years, Samuel L. Wood, came a year later with his family. Mr. Wood now resides in Driggs, a retired farmer.

THE HADEN DISTRICT.

The first settlers of the Haden District were David Breckenridge, Jack Lyon, Bill Nordyke and Jim Goodwin, in 1884, Samuel Swanner, 1888, Edwin S. Little, Joseph Gale, Mary Moffat and family, including Joseph, Andrew and Jack Moffat; the Gale and Moffat families were later included in the Cache District when it was organized. George E. Little and family came a year later.

ON PACKSADDLE CREEK.

The first to locate on Packsaddle Creek on what is known as the Hill ranch, was Jim Robinson. After he was killed in the horsethief raid David H. Goe located on his claim, who later sold it to William Hill. George A. Adams and George B. Rumsey also located on this stream in 1889.

ON DARBY BENCH.

The first to locate on Darby Bench was Henry M. Todd, in 1890. Associated with him in his enterprise was his brother Douglas M. Todd, although he did not reside there to any extent. A little later their father John Todd located there. These men were the first to take out a canal in this vicinity from Darby Creek. Ellington Smith located near the foothills in this district,

but on a branch of Spring Creek, in 1889. Daniel B. Hill and family located there in 1890.

ON SPRING CREEK.

Just north of the Darby Bench on Spring Creek were located of the first settlers of 1889-90, Alexander Hill and family, Daniel L. Hill, George Eddington, Dan Slocum, a Civil War veteran, and his son Wallace, George Goodrick, and part of the Isaac M. Waddel family. Goodrick a little later sold to Sylvester S. Hulet and moved to Wilson, Wyoming.

THE ALTA DISTRICT.

The first settlers of 1889-90 in the Alta District near the mouth of Teton Canyon were William F. Rigby and family, and Austin G. Green and family.

IN THE CEDRON DISTRICT.

The early settlers of what is now the Cedron District adjoined the Trail Creek locaters on the west. Among those that settled here from 1888 to 1890 were Richard Drake, Richard A. Drake, Fred J. Drake, Ed Rice, Jim Elliott, Jim Davis, John Dalton, Henry C. Bowles, Amer Aller, John Hinkley, George Walton, Jerry Warden, some of the Paul family, a man named Maddox and one named Heniger. Ed and Dick Kearsley settled there two or three years later.

Prior to coming in here the Drakes and Rice lived at Parker. Rice and young Richard A. Drake came up to the point of the mountain for timber in 1888, and that was their first glimpse of this valley. When Drake returned home and told his father of the wonderful timber, grass and numerous streams of water, the father could hardly wait till spring. He then left his boys to put in the crops at Parker and came in here; then after the crops were harvested, the boys came. Richard A. first encamped near the bridge of the main highway into the valley, where he says a *Deseret News* reporter stopped, had a meal with him, and told Drake there were 300 families then located in the valley.

There was also a man named Hammond who located here about the same time, who brought in the second threshing machine. He insured his premises which were soon after destroyed by fire. The insurance company then had him arrested and placed in jail.

The Consolidated Wagon and Machine Company then took possession of the threshing machine and traded it to the Drakes, for which they gave 23 cows. For several years they threshed all the grain around the neighborhood.

Maddox first located on the Walton ranch. He had just completed building a barn, and had told some one he knew where Nickerson and Robinson had some stolen horses. When Nickerson and his associates heard of this they said they would fix Maddox for that statement. This frightened him so that he left the country, fearing his life was not safe while these men were at large.

Edgar F. Davis came into the valley in 1889, and later located in the Badger Creek country, from Sandy, Utah. It was he that found a number of Indian relics in the hills west of Richvale and about 30 feet of a surveyor's chain when he was plowing, with U. S. A. marks on it, supposed to have been lost by the early government surveyors.

Samuel G. Davis, his father, was in this valley in the early '60's, and knew Jim Bridger. Edgar could not persuade his father to come up here, as he said he knew this valley and Jackson Hole to have too many "renegade horse thieves."

There were a few other settlers of this early period at different locations. Ed Morris located in 1890 on Biche Creek, Ed Harrington, in 1889, near the point of the mountain, and possibly a few others that we have no record of.

At a pioneer celebration of the valley held at Driggs August 21, 1909, only the following pioneers were present who were entitled to wear badges to denote they were pioneers prior to 1890:

David Breckenridge, Frank Hubbard, E. B. Seymour and wife, Ellett F. Seymour, Ed. Seymour, Emily Seymour, M. W. Pratt, T. R. Wilson, D. C. Driggs, E. B. Edlefsen, G. M. Murphy, B. W. Driggs, C. H. Foster and daughter, Samuel Swanner, George E. Little and family, Ed S. Little, Nahum Curtis, John Blanchard, Ben Jones, R. T. Kearsley, H. C. Bowles and family, Thomas Bates, the Drake family, Geo. S. Young, and P. S. Driggs.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

JOSEPH JOHNSON REMINISCENCES.

JOSEPH JOHNSON, now quite an old man, residing in Victor, was intimately acquainted with Richard Leigh, put up his hay for him on Beaver Dick Island, and went hunting with him on different occasions here in the mountains, and he told him some of the events heretofore mentioned. Johnson says that during the first winter of these early colonizers in 1889-90, during the month of February there were almost continuous rains. The hills got bare, and many turned their stock out to graze on them. All the roofs of the cabins, then covered with earth, leaked, and made conditions very uncomfortable, for, in addition to the rain, streams of mud drizzled down through the roofs. Then in March it snowed until it was three feet deep on the level. It then froze hard so that the crust held up teams and sleds. He reports that D. C. Driggs hauled hay from Trail Creek on top the crust; then when it began to thaw there were no broken roads, hay could not be hauled and many head of stock perished.

That winter the author and his brother Don lost some stock by starvation. Johnson says that he saved his stock by going along the bank near the mouth of Fox Creek, where the spring water made it warm, shoved the snow off the bank into the stream and grazed his stock along the edge of the banks.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

DEVELOPMENTS.

AFTER this big immigration into the valley in 1889, the hitherto quiet retreat resounded with the active industries, and during the next few years nearly all the best land was taken up. The lowing of cattle and bleating of sheep were then heard where once had been the bellow of the buffalo and the plaintive signals of the deer and antelope.

A sawmill was erected in Teton Canyon by George E. Little, then Ed Morris, with the money Andrew Carnegie, a distant relative, furnished him, erected a mill on Biche Creek; the Seymour boys built a sawmill in Leigh Canyon; then John Penfold and Alma Penfold, in 1890, erected a shingle mill in Mahogany Canyon. Another mill was soon after built in the timber south of Victor by Ed Blair and one by Edward H. Holden in the west mountains, which was later transferred to Darby Canyon. James T. Beard purchased the Morris mill and established himself in the lumber business up Leigh Canyon.

The people began taking out canals and commenced breaking the virgin soil and putting in crops. Charles and Henry Foster brought in the first threshing machine, an old sweepstake, and they, with Thomas Bates, the first year of farming, in 1889, threshed 1300 bushels over the whole valley, and the following year they threshed 13,000 bushels.

After the sawmills started the dirt floors were changed to unsurfaced boards, and lumber was put over the log cabins in place of poles and brush. The covering of dirt remained as a matter of warmth, with often a covering of lumber to prevent the earth roofs from washing away or blowing off.

Being so far from market the products of the farm were used mainly to feed and fatten the beef stock, as they could more easily drive the cattle to the railroad than they could haul the products of the farm. The surplus butter was used for cooking purposes or soap grease. What little was brought into the stores brought about ten cents per pound. Notwithstanding the distance of 75 miles to Market Lake, the nearest railroad shipping point, some grain was hauled out when there was freight to bring in, also a few car loads of timothy seed were exported. This condi-

tion continued until the railroad reached St. Anthony; then the roads were lined with farmers hauling their products to market. Flour and other manufactured articles were hauled in on the return trip.

In 1893, Samuel Kunz and family moved in here from Bear Lake Valley and established the first cheese-making plant. In 1895 a cheese factory was established in Driggs. The dairy business has continued to grow until now there are five or six cheese factories in the valley, besides a vast amount of cream being daily exported, and a large amount of butter made.

When Wilson, Pratt and Driggs decided to locate here they shipped a half dozen thoroughbred Holstein bulls in, but they did not survive long, as the old settlers and other beef producing stockmen claimed they interfered with their beef stock, and shot the Holsteins on the range. Today, however, the same breed of dairy stock is being shipped into the valley, showing a change of sentiment toward this famous breed of cattle.

CHAPTER XL.

RESOURCES OF THE VALLEY.

NO DOUBT there are many hidden treasures here in the mountains which have not yet been unearthed, although a little prospecting has been done.

In the fall of 1878 the Bannock Indians had been on the warpath, and a party of civil engineers, with whom A. M. Carter, whom all the old timers here remember as the genial county clerk at St. Anthony, came from the east to survey the Utah and Northern railroad in 1877, and they were compelled to stay on Ross Fork during the summer on account of the Indians being on the warpath. There were several companies of soldiers there trying to hold the Indians on the reservation. In the fall, when the Indians got under control, these engineers continued their survey to Idaho Falls. While there Carter met a man named Marshall, who had some samples of quartz literally covered with gold. Carter examined it closely, and it was estimated by him and others there that this quartz would go \$50,000 to the ton. Marshall told Carter that he found the quartz on Trail Creek. He had been a scout for General O. O. Howard during the summer of 1878, helping to round up the Indians. In a few days Marshall became sick with pneumonia and died before disclosing the location of his find, other than that it was on Trail Creek. In recent years, even in 1925, some rich float has been picked up near Moose Creek that assays over \$300.

Mr. Carter had another experience in the early nineties with Captain Heald, who visited Carter at his cattle-grazing place near Biche Creek, who claimed some prospectors had a good claim at the head of Badger Creek, and pointed out to Carter the vicinity where they had dug a tunnel and had some good ore they had found in the seventies. They left the claim to go for provisions, and Captain Heald agreed to go with them next day to the place of discovery. "But," says the Captain, "like all other mining stories, it went wrong." That night his horse got away from him and went down to Market Lake. Before they were ready to start again the miner died.

Other rich ores have in the last few years been uncovered in North Leigh Canyon, and a shaft is being driven; also during

1925 a large ledge has been discovered there, which was being tapped during the winter of 1925-26. The assays of this near the grass roots go 32 ounces of silver and \$10 gold. They are now driving a tunnel below to tap the vein lower down the hill. Copper and gold were discovered near the head of Biche Creek in 1924 going \$12 near the surface, but not yet worked.

OIL DEVELOPMENT.

The oil drilling near the mouth of Horseshoe Canyon has every indication of success. They already have gas and evidence of oil. In the fall of 1925, when at a depth of 1030 feet, they had just passed through the second oil sand when an explosion occurred, which set fire to and destroyed the works. New machinery has been installed and drilling is now resumed. (1926.)

COAL.

Coal was discovered in the west mountains here in the nineties by Charles H. Rammell, but there was no systematic development until Richard Hillman took hold of the claims in 1906, developed them and supplied local demands. In 1917 R. S. Talbot purchased the claims and organized the Idaho Coal Mines Company. This company sank a 500-foot shaft, demonstrated that there were millions of high grade coal in sight and started a tunnel for drainage and car outlet. This tunnel was completed June 1, 1926. Through Mr. Talbot's efforts the government was induced during the time of the World War to construct a spur of the Oregon Short Line railroad to the mines. F. H. Samuels and associates are now operating the mines. Other veins have also been discovered, and croppings showing all along the mountains to the Wyoming line.

LIMESTONE.

There are extensive limestone ledges all around the valley. This limestone is 99 per cent pure, and is being shipped extensively from Victor and from Fox Canyon to the sugar factories, besides some lime kilns in operation.

GILSONITE AND OTHER MINERALS.

A defined vein of gilsonite has been opened up. There is also lead, copper, phosphate, paint pigment, asbestos, talcum and

other minerals in the adjacent mountains surrounding the valley that lie waiting capital to develop them. Most of the discoveries have only been developed enough to show their existence.

The country is also rich in archeological fields. High up in the mountains of Biche Creek are found Indian hieroglyphics, native pottery, a natural cave smokehouse with a chimney in the roof with evidence of fires having been in it in years gone by. There is also an intermittent spring and natural siphon; also many other wonders that lie hidden from the public gaze, but to which scientists are now directing their attention.

It was near these hieroglyphics that Samuel Swanner, in 1891, found a gold pan and packsaddle under a cliff of rock in a cave, that looked as if they were a hundred years old, which he still has in his possession. In 1924, while plowing a ditch near the bank of Leigh Creek he found a flintlock gunplate, badly corroded, but when cleaned it showed the inscription, "Barnett 1814." It was two feet below the surface, but this may be accounted for because of its close proximity to the creek, and no doubt had become buried by the sediment deposited when the creek overflowed its banks.

Indian relics, hard flint tomahawks, hammers, mauls and bowls for grinding seeds and grasshoppers for bread have been found just below the rim of the basin near the point of the mountain. No doubt this was a favorite place for grasshopper harvest, as Wyeth described them on his return trip from the Columbia, so thick at this point in 1833 as to darken the ground.

TIMOTHY AND CLOVER.

This is a natural timothy and clover country. In 1892 Wilson, Pratt and Driggs had shipped in 1000 pounds of timothy seed from Omaha, and from that start, within a few years, many car loads of seed were exported. Both the red and alsike clover make profitable crops here, and there are many fine meadows of alfalfa, as well as wild and mixed grasses.

VEGETABLES.

There is no better country than this for peas, head lettuce, cauliflower, cabbage, seed potatoes and other vegetables. The finest of strawberries, raspberries and other small fruits are raised here, and could be made into a profitable industry. Potatoes produce from 150 to 200 sacks per acre, and this is fast becoming

a choice seed potato country of a superior quality for in this high altitude they are sound and healthy. They do not sprout before planting time, and thereby retain their vitality. They always bring a higher return because of their purity and vitality. At the state seed show held in Gooding, Idaho, February 15, 1926, out of 11 prizes offered for Russets Teton Valley growers took seven, with first prizes in both classes, certified and uncertified.

GRAIN.

This valley cannot be excelled in the quality and production of oats and barley, as well as winter wheat, and the yield is high.

DAIRYING.

This is an ideal country for dairying, with its fine meadows, pastures and wonderful range. The dairy industry is fast forging to the front and brings in a continuous income to dairymen.

SHEEP.

There are many sheep in the valley, which are yearly adding wealth to their owners, and owing to the abundant summer range close at hand they are kept at less expense than in some sections. Many train loads of fat lambs are shipped out every fall, and the wool is of a superior quality. Besides the big flocks, many farmers are keeping small bunches, which are adding materially to their incomes.

TIMBER.

With the thousands of acres of fine timber within easy access in the adjacent mountains there will always be wood fuel as well as lumber, mining timber and ties.

WATER.

There is no better watered country anywhere, and of the finest quality, the clear mountain streams being used extensively for irrigation where needed.

CHAPTER XLI.

EARLY ELECTIONS.

THE first election in the valley was held at the E. B. Seymour home in 1888. That year there were 14 votes cast. David Breckenridge was chairman of the affair; Samuel Swanner and Ellett F. Seymour were judges of the election.

"THE HONOR ROLL" ELECTION OF 1890.

Samuel Swanner has preserved what he calls the "honor roll," being the list of voters at the second election held in this valley, just north of Driggs, in the "Star Commercial" building. The registration sheet is headed, "Teton Basin Precinct, Bingham County, Idaho, for the county and state election, October 1, 1890."

There were 55 votes cast, covering the entire valley. This was at the time, however, of the "test oath" requirement for registration, and very few Mormons voted. Opposite the name is given the age of the voter, which may be of interest now as to the age of some of these early settlers at that time. Among the voters were about a dozen who had transfers, and these were mostly the surveyors who were in here in 1890 surveying the townships, ranges and sections for the government. The names are as follows; J. E. Goodwin, 51; L. C. Waterman, 39; George Waterman 33; W. E. Nordyke, 32; N. W. Carlton, 51; Wm. Hubbard, 62; Frank Hubbard 36; Wm. Manning 54; Robert Nickerson 34; C. Nickerson, 32; George Allen, 39; Ellett Seymour, 29; C. W. Johnston, 24; Ellis Seymour, 25; E. B. Seymour, 57; R. Drake, 50; R. A. Drake, 25; D. H. Goe, 39; M. Byrne, 25; F. J. Kimball, 27; W. O. Hadgin, 25; D. Breckenridge, 39; George B. Rumsey, 29; A. T. Barry, 23; J. F. Barry, Jr., 22; J. F. Barry, 54; H. A. Wallace, 22; Niels Christensen, 37; W. L. Carpenter, 51; W. J. Adams, 27; Smith Osborn, 49; Samuel Swanner, 38; A. Adams, 52; C. Hermann, 41; Ed. H. Trafton, 32; John W. Lyon, 33; E. H. Seymour, 23; Charles Foster, 28; C. M. Smith, 41; James A. O'Brian, 22, and the following who had transfers, and who, no doubt, were transients: B. Walefield, 23; W. C. Simmons, 33; Sam G. Rodoades, 46; Joseph Mann, 36; Chas. Workman, 25; William Mullen; James Hansen, 33; Charles Speed, 30; D. F. Hart, 27; A. J. Swiste, 28; W. R. Davis, 21; Leon Curtta, 24; Oscar Sonnenkalb, 48; Elij. H. Munn, 24; John A. Long, 23.



Hay and Grain Field near Driggs.



Harvesting Potatoes near Victor.

CHAPTER XLII.

THE TETON STAKE.

WHEN ecclesiastical organizations first commenced existence in Teton Valley this district was included in the Bannock Stake of Zion, next in the Fremont stake, and finally on September 2, 1901, the Teton stake was organized.

There were present at its organization Apostles Joseph F. Smith, and John Henry Smith, Ben E. Rich, president of the Southern States mission, Thomas E. Bassett and James W. Webster, counselors in the Fremont stake, Douglas M. Todd of the Ricks Academy, John T. Smellie, and a host of local people.

It was then unanimously decided to organize a stake of Zion, to embrace Teton Valley and Jackson Hole. The following appointments and ordinations were made:

Don C. Driggs, president, John D. Killpack, Jr. and George S. Young, counselors; Michael M. Norman, stake clerk, John Letham, patriarch, William Hill president, with John Todd and David Sinclair counselors, of the High Priests quorum, and the following members of the High Council: Robert B. Dalley, William Wilson, William Hill, Thomas H. Ingram, Joseph S. Beesley, David R. Sinclair, Edward D. Jones, Hyrum B. Clawson, Edlef B. Edlefsen, George Eddington, Henry M. Todd and David J. Thomas, with the following alternates; Lehi Pratt, William H. Tonks, George B. Green, Halsey D. Fullmer and Frederick Allen.

The superintendent of stake Sunday Schools was James F. Griggs, with George A. Little and David E. Rigby, assistants, Walter N. Eddington secretary-treasurer. George M. Tonks was president of the Young Mens' Mutual Improvement Association, with Samuel E. Rigby and John W. Hill assistants, Robert E. Griggs secretary-treasurer. Martha Tonks became president of the Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Association, with Hannah M. Price and Clara Clawson assistants, Lizzie Beesley secretary-treasurer, Agnes E. Price corresponding secretary, Helga Thomas, Amy Cherry, and Mary Eddington as aides.

Fannie E. Little was made president of the Primary organization, with Margaret A. Edlefsen and Estella Little, assistants; Eliza Jones, secretary-treasurer.

Sophia E. Rigby was president of the Relief Society with Susie M. Wilson and Silvia Thompson counselors, Lydia E. Fullmer, secretary-treasurer, Eliza A. Beesley and Elizabeth E. Sheets as aids.

Samuel A. Dalley was religion class superintendent.

At the same time Hyrum O. Crandall was ordained as bishop of the Driggs ward, to succeed D. C. Driggs, with Stanley B. Fairbanks and Jacob Snyder counselors.

Nahum Curtis was ordained as bishop of the Raymond ward to succeed David R. Sinclair; Willard Homer then became counselor to Bishop Edwin S. Little of the Haden ward; Nelson B. Dalley was selected as second counselor to Bishop Fred W. Morgan of the Pratt ward. E. N. Wilson was appointed as the presiding elder over the Jackson Hole district.

THE STAKE HOUSE.

On May 12, 1904, it was decided to build a stake house, and ways were planned to raise funds. A loan from the Church was proposed, and Octave F. Ursenbach was sent to Salt Lake to negotiate it. On June 25 he returned and reported that he had succeeded in arranging for a loan of \$2500. Then they started a carnival for a week's entertainment to raise funds. Mr. Ursenbach was put in charge of the entertainments and Joseph R. Fairbanks general manager. A temporary pavilion was erected in which to hold the entertainments. Each ward was required to present a theatrical performance or some kind of program each night; other features were planned for the day time.

One of the chief features that attracted the populace was the presentation of the opera "Katy Dean," in which the 16-year-old Amy Dalley (now Mrs. Herman C. Green), took the leading role.

One of the unique features of the day's performance was an Indian lodge procession, with chiefs, squaws and papooses, together with lodge poles trailing behind the horses, in which Walter W. Barney, James Henrie and H. C. Lamoreaux were typical chiefs, with their wives as squaws and children as papooses. They were so well impersonated that one not knowing them could hardly distinguish them from real Indians. There was also a fair, in which all kinds of domestic art productions made by the people were offered for sale, and "Kangaroo" courts were held, in which innocent victims were fined to add to the fund.

Many people were here from Jackson Hole and other points and helped in the fund-raising drive.

Each afternoon for six days there was a ball game between the Driggs team and outside teams, from other towns of the valley and from Jackson, Wyoming, Teton and Parker. The Driggs team never lost a game. This famous team consisted of James F. Griggs, Robert E. Griggs, Walter N. Eddington, H. L. Crandall, Ernest Hill, Elijah Eddington, Joseph Peacock, F. D. Richards and Edward Jones.

One leading feature which added materially to the fund and created a great deal of rivalry between the different districts was the selection of a queen of the carnival, each ward or district casting votes as to their choice, and each vote represented a money value.

The Trail Creek district outbid the others in the competition and presented Miss Ada Bowles as the queen. Here a little romance crept in. Joseph R. Fairbanks, familiarly known as "Roy," being the king of the carnival, had much to do in attending the queen, and fell in love with her, which soon after resulted in marriage.

Mr. Ursenbach received much praise for the splendid success of the programs, the fine entertainments and the financial results achieved. At the close of the carnival he reported that he had \$1,720 as the net profits of the enterprise, which he presented to the building committee. Thus, in this way, and by the contributions of means and labor by the people, the stake house was built. At first, however, they started it with cut stone, the basement walls of which, extending a few feet above the ground on the block east of the stake house, still remain. Thus considerable means and labor were lost when it was decided to build with lumber. The house was dedicated by George A. Smith on February 17, 1907.

SUCCESSORS IN THE STAKE PRESIDENCY.

On November 16, 1913, the stake presidency was reorganized, D. C. Driggs continued as president, with William R. Durrant and James F. Griggs as counselors. At the August conference, 1918, James M. Thomas became a counselor in the place of J. F. Griggs, and on May 15, 1919, Ralph R. Cordon and Albert Choules became counselors to President Driggs. In February,

1921, D. C. Driggs asked to be released on account of changing his place of residence, and on the twentieth, at the quarterly conference, Albert Choules became president under the ordination of Apostle Melvin J. Ballard, with Ralph R. Cordon and Alma Hanson as his counselors, and the three are still acting (1926).

For eight or nine years previous to being called into the stake presidency, Mr. Choules was active in the Mutual Improvement Associations, first as assistant to H. D. Winger, and later as stake superintendent, and was very energetic in that work. The men called to these responsible positions have all been worthy and faithful in their callings. They have also been leading men in the valley.



Stake House, Driggs.



Stake Office, Driggs.

CHAPTER XLIII.

THE RAILROAD.

IN 1912 the Oregon Short Line railroad entered the valley. The track was laid as far as Driggs on August 24, and an impromptu celebration was held at the then terminus of the track. A general celebration was set for September 9, but was postponed until September 30, as some of the officials could not be here on the ninth. This was held in the stake house. Some state officials, railroad men, and a host of other people were in attendance, and a rousing celebration was held.

The following lines were written for the occasion by B. W. Driggs and were set to music by David E. Smith:

*There is not in this world a valley so sweet
As this vale of the Tetons in beauty complete.
Now we're united by strong bands of steel
We'll all pull together in one common weal.*

*It's not only our landscape or grandeur of scene
Or pure crystal waters and verdure so green,
But the people and friendship of those living here
That makes every scene in the valley so dear.*

*Hurrah for the railroad that's entered our vale,
For the long dusty road has a wearisome tale.
Hurrah for the valley and peaks' rugged crest,
The vale of the Tetons, we all love the best.*

After the advent of the railroad new towns sprang up, new enterprises were launched, modern buildings were erected, and a general condition of prosperity followed in its wake. The long haul by teams to railroad points was over, and homeseekers increased. Tourists and drummers now found easy passage into this heretofore isolated place known as Pierre's Hole. Automobiles and good roads had not become the success they are today, and it was only the farm and freight wagons, together with a few "white tops" that found their way then into the valley.

TETON COUNTY.

Teton County was carved out of Madison County by act of the legislature of January 26, 1915, and was attached to the Ninth Judicial District. The Governor was authorized to appoint officers within 30 days after the act became effective. By this act the temporary county seat was located at Driggs, which was made the permanent county seat at the general election in 1916. Pursuant to the provisions of the act the Governor appointed the following officers:

E. B. Edlefsen, M. E. Phillips, and Ben Jones, Commissioners; W. F. Robertson, Clerk of the District Court; S. R. Evans, Sheriff; H. D. Fullmer, Assessor; Charles Cherrington, Treasurer; B. W. Driggs, Prosecuting Attorney; Samuel Swanner, Probate Judge; Ezra C. Dalby, Superintendent of Public Instruction, and Samuel Kunz, Coroner.



Teton High School.



Driggs District School.

CHAPTER XLIV.

TOWNS—DRIGGS.

BEFORE the town of Driggs was organized or there was any post office in the valley and the frequent changes being made, the people were at a loss to know where to designate their address. The nearest post office to the valley at this time was in a little log cabin on Moody Creek, but the nearest town post office was Rexburg. Due to the antagonism of anti-Mormon sources the name Rexburg was about this time changed to Kaintuck, and during this period of confusion the settlers in this valley had some difficulty in getting their mail. Through the efforts of Samuel Swanner a post office was established in a log cabin, the home of George B. Rumsey, in an isolated place west of Teton River, on Packsaddle Creek. Then the people here went there for their mail, but when the ice was breaking up in the spring the river was hazardous to ford.

B. W. Driggs came up early in the spring of 1891, and seeing the difficulty, he at once drew up a petition to the postal department at Washington asking for a post office to be established where the settlers were located in the vicinity of what later became Driggs. At that time there were his brothers, Don C., Parley S., Leland M., and a cousin, A. P. Driggs, residing here with their wives. All of these, and some other residents here signed the petition. The department, seeing so many by the name of Driggs on the petition, named the post office Driggs, established the office and route, and appointed D. C. Driggs postmaster. About this time a post office was also established at Fox.

The settlers selected the Driggs townsite when they first came here; the land was entered as a desert entry by Henry Wallace, and when he obtained title he platted it, and on December 21, 1909, dedicated it as the townsite of Driggs. Prior to that time all the buildings and business houses were erected on the west side of the main road, on the D. C. Driggs homestead, and south of Little Avenue on the L. M. Driggs homestead east of the road.

E. Beesley, who then lived on his ranch at Chapin, and who was the main fiddler of the valley, hauled some rock and prepared to erect a dance hall there. As an inducement to start building on the townsite, the people here then offered him the corner lot

on which the First National Bank building is now located, if he would build his hall here. He and Charles Carr, a carpenter, then built an octagon-shaped pavilion a little north of the corner, which was used not only for a dance hall, but for stake conferences for some time. It was later torn down and a two story building was erected on the corner, with the dance hall on the upper floor, and the lower floor used for business.

The first store in Driggs was in the homestead cabin of B. W. Driggs, on the west side of the main road, which served the settlers here as a sort of supply house, which later became known as the "Star Commercial." In 1893, D. C. Driggs established a store where the old rock creamery walls now stand, later destroyed by fire. Soon after this Ray C. Kimball became a copartner in the business but later withdrew. At the time the post office was established Mr. Driggs had erected a new store building, which still stands immediately south of the Nelson-Ricks creamery.

On the change in administration at Washington, Harry L. Cannon was appointed postmaster. He erected a building across the street a little north of the Driggs store, and established a store in which he had the post office. The next business house erected was the Consolidated Wagon and Machine Company, across the street from the Driggs store, also managed by D. C. Driggs. This building still remains, and was later used as a laundry.

While B. W. Driggs was at Salt Lake City, prior to the foregoing events, the people in this vicinity were trying to select a name for the place and wrote for his suggestions. At that time Spencer Clawson happened in his office and said he understood from some of Irving's writings there was some spot in here he called Aline, (pronounced Aleen), and Driggs then suggested this name. When the first ward was organized here they called it Aline, and the first Sunday School, Aline, organized August 22, 1889.

This Aline ward included the whole valley. Apostles Francis M. Lyman and Heber J. Grant were present at its organization. Mathoni W. Pratt was ordained bishop, with his brother-in-law, Thomas R. Wilson, and his nephew, Apollos P. Driggs, as counselors. A few years later Pratt and Wilson moved near to the mouth of Teton Canyon and took the ward organization with them. Here it continued to be the head religious center and only

ward of the valley for some time. People had to travel from five to ten miles in their farm wagons to attend church. There were no buggies here then. Sometimes, if they happened to have a hayrack on the wagon, they would throw on a little hay and all ride to church in this way, as was often done all the way from Victor and other points.

On November 29, 1896, a Sunday School was again organized in what later became known as Driggs, with D. C. Driggs superintendent, Hyrum O. Crandall and A. P. Driggs assistants, with Bessie Hunting secretary. This organization continued until the Driggs ward was organized, in June, 1901.

In the fall of 1898 a Young Men's Hall was built, a large structure of logs, on the corner where the county building is now. This was used for public gatherings, dances, etc. At the same time a Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association was organized here, with William Haws president, W. M. Crandall and J. W. Price counselors, with Leland M. Driggs secretary. The following year D. C. Driggs became its president.

This building was later converted into a store by James M. Sewell, and it finally became the first garage in Driggs, which H. L. Crandall purchased when he took over the Studebaker business, August 7, 1919. The next day it was razed by fire. In 1924 the county building was erected on this corner, at a cost of \$25,000.

On April 19, 1899, a school district was organized here, and two years later a cut stone building was erected at a cost of \$4,000. This was later added to and is the present district school. The high school district building was erected in Driggs shortly after its organization on July 8, 1912, at a cost of \$20,000. The top of the south wing was blown off in 1918 by a heavy wind.

The organization of the Driggs Ward occurred on June 8, 1901. There were present Apostle Anthon H. Lund, Thomas E. Bassett and James W. Webster, counselors in the Fremont stake presidency, and Thomas C. Griggs of the Church Board of Sunday Schools. Don C. Driggs was ordained bishop, with Hyrum O. Crandall and Stanley B. Fairbanks counselors, with Leland M. Driggs clerk. William Haws was the superintendent of Sunday School, with Jacob Snyder and Frank P. Fairbanks assistants. Wallace M. Crandall was president of the Young Men's M. I. A., with Frank Crandall and Leland M. Driggs counselors; Hannah M. Price was president of the Relief Society, with Margaret Crandall and N. A. Barrett counselors; Zina Crandall was presi-

dent of the Young Ladies' M. I. A., with Annie L. Driggs and Bessie Price counselors. On September 2, 1901, when the Teton stake was organized, H. O. Crandall became bishop, with Stanley B. Fairbanks and Jacob Snyder counselors.

The first bank of the valley—the Driggs State Bank—was established in 1906, and the stone building now used as the post office was erected at that time for the bank. George S. Young was the first president and D. C. Driggs its cashier. Later W. W. Taylor became president and Ray C. Kimball, vice-president. It was later converted into a national bank, which in 1918 erected its present structure of brick, at a cost of \$85,000.

The village of Driggs was incorporated May 23, 1910, pursuant to a petition of B. W. Driggs and 42 others to the Board of County Commissioners of Fremont County. D. C. Driggs, J. D. Killpack, Jr., H. L. Crandall, J. H. Fuller and A. C. Miner were the first board of trustees, and B. W. Driggs, the village attorney.

Shortly after the railroad came in some modern houses and buildings for business purposes were erected. Of the greater magnitude in those days were the Winger building, of cut stone, now known as the drug store corner, the upper story of which was first used by the high school, and later by the District Court; the brick hotel, also erected by H. D. Winger, now known as the Driggs hotel, was constructed in 1914. He also built the first picture show house, immediately south of the hotel, which was later destroyed by fire.

The first hotel was built by Joseph S. Hillman, now the George Eddington home. The Wilson Hotel was built by William Wilson in 1909. Frank J. Stone constructed a two-story frame building at the corner of Main Street and Little Avenue, the upper story of which first housed the high school. This was later torn down and the present brick block erected by Mr. Stone, now housing the Arnold store, Tippetts' hardware and the C. W. & M. Co.

The stone meat market was erected by Charles Christensen; the cement building now occupied by the Choules Grocery was erected by Pete Milligan. Numerous other small business houses were built shortly after the advent of the railroad.

On January 17, 1911, the Teton Valley Telephone Company was incorporated, with J. D. Killpack, Jr., as the principal stockholder and manager; Harry Morgan, D. C. Driggs and George S. Young were also members of the company. It took over a line



First National Bank Building.



County Building.

that had previously been constructed between Driggs and St. Anthony.

On June 22, 1912, the Teton Valley Power and Milling Company was incorporated. It constructed a power plant in Teton Canyon, erected and put in operation a flour mill and established an electric light system. J. N. Jeppesen, a practical miller and machinist, was the moving spirit in this enterprise. He, with W. W. Taylor, T. R. Wilson, D. C. Driggs, Dr. Crisler, and some others, were the stockholders. A power plant was later constructed at the "Narrows" on Teton River, where J. M. DeCoster had previously located a power site, where the water does not freeze as it did in Teton Canyon. This electric light system was then extended to Tetonia, Victor and other places.

Dr. J. H. Fuller was a pioneer dentist of Driggs, and is still plying his profession.

John J. Johnson, the first merchant tailor of the town, was the first to have his household goods arrive to this destination over the railroad, in 1912. He has built up a nice business.

Thomas Smith, merchant, came to Driggs, in 1913 and established himself in business, purchased 640 acres of land, and after a few years left and established himself in Rexburg. Some of his married children still remain here.

His son, T. W. Smith, was elected auditor and recorder, succeeding W. F. Robertson.

In the early settlement of this neighborhood, before all the desert entries could be fenced, T. R. Wilson and M. W. Pratt, with some others, manufactured a boring machine, bored the posts with a two-inch hole and erected a leaning pole fence around a mile square of land about a mile northeast of Driggs, where they did some community farming.

In 1892 it was demonstrated that grain could be matured here, as prior to that they had cut the grain for hay, which was needed more than grain at that time. T. R. Wilson brought in the first binder that year. This field was ever after that called the "big field," and embraced part of the T. R. Wilson and Cornelia P. Driggs land.

The Taylor brothers came into this valley shortly after this, and W. W. Taylor purchased the Cornelia P. Driggs farm; A. E. Taylor purchased the George Bush ranch at the mouth of Fox Canyon, and E. J. Taylor bought the E. B. Seymour ranch, just south of Driggs.

A water system was installed in Driggs in 1912, piped from a spring at the mouth of Teton Canyon, five miles distant.

In 1909 the leading men here saw the necessity of a printing establishment, and started the *Teton Valley News*, the name having been suggested by B. W. Driggs. J. F. Blumer was the first editor. In 1911 F. C. Madsen became the owner and publisher, and has ever since made the paper and printing establishment a success.

The first druggist in Driggs was Miss Lillian Pearson, who had previously established a drug store in Victor. She married Peter Milligan and later sold the drug store to J. R. Fairbanks. Two or three years after this he sold to H. J. Enenbach, who then established a first class drug store at the present stand, now owned by J. H. Harper.

Griggs Brothers and Winger purchased the H. L. Cannon store, and James F. Griggs succeeded him as postmaster. Miner Brothers later purchased the business, and J. F. Griggs then established a music and shoe store in the building now known as the Durrant studio. Miner Brothers sold their business to B. F. Blodgett. Later F. J. Stone became a copartner with Blodgett. After Blodgett and Stone had built up a prosperous business they sold to G. S. Arnold, who placed Guillam Vaughan in the management. Albert Choules later became the manager and purchased an interest in the business. In 1925 Choules sold his share in the business and it is now known (1926) as the G. S. Arnold Co.

The next in line of the early merchants, at the same time Miner Brothers were operating, was James M. Sewell, who established a store in the Young Men's Hall, and for a number of years was the leading merchant here. Then followed the Teton Valley Supply Company, and finally the business houses of today.

The first residence built in Driggs was the log cabin of D. C. Driggs, in 1888.

We cannot enumerate all the splendid men and women who first subdued the waste places and helped to make a live community. We shall, however, make mention of the bishops of the ward, who were not only leaders in a religious capacity, but in social and business affairs.

The first bishop of this locality was Mathoni W. Pratt, ordained August 22, 1889; Don C. Driggs, June 8, 1901; Hyrum O. Crandall, September 2, 1901, whose death occurred April 29, 1904;



Main Street Scene, Driggs, 1912.



Driggs Hotel.

he was succeeded by his counselor, Stanley B. Fairbanks, May 22, 1904; Harvey L. Crandall, August 11, 1907; Edlef B. Edlefsen, July 17, 1910; William R. Durrant, May 19, 1912; Joseph R. Fairbanks, November 16, 1913; Francis M. Reynolds, May 16, 1915; and Gamaliel V. Nelson, October 18, 1925.

After the first pioneers, the next man to establish a homestead on land that later became part of the town, was James W. Price, who, in 1895, located on 80 acres across the road from the high school, on a gravel patch that no one else thought worth taking, but from which he has reared and educated his children and made a comfortable living.

In those days his daughters Essie and Jean were the only unmarried belles of the neighborhood. The dancers of later days were at that time infants in improvised cradles, placed around in the different nooks and corners of the dance hall, and other than these, the ladies were young married women. The builders of dance halls found it necessary to provide baby quarters.

The Fairbanks boys located on land in about 1891 east of the townsite.

COMMERCIAL AND CIVIC LIFE.

There has ever been a group of wide awake business men in Driggs, ever ready to boost any laudable enterprise. A commercial club was organized as early as 1909 and has ever since kept up its activities, not only aiding in the development of the town but the whole valley, and they have succeeded exceptionally well in all their undertakings. At the time of the first organization D. C. Driggs was elected president and B. W. Driggs secretary. The present officers are: W. L. Killpack, president, H. L. Crandall, vice-president, Earl Floyd, secretary-treasurer. The club consists of about 50 members.

The town board of trustees also was imbued with the spirit that leads to the highest type of municipal success. The present board consists of F. C. Madsen, chairman, Arthur Tippetts, John H. Harper, W. F. Robertson and A. W. Clark, with Vern Thomas, clerk.

The Rural High School No. 3, commonly called "Teton High," is located in Driggs.

The legislature passed an act which was approved March 11, 1909, wherein it was provided that whenever two or more regularly organized school districts should petition the county commis-

sioners to unite them into a rural high school district, for the purpose of maintaining a high school therein, the board of county commissioners could submit the question to a vote of the qualified electors of the districts so petitioning. The people of this district at once took advantage of that law. B. W. Driggs prepared the petition in accordance therewith and after it was signed presented it to the board of county commissioners of Fremont County. The matter was then submitted to a vote of the electors of the districts of Driggs, Darby, Bates, Cache, Leigh, Clawson and Cedron. The election was held July 23, 1910. There were no negative votes cast. Cache, however, later withdrew. James M. Sewell was the leading spirit and promoter of the proposition, and acted as chairman of the preliminary meetings.

At the first meeting after the election Ray C. Kimball was elected chairman of the board, B. W. Driggs clerk and Charles Cherrington treasurer. The first board of trustees were: R. C. Kimball, Richard Merrill, Abner McFerson, C. B. Valentine and Frank Walker.

The first school was held over the Blodgett and Stone store, and was taught, along with the eighth grade, by Walter H. Durrant and David E. Smith. W. M. Warner became the next principal. After the second year the school was held in the Winger building, over the drug store.

The principal for 1913-14 was J. A. Hughs. In 1914 the high school building was erected, and Ezra C. Dalby became principal. He held the position until April 29, 1919, when his resignation was accepted. B. Glen Smith succeeded Mr. Dalby, beginning with the fall term 1919. The next principal was M. H. Knudsen, selected by the board March 27, 1922, to begin with the September term. T. Ross Wilson was appointed principal April 2, 1923, to begin with the fall term, and is the present incumbent.

At first the school was so small that but little assistance was required, but when Mr. Hughs became principal he was authorized to secure an additional teacher to help him.

During the period of Mr. Dalby's principalship we find the following named assistants: J. R. Maughan, C. S. Boyle, John Russell, H. N. Mickelsen, Vera Madsen, I. C. Robertson, Merlyn Sheets, J. H. Jensen, Cleon Dalby, Dilworth Walker and Wm. B. Batt.

In 1920-21 the teachers were B. Glen Smith, Billye Coleman, H. R. Slack, R. L. Knight and C. L. Luke.

In 1921-22: B. Glen Smith, Billye Coleman, Fay Ollerton, C. L. Luke, R. L. Knight, T. Ross Wilson, Delmar Dickson, and B. J. Edwards.

In 1923-24: T. Ross Wilson, B. J. Edwards, Delmar Dickson, E. H. Mecham, Edna Crookston, Olivia Lee, C. J. Hart and Laurel Dickson.

In 1924-25: T. Ross Wilson, B. J. Edwards, Delmar Dickson, Laurel Dickson, C. J. Hart, Earl Floyd, Olivia Lee, Leon M. Strong and Mable H. Strong.

In 1925-26: T. Ross Wilson, B. J. Edwards, Mabel H. Strong, Afton Argyle, Iona Osmond, Clarence Murdock, J. A. Kartchner and Earl Floyd.

Leon M. Strong has been appointed principal, to begin with the fall term of 1926.

CHAPTER XLV.

VICTOR.

VICTOR and the Trail Creek country were in a very primitive condition when the settlers first came in. They located first on the south side of Trail Creek, nestled right under the mountains, where they could look up and see their rugged peaks and summit of the range mingle with the jasper tints of the sky, where the landscape at the base of the mountains where they located looked like a sea of amethyst, in the color of the beautiful foliage, where the vale spread out before them, no less lovely in its varied fields of green, and pink with flowers. In this ideal retreat roamed the wild game, now to be supplanted with the domestic animals.

Timber was at their very doors where they built their log cabins and covered the floors with the skins of wild animals. They cut the tall grass and wild geraniums along the foothills for hay until canals were taken out and cultivated hay raised, or cut their oats for hay.

It was a number of years before there was any town. The people were scattered out on their homesteads and had to remain there until final proof was made. For years before the first settlers came this was the point of entrance over Piney Pass at the southwest and the Teton Pass at the southeast, and common entrance for the Indians and trappers.

To those who had the privilege of visiting this section before the landscape was changed into farms, pastures or small blocks of land, it appeared as a protected garden spot of flowers, vines and other beauties of nature, hemmed in on all sides but one, with majestic mountains, which now make the fine panoramic background of the town.

It was on April 20, 1889, that the six or seven families heretofore mentioned came in and located. They found, at the head of Warm Creek, south of Victor, the skeleton of a trapper with both hands caught in his bear trap.

Victor is the terminus of the railroad; is the shipping point to and from Jackson Hole and Swan Valley, and is the automobile transfer point en route to or from the Yellowstone National Park for railroad passengers.



District School, Victor, Idaho.



L. D. S. Church, Victor, Idaho.

Before the settlers came in, Samuel Weeks and a party of hunters from Sunnydell, cut a trail sufficient for a wagon to pass, part way up Trail Canyon.

The author, in coming down Trail Canyon in 1891, discovered but a trail, with brush and trees so thick we had to travel down the creek in many places in order to get through on horseback.

In 1894, Hyrum Hatch and John Lauritzen, and in 1895, Fred Allen, Andrew Edwards, Hile Hatch, Thomas Cherry and James Kay located here.

Shortly after these early settlers David Cheney, Albert Smith and Nathan H. Stevens also came in. Mr. Stevens was an early, if not the first, Justice of the Peace here.

The colonization continued each year, and among those early settlers who received title to land in this vicinity, we find on record the names of Nahum Curtis, Owen B. Curtis, Leander Curtis, Frank W. Parsons, John L. Eynon, Ira Blanchard, John L. Blanchard, Richard L. Kearsley, Charles M. Smith, Charles Powell, Joseph Johnson, Henry Tonks, George M. Tonks, Ben Jones, Albert Suiste, Fred J. Kimball, William, Patrick and James Davies, William Hart, Joseph Dewey, George A. Dewey, Orson Walton, Howard O. Young, Peter S. Durney, William H. Paul, John P. Chesley, Charles W. Barnes, Charles A. Allen, John Fry, Edward F. Blair, Frank Reed, David R. Sinclair, Archie R. Kimball, Charles S. Spencer, Reuben M. Tuttle, Charles C. Castello, John R. Paul, Lodema Cheney, O. F. Ursenbach, William J. Powell, David Jackson, Edwin D. Jones, Effie E. Ricks, A. I. Robertson, C. J. Robertson, W. F. Robertson, William A. Bowles, Edwin Rice, Edmond A. Paul, Joshua Jones, Albert A. Brown, John Lauritzen, Rufus Johnson, Henry J. Peterson, and others who came later. We also find from other records the names of Silas Cheney, Isaac T. Allen, Hyrum Hatch, C. Marion Hatch, Thomas Cherry, William Wilson and David Smith.

The first white child born here was Mary Ann Parsons, later Mrs. Wm. M. Thompson, Jr., who died during the "flu" epidemic.

The first church house, which was used for all public gatherings, was erected on the corner of Fred Sinclair's farm. The first school teacher was Effie Eynon, who was paid in produce for her labors. The benches were made of split logs. She later married Ed. Blair.

The townsite of Victor, then called Raymond, was granted from the government, and was platted and dedicated January 10,

1901. The first post office was on the ranch of Joseph Johnson, about a mile northwest of the townsite, on what is now the George M. Tonks place. When the office was moved into town there was some confusion in the mails because of another town by the same name. A committee got together to discuss the question as to the name, and it was suggested to name it after the then mail carrier, Claude Victor, who showed his bravery by carrying the mail over the "hill" to Jackson during the Indian scare. The name was adopted, but met with some opposition by the people.

David Cheney went to Blackfoot and secured the dedication of the townsite. J. T. Smellie, of Rexburg, surveyed it, and was assisted by John Lauritzen and Hile Hatch, in the summer of 1896. The people then drew for lots. However, prior to the drawing, they gave Thomas W. Porter the corner lot where the C. M. Hatch and Company store is now, if he would establish a store there. The Porter brothers, consisting of T. W. and Arthur, then became the first merchants of the town. The log building in the rear of the Hatch store housed the Porter store and post office, now used as a warehouse. This Porter Brothers' store was erected and started in 1896.

A Mr. Thompson of St. Anthony, also established a store here shortly after Porter Brothers, which was managed by his brother-in-law, Clyde Lucas. Robertson Brothers succeeded to this business about 1899. They built a large frame structure, which was destroyed by fire January 2, 1919.

Ben Jones built his hotel and dance hall in 1897. John Lauritzen planted the first shade trees and apple trees here in the spring of 1897.

Prior to any ward organization Frank W. Parsons was presiding elder over a branch of the church. The first ward organization was called the Alpine ward, August 7, 1892, with David R. Sinclair bishop, John L. Eynon and Nahum Curtis counselors. The name of the ward was changed to Raymond, October 16, 1892, and changed to Victor September 9, 1900.

A Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association was organized jointly with the young ladies on February 12, 1895, with David Cheney as president, Isaac T. Allen and Thomas Cherry counselors.

Eliza J. Ricks was the first president of the Relief Society, with Eliza J. Barnes and Mary E. Kearsley counselors, and Lois Eynon secretary. The records show that on November 14, 1897,

Amy W. Cherry was president, Tabitha C. Avery and Elizabeth Curtis, counselors, and Harriet A. Allen, secretary.

Porter Brothers were succeeded by the Victor Mercantile Company, consisting of John L. Eynon, Edwin Rice, David Cheney and others, with Octave F. Ursenbach as manager. Later B. F. Blodgett purchased the business, in which C. M. Hatch was for a long time associated, and now owns the controlling interest, under the name of C. M. Hatch and Company.

In 1913 W. F. Robertson erected what became known as the Killpack Hotel, which John D. Killpack, Jr., purchased, finished and operated for a few years. This building also houses the Stephens drug store and Brower and Sons store.

William Raum started the first saloon here about 1890, and soon after he killed Fred Sinclair by hitting him over the head with a beer bottle. Lum Nickerson succeeded to the business in 1901. During this same year John Vail established a saloon.

Lillian Pearson was the first to establish a drug store, in 1901. She later sold to Fred Drake, who soon after sold the business to J. R. Fairbanks.

The cut stone district school house was erected in 1903, which was later combined with the Rural High School, when additions were added, with a total cost of \$30,000. The beautiful cut stone church building was erected in 1912.

The Victor State Bank building was completed in 1920, at a cost of \$16,000, and the Jones theatre the same year.

Victor has a cheese factory, water system, cement walks, electric lights, bank, drug store, three general merchandise stores, two garages, three hotels, meat market, a cafe, grain warehouses, livery barns, oil tanks, etc. It also has adjacent to it vast deposits of limestone.

This is a choice district for seed potatoes, peas and other vegetables, and a good dairy country.

The names in the order of ordination of the bishops are David R. Sinclair, Nahum Curtis, Joseph A. Johnson, Stephen Hutchings, Joshua A. Brower and Clarence L. Stephens. Bishop Curtis began at the organization of the first ward as counselor, and held the office of bishop for 13 years, beginning September 2, 1901.

Among the boosters and energetic community workers in the early growth of Victor and surrounding country, were David Sinclair, Nahum Curtis, Frank W. Parsons, David Cheney, John L. Eynon, Ben Jones, R. L. Kearsley, Edwin Rice, Eli Curtis,

Owen B. Curtis, J. J. Blanchard, Chris Peterson, Hyrum Hatch, Thomas Cheney, Charles Barnes, Anthony Humble and Ed Blair. Mr. Blair was the first to erect a sawmill in this vicinity. Wm. H. Wardle first came here in 1900, and moved his family here in 1905.

These men are to be commended for their splendid efforts while the colony was in its infancy, in establishing schools, other public institutions and enterprises of those pioneer days. They were all public-spirited men.

B. F. Blodgett, while not among the first pioneers, when he did locate here he was of material help in advancing public enterprises, and became one of the main financial stays of the town. He made the B. F. Blodgett and Company store one of the leading mercantile establishments of the valley, and was the main factor in establishing the Victor State Bank, of which he is president.

C. M. Hatch was for years an employee, later a copartner, and now principal owner of the Blodgett and Company store, which is now the C. M. Hatch and Company establishment. This company also has a general store in Driggs.

RURAL HIGH SCHOOL NO. 2.

In the fall of 1908 H. D. Sedgwick, who had taught the eighth grade in Victor the year previous, offered to teach a ninth grade. His offer was accepted, and the interest thus aroused in advanced school work led the citizens to organize a rural high school the following spring. When first incorporated the district embraced Cedron, Chapin, and Victor, but two years later Chapin withdrew.

At first the work was carried on in a room under the stairs of the old rock school house, but, as the student body grew in number, it became necessary to find larger quarters. The board of trustees obtained permission to use the second floor of the Robertson store, and the high school was transferred to that building, where it remained until a fire destroyed the structure in 1919. From that date until the completion of the school house in 1922, the classes met in the basement of the L. D. S. Church.

There were times when it seemed the venture would not survive the opposition launched against it, but through the untiring efforts of the people it has passed successfully through its infancy, and promises to endure. Chief among its supporters are John Lauritzen, and C. M. Hatch, who for 15 years worked unceasingly for its advancement.

The following persons have had charge of the instruction of the school since it was organized:

Miss Eva Mygrants, 1909-10; C. W. Price, 1910-13; D. C. Williams, 1913-18; L. A. Williams, 1918-20; A. Fordham, 1920; H. H. Hale, 1921-24; Enoch Nelson, 1924—still acting.

At present the school has an enrollment of 67 students. The faculty consists of three full-time, degreed teachers, and one part-time teacher, who holds a special certificate in music. The present teachers are: Enoch Nelson, principal, Gleason Kennard, Reata Comish and Ira Rosengreen.

CHAPTER XLVI.

HADEN.

HADEN was the next to dedicate a townsite, November 13, 1905. In adopting the name that was given to the first post office of the valley in honor of Dr. F. V. Hayden, the "y" was dropped. The town was dedicated by the owners of the land, Willard G. Homer, Joseph A. Black and George Little. The townsite was located about three miles southeast of the river bridge on the main highway into the valley, and was the first stopping place of the stage coach, where teams were exchanged and meals served, at the Black hotel.

Porter and Lyon established the first store here. Two general merchandise stores were later established, one by H. A. Campbell and the other by Joseph C. Gustaveson; a blacksmith shop, livery barn, other small shops and several residences were erected, besides a church and a school. The town flourished until the advent of the railroad, then the business houses moved to Tetonia, east of Haden on the line of the railroad. Finally it was abandoned as a townsite, and the land is now being farmed. O. W. Christensen, now county sheriff, established the first blacksmith shop of the valley here in 1906.

Some of the settlers in this vicinity were leading and public spirited men, among them David Breckenridge, one of the first pioneers. He was a county commissioner here when the county seat was at Blackfoot, a judge of elections and held other positions of trust. He and Samuel Swanner laid out the main road between Teton River and Canyon Creek, and Ed S. Little plowed a furrow the whole length with a sulky plow to mark the way, which has ever since been the public highway between these points. Breckenridge died here January 31, 1915, and his wife died March 26 of the same year. Both were buried in the Haden cemetery.

Samuel Swanner, who still lives here on his original homestead, is an old pioneer, having crossed the plains in 1863. He stopped at Fort Bridger for about two weeks, and then came to Idaho with his father, who was also named Samuel. He later went to Richmond, Utah, and was in Cottonwood Canyon, Salt Lake County, in 1867, where he became acquainted with and

worked with "French Louie," as he was called, and not known to Mr. Swanner by any other name, but whose name was Louis Vasquez, then an old gray-haired man, the first discoverer of the Great Salt Lake. He told Mr. Swanner the story heretofore related with Bridger, who has been given the credit of being the first discoverer of that salty inland sea. Vasquez said that they went overland and not in a canoe, as is usually recorded in history.

In 1869, Swanner hauled salt from Soda Springs to Boise, and was in Montana during the Nez Perce war, and when General Custer was killed in the Sioux war. He was with a company of citizens, aiding in the Indian war when Chief Joseph was escaping, headed for Canada, but who was captured by General Nelson A. Miles just before reaching the border.

It happened that General Miles died at Washington, D. C. on May 15, 1925, at the age of 86 years, the same day the author was writing these events of Mr. Swanner, hence we note this in passing.

Mr. Swanner located in Rexburg in 1885, and came into this valley in 1887, purchased the Tim Hibbard ranch, and moved his family in the next year. He was one of the judges of the first election held at the Seymour ranch in 1888, and the election of 1890, held in the "Star Commercial" building just north of Driggs. He was the first registration officer and road overseer of the valley, appointed in 1889, and the first justice of the peace, in 1890. He took men out from here to work their poll tax at the Canyon Creek crossing.

At the time of the Indian scare here he wrote to Governor McConnell, asking for guns and ammunition "to protect the frontier," and informed the Governor that the people here were poorly equipped. In a few days he received an answer, saying that the labor strikes were on, and the guns were all sent to the scene of that trouble, but that he had wired the war department for troops, who would be here as soon as possible. The Governor came here in person, and remained over night with Mr. Swanner. He thanked him for the interest he took in notifying him of the conditions of the Indian troubles. As heretofore noted, Mr. Swanner was appointed the first probate judge when Teton County was organized.

Mr. Swanner has always taken an active part in civic life, is an adept on the snare drum, with which he has demonstrated his ability as a drummer at many public gatherings.

Edwin S. Little, who settled here in March, 1889, was always a public spirited man, as well as actively engaged in religious duties. He was the first superintendent of the Aline Ward Sunday School and was the first bishop of the Haden ward. He was a deputy assessor when this valley was part of Fremont County, and he has held the position of assessor, after the first appointment, ever since. He was also a county commissioner for two terms when this valley was part of Fremont County.

Jim Goodwin and William Nordyke, associate trappers with Breckenridge, did not remain here long, and Tim Hibbard met a suspicious death in Wyoming. It is stated that he was poisoned.

A splendid man, who resided here until his death, was John Letham in 1889 and family in 1890.

The names of some of those who soon followed in the wake of the first pioneers who located in this vicinity are as follows: Fred H. Hunter, Joseph A. Black, Herbert Davidson, Buckley Fullmer, Almon S. Fullmer, John Deakin, Heber J. Bevan, Melissa G. Homer, Willard G. Homer, D. D. Griffiths, Albert Gilbert, Edwin W. Guyman, J. M. McCracken, J. H. McCracken, Albert Mangum, Fred C. Gray (an early mail carrier), Paul F. Peterson, Edmond A. Paul, Don G. A. Smith, Nils Peterson, William W. Priestly, M. H. Ivens, Abraham S. Sorensen, James M. Thomas, Heber J. Thompson, Frank A. Wait, William J. Watts, William Van Leuven, Albert Allen, Arden S. Paul, John A. Lambert, Joseph H. Everson, Lucy Ricks, Axel Everson, Nels Petersen, John Oliver, Glen Russell, Edwin M. Green, M. H. Sims, Robert M. Sims, Nels Hansen, and no doubt others whose names do not appear of record. G. V. Nelson came here in 1889, with his father, intending to erect a sawmill in Leigh Canyon. The mill proposition fell through. The following year he returned and sold their personal effects, and did not locate here permanently until a few years ago. J. C. Roundy was an early settler about half way between Haden and the river bridge.

CHAPTER XLVII.

LEIGH-CLAWSON.

SOME of the names last mentioned were in the Leigh district, which later became known as Clawson, but the districts were not defined in the early days.

The Clawson townsite was dedicated December 5, 1915, by Spencer Clawson, who was among those who made desert entries here in 1889, but did not reside here. He was a wholesale dry goods merchant in Salt Lake City. Before the townsite was dedicated the whole country from Haden to the east mountains was called Leigh, bordering the Leigh Creeks, and was changed to Clawson because the owner of the townsite offered some concessions in the way of giving lots for public purposes.

It was on the north side of one of the Leigh Creeks where George D. Black in the winter of 1889-90, attempted to measure the snow-fall by placing tin vessels in the brush where the snow would not drift. By February the snow measured 56 inches in the cans but was only 36 on the level, and he gave up the job, saying, "Hell, it's no use; the snow will be 50 feet deep before spring." As soon as spring came he moved away. He had by that time had enough snow.

The whole Leigh district is beautiful, with the several streams of clear water, springs, groves and great stretches of forests, with the eastern background of hills and mountains, it has luscious huckleberries and other wild fruits among the hills, with its ideal hunting retreats and attractive scenery. It is no wonder that this was the favorite place of encampment of the Indians, and that Leigh Creek was called by the trappers Indian Creek. Here are some of the richest lands, fine meadows and cultivated farms in the valley.

This district had the honor of having the first white settlers, the Laphams, in 1882. There was also located here among the early settlers, the Hubbards, Watermans, Lyon, and a few others, who came into the valley in 1883 and 1884; and in 1889-90, Edlef B. Edlefsen, Noah C. Edlefsen, James Edlefsen, Abner McFerson, David McFerson, Osmond W. Shaw and James A. O'Brien.

Just prior to these permanent settlers there were a few transient people who started to make improvements then bartered

away their claims, namely, William Irish, who just hauled a few logs, then sold to E. B. Edlefsen; a man named Eby sold his claim to Abner McFerson; George Allen, who came here in 1888, sold to James O'Brien, and George D. Black who sold to L. C. Waterman, and later Waterman sold to W. R. Scott. Robert Nickerson first located the O. W. Shaw ranch in 1887.

From 1889 to 1900 the following people located in the then extensive district: Samuel J. Merrill, Robert G. Meikle, John H. Meikle, Alfred W. Meikle, Joseph Buxton, Oscar O. Knight, George R. Knight, Charles Knight, Moses Beaudrero, Walter Barney, Arthur Jarmon, Peter R. Merrill, James Henrie, James Hopkins, Ernest Hobbs, Daniel H. Hopkins, George W. Hendrickson, Ezekiel Hopkins, Charles H., Robert G., and George W. Hopkins, James R. Hansen, Hans P. Mack, Hyrum B. Clawson, Joseph Poulson, Peter Swensen, Levi Phillips, Jacob Rouche, Charles, Joseph and Hezekiah Hurst, Thomas J. Richardson, Josiah Ricks, Justin Ricks, Marcho Peterson, Joseph O., James D., James E. and John A. Henrie, Wallace Ricks, Halsey D. Fullmer, Henry C. Lamoreaux, Alfred Wallace, Lemuel Steele, Jr., Alfred Thorne, Alfred Hansen, Niels Olsen, Joseph Anderson, John Dolan, Richard Galloway, Edward A. Killpack, and possibly some others.

Schools were established at an early date. While at first the school houses were crude affairs, later frame school houses were erected. There are two districts in this big territory. In 1910 the Clawson district erected a fine cut stone school building, and about the same time a modern church house was built.

The first ward was organized June 26, 1898, as the Leigh Ward. Robert G. Meikle was bishop, with George W. Hendrickson and Peter Swensen counselors, David McFerson clerk. Polly Hopkins was president of the Relief Society, with Elizabeth Hendrickson and Melissa A. Shaw counselors, Jennie Hopkins secretary; Sarah Mack president of the Young Ladies' Improvement Association, Lydia Fullmer and Annie S. Meikle counselors, and Amanda Swensen secretary.

On November 23, 1903, George W. Hendrickson became bishop, with H. P. Mack and James Henrie counselors.

The Leigh ward was divided on March 20, 1904 and H. P. Mack was appointed presiding elder over the branch that later became the Cache ward.

Halsey D. Fullmer was selected bishop of the Leigh ward on January 29, 1905, with Henry C. Lamoreaux and Alfred Hansen

counselors, but their ordinations did not take place until May 21, 1905.

On January 17, 1907, the name was changed to Clawson Ward. Mr. Fullmer continued as bishop until February 13, 1914, when Alfred Hansen, the present incumbent, succeeded him.

In this district the first and only store was established on what is now the Cordon ranch, by Jacob Rouche, who came here from Logan, Utah, in 1896, and brought with him a stock of merchandise.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

DARBY.

IN THE spring of 1882 Jim Darby built a little hut or place of encampment at the old trail crossing, about a half mile west of the present main highway on Goodfellow Creek, and spent the summer there. He associated to some extent with Benbrook and Hill, the men with the "stolen" wives, who that year were encamped near the willows just southeast of the present town of Driggs, and because "Jim Darby" was on Goodfellow Creek, and they not knowing this stream by the name Dr. Hayden had given it, commenced calling it Darby Creek, and this name has stuck ever since to the stream and the beautiful canyon from which it flows. This "Jim Darby" is described by one of the survivors of those early days as "a strange creature," and it was thought this was an assumed name and that he was a fugitive from justice. He was not a trapper, and in fact, he had no occupation whatever. Before winter came he had disappeared to parts unknown.

The little town of Darby is situated on the bench southeast of Driggs about four miles, bordering the majestic Teton Range and the Wyoming line. This vicinity is called the garden spot of the valley, with a rich fertile soil, and receives an abundant water supply from Darby Creek. It has a farming community engaged in diversified farming, orchards, gardens and dairy industry. A sawmill operated by S. M. Collett and a lime kiln owned by Frank A. Pascoe (until his death in the spring of 1926), are contiguous to the district.

The first settlers have heretofore been mentioned as having located there in 1889-90. The Todds took out the first canal in this vicinity. Soon after these first pioneers there came Daniel B. Hill, Lorenzo Davidson, Carl and Pete Gjetterup, Christian Jacobsen, and Lars P. Petersen; then during the next few years Hans P. Hansen, Hans P. Hansen, Jr., Alma Hanson, Henry M. Olmstead, Rudolph Blattner, Harry L. Cannon, Chris Larsen, William R. Pascoe, Frank A. Pascoe, Anders C. Larsen, Charles A. Larsen, Peter Larsen, Elliott H. Healey, Edward H. Holden, Albert Tarbet, Willard Tarbet, Alfred J. Ellis, James A. Hills, Harold D. Winger, Arthur Winger, Joseph S. Hillman, Octavus Smith, William R. Durrant, Walter H. Durrant, Joseph Delaney,

Carl A. Johnson, John A. Terry, Aaron Daniels, and down by the main highway, H. O. Crandall and H. L. Crandall, (August 6, 1896).

On the south side of Darby Creek and thence along near the foothills to Fox Creek, among the early homesteaders were W. W. Nickell, Ira Crandall, Charles A. Moulton, George W. Bush, Thomas W. Cox, Charles Cluff, James Elliott, Emil Stahn, Benjamin F. Parker, George Woolstenhulme, Nels Christensen and Charles Nordvall.

North of Darby Bench, in the vicinity of Rapid Creek, commonly called Spring Creek, were George Eddington, the Isaac M. Waddell family, Daniel L. Hill, the Alex Hill family, George Goodrich, Eddie Holden and S. S. Hulet.

The first child born in the Darby district was Arthur Davidson, in 1891.

Darby has a conservative yet progressive people, and is one district that does not have a bonded school indebtedness, as the people contributed their own labor and means for the erection of school and church houses. The present school building was erected in 1902. Previous to that a log house was used.

Edward H. Holden established the first sawmill in the Darby Canyon, but there was a shingle mill prior to that.

The Darby townsite was dedicated by H. M. Olmstead October 19, 1907. The Darby ward was organized August 25, 1895. Prior to that John Todd was the presiding elder, and he was succeeded by Daniel B. Hill. The following are the names of the bishops of the ward: Emanuel Bagley, Harold D. Winger, David Loveland, Willard G. Homer, Alexander P. Hamilton, Charles A. Larsen, Peter Sorensen, Octavus Smith, and Charles A. Larsen again, the present incumbent.

Bagley moved away and before another bishop was chosen, Daniel B. Hill again acted as presiding elder.

CHAPTER XLIX.

CACHE.

THE Cache Ward was carved out of Leigh, and as its early history is interwoven in the Leigh district we shall begin here with its organization. Most of the people who first settled in this locality came from Cache Valley, Utah, and chose this name for the ward. The Cache townsite was dedicated June 17, 1907, and the ward was organized on May 8, 1904.

In the spring of 1889, Joseph Gale located at the edge of the bench near the river bottom, but later moved onto the townsite, erected a store building and established a store. His son Arthur now occupies the old homestead. Joseph was the first carpenter in the neighborhood, and also set broken bones in an emergency, along with his other joinder work. The Moffat family also located in the same vicinity in 1889. In 1890 Mrs. William Thornton came in and was the first storekeeper here.

In 1891, what was first called the Hayden post office, was moved to Cache, and the postmaster was Miss M. J. Moffat. The mail was then carried from Rexburg to Jackson Hole by Samuel Moffat.

In 1901 the Cache school district was organized, and the school was held in a little log cabin. The first students numbered 26.

Robert G. Meikle became the first bishop at the time of the ward's organization and held that position for 12 years. He was then called into the high council, and was succeeded by N. H. Hansen in 1916, James Neilsen succeeded him in May, 1917, and two years later John Christofferson became the bishop. He was succeeded by C. H. Mickelsen October 18, 1925.

The town soon emerged from the primitive state of the country. A fine school and church were erected, also a number of good modern residences. A large portion of the district sub-irrigates and produces fine crops without irrigation, and is a splendid dairy section. The town lies about half way between Driggs and Tetonia. The whole surrounding country is a beautiful level plain, covered with grain fields and fine meadows.

CHAPTER L.

CHAPIN.

CHAPIN lies on the main highway about half way between Driggs and Victor. It has no townsite, its only public buildings being a church and school. It secured a post office soon after the Hayden office was established, known as Fox, and Michael Byrne became the postmaster, handling all the mail for Jackson Hole, being the last office on the route. The office was later moved near to Victor. When it was again established on Fox Creek, there happened to be a man in the postal department at Washington by the name of Chapin, who wanted to perpetuate his name, so the post office was changed from Fox to Chapin.

The names of the early settlers have already been mentioned; but the man who seemed to be foremost in public enterprise, with a capacity of holding office, was Michael Byrne. For 18 years he held the office of justice of the peace, and was a school trustee for 23 years. He later moved to Driggs and held the office of Probate Judge for three terms, finally becoming the village marshal of Driggs. D. O. Walton was the first justice of the peace. While Walton's farm was near Darby Creek he was included in the Chapin district. His farm adjoined the tract of land where the Battle of Pierre's Hole was fought.

Adjoining him on the west was the homestead of W. B. Stone, also an early settler. These two ranches are now owned by Wm. H. Woolstenhulme. The Walton claim was first located on by Ray C. Kimball in 1890, adjoining which was a little lake formed by beaver dams until Mr. Kimball opened up the banks and let the water out.

D. O. Walton and his brother George came into this valley on hunting trips from Lyman as early as 1887, but D. O. did not settle here until 1892. George came in 1889, and worked in the vicinity of Driggs, for M. W. Pratt the first year. He later located on a ranch in what is now the Cedron district, where he resided until June, 1925, when he sold out, intending to spend his remaining days in California, along with his brother.

The Henry Stone family, including the boys Frank J., George, Fred, and Bert, located in this district about 1895.

The first white child born in the vicinity was Elizabeth Murphy (Woolstenhulme), born October 15, 1888.

The first school district was organized in September, 1892, and school was held in the Charles M. Smith home. George Dewey, also a pioneer of this district since 1889, held the office of school trustee the same length of time as M. Byrne. G. M. Murphy was the first mail carrier from Fox to Jackson Hole, assisted by Joseph Johnson, and carried the mail in winter on snowshoes and skis.

The first presiding elder of the Fox branch was Joseph Johnson. Ben Jones was Sunday School superintendent, with E. Elliott as assistant and D. O. Walton, clerk. A ward was later organized, and Ebenezer Beesley became the bishop, with Dana O. Walton and Henry J. Stone counselors. Elijah Eddington was the next bishop. He was succeeded by Frank J. Stone; then David Nelson, Alexander Burnside, and now Voss C. Cordon, called then and ordained February 6, 1926. The principal industry is farming and stock-raising.

There are extensive bodies of lime rock adjacent to the district which is being shipped to the sugar factories.

CHAPTER LI.

BATES AND CEDRON.

THE country west of Teton River and southwest from Driggs, extending to the west mountains, was at first embraced in the Bates district, and derived its name from Thomas G. Bates, one of the first settlers there; later the Cedron ward was cut off from it on the south. It was in the early part of its settlement a sparsely settled country on account of its few streams of water, but in 1907, dry farming was introduced and all the land was taken up. Alma Hanson and William H. Dustin were the first to try dry farming there. The district contains rich and fertile soil, and even in the dry farm districts produces wonderful crops. Its beautiful background, the west mountains, are full of attractions and scenic beauty, with their immense bodies of timber, and all among the pines and brushy hillsides lie the extensive huckleberry patches, and during the berry season the hills are alive with pickers gathering this delicious fruit. There are also many other kinds of wild fruit, and when the pioneers first came in these wild fruits were their only supply. These hills were infested in the early days with the Indians gathering their winter supplies of fruits which they gathered and dried.

During the long winters what tempting dishes were served, especially the huckleberry pies at the "big eats." No matter if the berry season came on during the busy haying time, men had to drop their work and take their wives and children huckleberrying. It is not only making hay while the sun shines but gathering the winter supply of fruit while the season is on.

The early settlers have already been mentioned in the general narrative of pioneers, who located on the small streams and springs.

Thomas G. Bates raised the first grain on the west side, and he with Charles Foster and Henry Foster brought in the first threshing machine, and in 1890 they threshed 1300 bushels of grain over the whole valley, and the following year 13,000 bushels. Mr. Bates located at the mouth of Mahogany Canyon March 6, 1889, took out water for irrigation and commenced breaking the virgin soil.

A ward was not organized here until August 12, 1908, with Alma Hanson as bishop, Thomas G. Bates and Samuel Kunz counselors. Mr. Hanson continued as bishop until May, 1919. He was called into the stake presidency February 20, 1921. He was succeeded by Charles M. Wardle, and he by Walter J. Wood. Prior to the organization of the ward, Thomas G. Bates became the presiding elder, in the fall of 1896, with Samuel L. Wood and Benjamin P. Homer counselors. Mr. Homer was also the superintendent of the Sunday School, Mary A. Wood was president of the Relief Society, and Annetta Homer president of the Primary Association.

In October, 1906, Alma Hanson moved into the district from Darby, and began, the following spring, plowing his dry farm. From this time on other arid lands were taken up, and the population increased.

Cedron was cut off from the Bates district, March 10, 1916, and Milford N. Kunz became the presiding elder. When the ward was organized March 17, 1918, he was ordained the bishop. The early history of this district has already been related.

Mrs. Eliza Buckland, a granddaughter of Henry Foster, who first located in 1888 on what is now part of the Bates ranch, says that her grandmother planted many flowers there, with seeds and bulbs she brought with her from Michigan, one of them, a big red peony, is still growing and blooming near the Bates home, planted in 1888, and nearly all the grandchildren now have flowers growing from this same plant.

CHAPTER LII.

TETONIA AND PRATT.

THE townsite of Tetonia was dedicated November 3, 1910, but did not begin to build up until after the advent of the railroad. The business houses of Haden then moved to this point. Tetonia was not a pioneer town but had many pioneers in that neighborhood, some of whom are enumerated under the story of Haden. It is situated at the foot of the big bluff that projects like a peninsula out in the center of the northern end of the valley. It contained a bank—the Farmers' State Bank—until January 1, 1926, when it was purchased by the First National Bank of Driggs, two general merchandise stores, a drug store, hardware store and other smaller shops, grain elevators, lumber yard and other enterprises. The merchants of the town are A. C. Miner, who purchased the remnant of the H. A. Campbell stock, C. E. Harris who purchased from D. C. Hanks what was before the Gustaveson store, the Hastings Drug Company and the Hastings Hardware.

One of the early pioneers now residing here is Joseph Y. Hill, who was first in here trapping in 1881, and later located in the vicinity of Tetonia. He was a justice of the peace in early days, and now owner of a pool hall here.

There was quite an influx of people who located in this vicinity from 1895 to 1898. Charles H. and George F. Rammell came in 1898 and the father and remainder of the family a year later. Joseph C. Gustaveson came here in 1898, and married Amey Rammell. In that year also came Hyrum, Nephi and Joseph Hochstrasser, John Blair, Alma, Horace, Herbert and Claude Fullmer, George Sautter. Hyrum S. Egbert located here in 1901. Thomas A. Phillips and Milton E. Phillips located north of Tetonia, Levi A., Jed, and Bruce Phillips, in the vicinity of Tetonia.

The bishops of this ward were in the following order: Hyrum S. Egbert, Parley S. Rammell, Walter Rawlings, Jr., and C. Earl Harris.

PRATT WARD.

When a post office was established in what is ecclesiastically known as Pratt Ward it was named Alta, from its high point of

view. It is beautifully situated near the mouth of Teton Canyon, contains rich mountain loam soil, and is a noted garden spot, with apple orchards and varieties of small fruits. This is an ideal place for truck gardens, head lettuce, peas, etc.

It has a church, school, and cheese factory, and an industrious farming and dairying community.

As stated elsewhere the Rigbys and Greens were the first settlers, and many of the children of these worthy sires still reside there, and are the leading families in the community. Robert B. Dalley and Nelson Dalley located here a little later, and Fred W. Morgan in 1895. T. R. Wilson and M. W. Pratt, pioneers of this valley of 1888, moved into that district in 1892. Fred W. Morgan succeeded M. W. Pratt as bishop of the ward, resides near the mouth of the canyon, and at one time presided over the whole valley—the only ward at that time, and was very energetic in his duties over his expanded flock. David E. Rigby succeeded him as bishop August 11, 1908. He was followed by Anders A. Carlson, and James E. Rigby succeeded him. On March 21, 1926, Alfred Durtschi became bishop with Charles Christensen and Elmer E. Rigby counselors.

Some of the early settlers that located here soon after the first pioneers were Samuel L. Sheets, Milton L. Sheets, John Davidson, William P. Davidson, and other members of the family, Anders A. Carlson, Roland W. Brown, who was a forest ranger and entered a homestead there in 1898, Heber T. Clements, Franklin D. Richards, the Samuel Jackson family, and Hyrum S. Stevens, (1894).

CHAPTER LIII.

FELT AND SURROUNDING COUNTRY.

THE townsite of Felt was dedicated on September 30, 1911, by the Felt Investment Company, the members of which came here from Salt Lake City in 1889, and made desert entries on and near Badger Creek. It is the first town on entering the valley from the north, situated near Badger Creek, on the Ashton road, just after passing over the rolling hills and landing into the open plain. It is the center of the great dry farm grain belt and shipping point of the district. A state high altitude experiment station is located here, also grain elevators. When the railroad reached this point, A. L. McReynolds, a homesteader of 1907, and A. H. Talley, established stores here. Talley later sold to Forester, Ricks and others, who organized the Felt Mercantile Company, which existed until 1923.

Ed Morris was the first settler of the district, who, in 1890, made the first irrigation ditch from Beaver Swamps on Dry Creek, and in 1891 established a sawmill here with money furnished by Andrew Carnegie, a distant relative, and which he later sold to James T. Beard, who first operated the mill for Morris. The cabin where the Cooper homicide occurred was built just east of Felt.

In 1900 Julian M. DeCoster located in what is now called Judkins, and erected a two-story eight-room log house on the south side of Dry Creek, on a commanding view. He located this claim with the idea of making a game preserve, where often in the winter herds of elk would come around there seeking feed. When he came in Charles Patterson and Bill Lindsay had built their cabins at the end of the flat near Buffalo Crossing. Willard Swanner had then started a cabin on Tepee Creek that spring. This stream was called Tepee because an old frame tepee left by the Indians still stood there. Here were found two bull elk heads with locked horns. Where DeCoster located there was a spring and old corral built by horse thieves, at an early day, and was also used as a hunters' camp. This was in a draw with a side hill where DeCoster built, and to make a good foundation he built a rock wall six feet high and a stone fireplace, with eight feet of rock and clay. While DeCoster was absent during the following

winter some one thinking he had built a cache dug the whole thing down. Some of his enemies also placed cartridges in his stove and shot up his house, and occasionally took a shot at him.

The district was a wonderful cattle range in early days and the stockmen were opposed to its settlement.

A man named Gilmore came here in 1890, and lived with Morris; worked for him and later became a copartner with him, and when Morris left he located on his claim.

Jamison and Calderhead entered land in this vicinity in 1905, buying a relinquishment from Leonard R. Funk, a banker of Anaconda, who intended going in the stock business here. He had built a cabin near Little Biche Creek. These men ran a hardware store in St. Anthony, and the ranch was called the St. Anthony Hardware ranch.

The land soon began to be entered for dry farming. It has a dark rich loam and is very productive.

L. A. Lamont settled on the north side of Biche Creek in March, 1907, at the Carter Crossing. A. M. Carter and his brother had a cabin there in 1882, and for several years ranged their stock in this vicinity.

Dan Beesley, now living in Clementsville, had a ranch in the vicinity of the mouth of Biche Creek, and when the railroad reached that stream in 1911, he decided to build a boat to carry his freight down to his ranch, and named the boat "Titanic the Second." He had been a boatman on the Missouri and thought he could navigate the rapids of this stream. When he launched his craft although he did not strike an iceberg, the whirling current sent it bounding in all directions, and it was soon dashed to pieces. He barely escaped with his life, by catching hold of some brush as he was being swept down stream and while he was being whirled around a curve near the bank.

Among the dry farmers of this district who became successful and leading citizens, were James W. Stott, Hyrum Stott, A. E. Neeley, Thomas Richards, George Richards, J. E. Walsh, and others. Walsh has the distinction of laying the rails on the Yellowstone branch from Ashton to the Yellowstone National Park, and was also in charge of the material for the construction of the Victor branch, and supervised the bending of the rails for all the curves and the building of the yards of the railroad. Geo. L. Docstader found his way in here with the surveyors of the railroad.

Some of the early settlers on Badger Creek, near Felt, were the Hendrickson brothers. Frank Hendrickson now lives in Felt and runs a hotel there. Mrs. Engeline Priestly, Thompson Stewart and James Stalker located there also at an early day. Frank Brower and Earl Brower located on dry farms northwest of Felt and still reside there.

The first school taught in the district was by Miss Martha Jacobs, a homesteader, in 1910, which was a summer school. Miss Leda M. Johnson next taught in the Lamont wash house before a school building was erected. The first schoolhouse was built by public donation and personal labor of the people. Felt now has a fine independent school building. It also has a Presbyterian church and a Seventh Day Advent church. The L. D. S. church is located at Palisade north of Felt.

In 1911 an independent telephone line was constructed from Ashton to Felt, and the Lamont home was used as the telephone exchange, connecting three lines and the local phones.

James W. Stott was the first bishop of Palisade, north of Felt, and he was succeeded by Edgar L. Gee, who resigned in May, 1825, and on June 14, A. E. Neeley became the bishop. He is one of the present county commissioners, having also served a term in 1919-1920.

CHAPTER LIV.

CLEMENTSVILLE, RICHVALE, VALVIEW, JACKSON HOLE.

WHILE Clementsville is not in this valley, it is within the county, and lies in the rich dry farming district between the rim of the basin and Canyon Creek. The district has a store, church and school, which constitute all its public buildings. It was organized as a church branch of Teton Stake May 30, 1915, with Cecil Clements as presiding Elder, who was succeeded by Herbert Wilmore, the present incumbent.

RICHVALE.

In the Richvale district the first men to locate on the Hill ranch, near the mouth of Packsaddle Canyon, was Jim Robinson. It was then unsurveyed land, and when Robinson was killed in the horse thief raid, David H. Goe, usually called Hank Goe, located on the claim, and later sold to William Hill, who with his boys, were the only settlers there for some time.

A branch of the church was organized here May 9, 1915, and was first presided over by Moroni Caldwell; then followed James E. Harris, who was succeeded by Parley S. Rammell July 2, 1922. Albert Gilbert succeeded to the position May 20, 1923, and is still acting (1926).

VALVIEW.

Valview is the country formerly called Hunnidale, named from Ed Hunnicutt, who secured the establishment of a post office there on the Badger Creek rolling hills east of Felt. The Valview branch was organized July 6, 1914, with B. M. Anderson presiding elder. He was succeeded by Perry O. Hatch August 19, 1917, as bishop of the ward. His only counselor is Robert A. Egbert.

JACKSON HOLE.

Jackson Hole is included in the Teton stake of Zion. A ward was organized at Jackson May 8, 1902, but later July 10, 1921 became a branch with Willis L. Wineger presiding. Sunday School was organized in Jackson March 8, 1902, and at Cheney

on May 30, 1909; at Wilson September 18, 1898, and a branch was established at Wilson at the same time, Elijah Ward presiding. The Grovont branch was organized July 10, 1921, with T. Alma Moulton as presiding elder. Wilson branch was reorganized in July, 1921, with Ephriam Johnson presiding elder.

The South Park branch was organized September 13, 1925, with James M. Robertson, Jr., as presiding elder and acting superintendent of Sunday School. Beth Robertson is president of the Relief Society, with Susannah Iverson and Verda Wilson counselors.

CHAPTER LV.

THE WORLD WAR.

ON April 6, 1917, the United States declared war and joined the allies against Germany's barbaric war. A counsel of defense was appointed and organized in this county, with Ezra C. Dalby as chairman and T. W. Smith secretary.

Under the selective draft law R. S. Wilkie, B. W. Driggs and T. W. Smith became members of the counsel of defense and examined all drafted men and made up the questionnaires.

They were all gallant soldiers who went from this county; no cowards or slackers here, and all at home were loyal in the financial drives and home work. Many of our boys went overseas and were on the firing lines. A few made the supreme sacrifice and gave their lives in the great struggle that peace might reign again. May we ever commemorate their gallant deeds.

Those who gave their lives to the cause of freedom were: Moses A. Hulet of Driggs, Harry W. Maddox of Clements ville, Lindsay E. Murdock and George A. Smith of Victor. Others died later from diseases contracted during the war, among them Ora Rammell, who died in the summer of 1924 at the Whipple Barracks, Arizona, and Guy S. Butler, who died October 18, 1918.

List of the men inducted into the service of the United States in the World War, from Teton County, Idaho:

Harvard David Hanks, Owen Daniels, Daniel E. Allen, Melvin Chandler, William Alfred Hendricksen, James A. Dunn, Charles Lisle Edmiston, Desmore Tanner Hansen, James Roscoe Reece, Raymond R. Sweet, Lester James Van Leuven, Karl Hollingshead, Alma Clint Buxton, Willard Arlo Johnson, Oscar Nelson, Grant Dodds Thompson, Guy Marice Haws, Franklin Alva Mikesell, Scott Humble, Carl Melvin Anderson, Edward Pearson, Reuben Wanlass, Lawrence Price Griggs, Dueward M. Baler, Bruce Phillips, Leo Benson Curtis, Elmer Peter Curtis, Joseph S. Beard, Marvin Leland Sorensen, George Weaver Patterson, George Steven Woolstenhulme, Hyrum Christensen, Francis Joseph Coy, Frank Reynolds, Lapriel Reynolds, a nurse, Voss C. Cordon, Roland W. Brown, James L. Egbert, Ellis Kunz, John Nelson, Hyrum Liness Hovermale, William Lee Black, Junius Ethan Hochstrasser, Lewis Allen, Ezra Martin, Martin Gunnerson, George

M. Peacock, Roy Sylvester, Thomas Dee Atkins, Jerry Emmett Laughlin, Ezra Cleon Dalby, John Joseph Dolan, Arthur Benjamin Clark, Elmer A. Little, Dio L. Edlefsen, David Ira Pearson, Edward F. Humphreys, John Henry Hanson, Lindsey Edward Murdock, Ephriam Enoch Jensen, Harold Albert Stevens, Alfred Van Leuven, William Alfred Hubbard, Cecil Wood, Winford G. Manwarring, Alonzo D. Blanchard, Charles Ulrich Schiers, James Theron Miller, Edgar Cordon, Harry Walter Maddox, Julius Henry Stahl, Earl Fullmer Hochstrasser, George Anthony Smith, Walter Harper Furniss, Ether McNeil, Henry Cooper Beesley, Evan Burbank Floyd, Albert Franklin Hulet, John Robert Blanchard, Earnest Oakley Tyler, Irving W. Poulsen, Delbert Earl Hathaway, Monroe Dustin, Richune Berntsen, Fay Foster West, Keyes Millington Blair, John Thomas Wehlon, Lester P. Knight, Joseph N. Ard, Wallace Fife Blanchard, George M. Poulsen, Elihu R. Ashley, William Nelson, George Hendrickson, Eugene Adam Kofoed, Chase Lavonte Hochstrasser, Thomas Henry Foley, Hyrum A. Berntson, Gayson Manwarring, Elmer Mart Jones, Ora Rammell, Leland Killpack, John Alexander Burnside, Alga Reece, Lester Eugene Henrie, Fred Augustus Drake, Lisle Walter Dalby, Darrell Carson Buxton, Edward John Kearsley, Bacil Dean Moulton, Basil Fern Robertson, Chase Ray Kimball, Walter Leigh Fullmer, Warren Tonks, Perry Arthur Sewell, Frederick Price Griggs, Glenn Martin Hegsted, Frank Melvin Barton, Noble Ellsworth Stevens, Elmer Reynolds, Cliff Kerren Harris, John Henry Ripplinger, David Willard Hulet, Moses Arthur Hulet, Lawrence H. Little, Ezra Milo Crawford, Samuel Newton Alderman, Joseph Conrad Goodwater, Willard Brown, Robert Dalley, Mert Jackson, Jacob Herman, Joseph A. Henrie, Walter W. Henrie, Leland Aland, Charles W. Price, Spencer B. Young, Clarence Gunnerson, Willard Morgan, Niels N. Larsen, Ariel J. Smith, Mack Waddell, Angus Green, Clifford S. Wilson, Carl Carlson, Hyrum Coyle, Alvin Nickell, Louis Hoopes, Clyde Hochstrasser, Chester Black, Milton Maughan, Ray Burrows, James Peterson, George Edlefsen, Dewey Hillman, Gswald L. W. Jorgensen, Don C. Parker, George Arthur Wood, Frank Jeff Timpson, Benjamin Franklin Stevens, Cecil Wood, Wendell Clair Hillman, Fred Bobbah, Earl Rodney Moulton, Alonzo Jensen Fullmer, Hyrum Christensen, Anton Mickelsen, Robert G. Linderman, Byron Fullmer, Arville Victor Hegsted, Charles O'Reiley McLaughlin, William J. Dodd, James Thompson, Elmer Forbush, Paul Raybourn, Noble E. Stephens,

Joseph Beard, James T. Beard, Jr., Bruce Phillips, Arnold E. Stephens, John R. Ballard.

BRIEF SKETCHES OF ABSENT ONES.

Lindsay Edward Murdock left his home at Victor on the 24th of June, 1918, first going to Camp Lewis and then to Camp Kearney. He landed in France in August, 1918, with the 40th Division, and almost immediately was sent to the front with Company E, 307th Infantry, 77th Division. He was hit by a machine gun bullet while fighting in the Argonne Forest October 13, 1918, and lived only three minutes after being shot. He was 24 years old at the time of his death.

George Anthony Smith, son of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Smith of Victor, was sent to Camp Lewis June 24, 1918, thence to Camp Kearney, and sailed for overseas with the 40th Division, landing in France in August, 1918. He fought in the Argonne Forest and was killed on October 5, 1918, being 29 years old at the time of his death. He was buried at La Chalade, Meuse, France.

Guy S. Butler, son of Mr. and Mrs. M. W. Butler of Trenton, Utah, departed from his home in Driggs on July 28, 1918, for Fort Logan, thence to Camp McArthur, Texas, where he died from pneumonia on October 18, 1918, at the age of 24 years.

Moses Arthur Hulet, son of Mr. S. S. Hulet and his wife, Sarah A., of Driggs, Idaho, left his home in Driggs on November 7, 1917, and received military training at Camp Lewis. In March, 1918, he sailed for overseas and went to the front immediately upon his arrival. After recuperating from wounds received in battle in July, 1918, he went back to the front on September 20, where he fought in the Argonne Forest until October 9, when he was killed. He was 28 years old at the time of his death.

Ora Rammell was born in Providence, Utah, January 20, 1892, the son of Mr. and Mrs. George F. Rammell of Tetonia. He left home September 3, 1918, for military training at Camp Lewis; was there for a short time, and then was sent to Camp Fremont, Calif.; sailed for overseas on October 28, 1918, on the ship President Grant, arriving at Brest, France, November 9, and was on military duty there until long after the war, as a member of Company 8, Inf. Machine Guns. He was discharged with high honors and returned to the United States July 24, 1919. While in France

he contracted tuberculosis and was in the Boise Hospital most of the time for three years ; then went to Whipple Barracks, Arizona, where he died June 2, 1924, aged 27.

Mert Jackson, of Pratt Ward, enlisted in the World War in 1917, at the age of 23, and went overseas. He was born in Castle Dale, Utah in 1896, a son of Samuel and Elizabeth E. Jackson, early pioneers of Driggs who later made a homestead on land in Pratt Ward. He remained in the army until some time after the armistice was signed, contracted diabetes, returned home and died May 8, 1920.

BIOGRAPHIES

BIOGRAPHIES

BENJAMIN W. DRIGGS.

BENJAMIN W. DRIGGS was born in Pleasant Grove, Utah, January 31, 1858, and, although but a small boy at the time of the Civil War, he remembers the intense excitement and discussions in regard to the war at that time. He also has a vivid recollection of the stirring scenes of the Blackfoot War, in which his father was a general, and the boy used to go to the drill grounds when the soldiers were being drilled for engagement in this war. At that time the boy used to feed the grinders with sugar cane at the molasses mill, one of the principal industries of early days. He is the son of Benjamin W. and Olivia Pratt Driggs and grandson of Shadrach F. Driggs, the pioneer wagon maker, who made many of the wagons for the Saints to leave Nauvoo with in the exodus, and when he had no dry material with which to construct his own wagon, he took the big temple cart that he had built and made a wagon out of it for himself. He is also the eldest grandchild of Parley P. Pratt, one of the first apostles of the church. The ancestors of the subject of this sketch on his mother's side, came to America from Essex, England, in June, 1636, with Rev. Thomas Hooker and his congregation, and settled in Hartford, Connecticut. On his father's side, his ancestors came to Hartford, first landing at Saybrook, Connecticut, in 1703, formerly of England.

His early education was in the common schools, and when 18 years of age attended the University of Utah two years, and later took special studies in the Brigham Young University at Provo, just prior to going to the Michigan University, where he graduated in the law class of 1886. His education was attained altogether from his own efforts, as he received no financial support from any source.

On November 25, 1880, he married Olive Harrington, daughter of Bishop Leonard E. Harrington, of American Fork, to whom were born Lois Lenore, Reve, Elliott and Jean, the latter in this valley. His wife died soon after the birth of Jean, February 5, 1893; and on June 25, 1894, he married Elizabeth Langton, of Salt Lake City, by whom he had twelve children.

After his return from college he was admitted to the bar of the Supreme Court of Utah and commenced practicing law in Provo.

While residing in Provo, Mr. Driggs was a member of the city council. Two years later he moved to Salt Lake City, where he practiced law for about 15 years, spending part of that time during the summers in Teton Valley. He first heard of Teton in 1888, and made his first trip here that year, and was the first to introduce the country to Utah people.

When Teton County was organized he was appointed as the first prosecuting attorney and was again elected to that position in 1922.

He has been United States Commissioner for Idaho since 1912.

DON C. DRIGGS.

DON C. DRIGGS, the first to establish a home within what is now the town of Driggs, in 1888, is a brother of B. W., and he has witnessed and took part in all the early scenes of pioneering in this valley. He was born in Pleasant Grove, Utah, November 20, 1864, where he gained his early education, and later attended the Brigham Young College at Provo. He gained a knowledge of business by running a mercantile establishment in Pleasant Grove, formerly managed by his brother, Ben, and soon after settling in this valley he engaged in a similar business, as well as farming and stockraising. He assisted in establishing a creamery in Driggs in 1895, and became the first postmaster of the town, which then began to bear the name of Driggs. He was the first chairman of the village board, and the prime mover in establishing the first bank in this valley, the Driggs State Bank, in 1906, and he became its first cashier; he was also one of the organizers of the Teton National Bank, November 1, 1919, and became its vice-president; and he assisted in promoting a good many public enterprises, secured the right of way for the railroad associated in developing the coal mines, and secured the right of way for the railroad to the coal mines.

He was married to May Robison July 3, 1889, by whom he had nine children.

In a religious capacity he served as president of the M. I. A. shortly after its first organization, was the first superintendent of Sunday School, after the Aline Ward was organized and the first bishop of Driggs Ward. He became the first president of the Stake when Teton Stake was organized, and served as such from September 2, 1901, until February, 1921, when he requested to be released. He was about to move to Arizona where he now resides.

He served as county commissioner when this valley was part of Fremont County, in 1899, and in 1898 was treasurer of that county. He was elected the first state senator from Teton County in 1917. He stood loyally and helped in all of the drives during the World War, and was county chairman of the federal food administration, and a member of the council of defense. He also assisted in putting Teton County over the top in the Liberty Loan drives. His labors have been a potent force in public welfare and in the material progress of the community.

JOHN D. KILLPACK, JR.

JOHN D. KILLPACK, JR., was born at Manti, Utah, July 29, 1878. He moved with his parents while young into Castle Valley, and they were pioneers in that country, where he spent his boyhood days. Here he received such education as the schools of the day afforded and spent two seasons—1892 and 1893—at the Brigham Young Academy, Provo. He had hardly attained manhood, when at the age of 17 he was called on a mission to the southern states. He labored in North Carolina for 38 months. After returning home he courted and married Miss Nettie Shipp, daughter of Austin and Mantie J. Shipp of Castle Dale.

They moved to Idaho in 1900 and at first lived on the John Holland ranch near the mouth of Horseshoe Canyon. When the Teton Stake was organized in September, 1901, he was chosen first counselor to President Don C. Driggs, which position he held until the reorganization of the Stake Presidency November 16, 1913. In politics he is a Republican and was elected to the state legislature of Idaho for two terms, 1901 and 1905. He was engaged in ranching and real estate business for a number of years; organized, January 17, 1911, and managed the Teton Valley Telephone Company, extending from here to St. Anthony.

In 1913 he purchased the unfinished building in Victor which became known as the Killpack Hotel, finished and furnished the building and removed to that town. He moved to Phoenix, Arizona, in January, 1922, where he is now engaged in the real estate and insurance business. He says he has seen no snow since leaving Teton Valley.

Mr. Killpack, through his natural and acquired ability, as well as progressive spirit, not only gave marked signal service in a church capacity, but to the valley and the state, and contributed in a large measure to the development of the resources of this part of the country.

GEORGE S. YOUNG.

GEORGE S. YOUNG, a pioneer of 1889, was born of a noble sire, Brigham Young, Jr., April 27, 1868, opposite the south gate of the Temple Block, in Salt Lake City, where he was reared and received his early education. He arrived in Teton Valley April 4, 1889. He married Miss Martha Rigby of Pratt Ward, at Logan, Utah, September 28, 1892, and they have had born to them 13 children, the elder of whom, Spencer B. Young, was the first man in Teton County to voluntarily enlist in the World War.

Mr. Young has never held any civil position other than as a justice of the peace, but was always active in religious matters. He was a pioneer breaker of the virgin soil near Victor, and a pioneer road breaker over the Teton Pass. He drove his team on lead of the first loaded wagon up Trail Canyon and over the Teton Pass to Fish Creek in Jackson Hole. William Green owned the wagon, in which was a mowing machine and 600 pounds of other freight. They had to cut their way most of the way on the old trail.

Mr. Young was president of the first Elders' Quorum of the valley, with Nelson Dalley and John Lauritzen as his counselors. He was first assistant to T. R. Wilson in the Pratt Ward Sunday School, and the first ward clerk in the Raymond branch, now Victor; he became second counselor to Bishop Fred W. Morgan of the Pratt Ward, and when the Teton Stake was organized he became second counselor in the Stake Presidency. He, with H. D. Winger and D. C. Driggs, applied for a charter for the Driggs State Bank, and he became its first president, in 1906.

Mr. Young has ever been a devoted church member and filled the offices to which he had been called with ability and faithfulness, and did much in building up the Teton Stake.

THOMAS R. WILSON.

THOMAS ROSS WILSON was born in Salt Lake City, December 16, 1857, the son of James T. and Isabella Ross Wilson. He received his education in the common schools and the University of Utah. He graduated from the latter in the normal class of 1876. As a boy Mr. Wilson was trained in gardening and farming. He taught in the Utah schools for 12 years, spending his summer vacations teaming in the woods adjacent to Park City.

He married Susie M. Sheets, daughter of Elijah F. Sheets and Susannah Musser Sheets, in 1881. To them were born seven children, five of whom are living, namely: T. Ross Wilson, Ada S. Walker, Clifford S., Irma S. Stewart and Rula S. Choules.

Mr. Wilson came to Teton Valley in 1888, and he and his wife have gone through all the hardships of pioneer life in this rigorous climate. They passed through many trying experiences here. For years there was no resident doctor, and the subject of this sketch became an emergency physician. He gave valuable aid in many cases of accident, skillfully and effectively setting broken bones and dislocated joints. He also stitched up cuts and lacerations. Besides assisting the living, he found opportunity for the exercise of his abilities in caring for the dead. He made or helped make 14 caskets during the time of his residence here. He spent much time in ministering to the sick, in the days of gratuitous service. Mr. Wilson, however, remembers his contributions to that kind of service with deep satisfaction, and feels repaid for the good he did in relieving distress.

After Mr. Wilson located on a farm just over the line in Wyoming, but still in the valley, he held several positions under Wyoming appointments and elections, also as United States Commissioner for that district. Besides serving as a justice of the peace, deputy tax assessor, deputy game warden, and other minor offices, he served four terms in the Wyoming legislature. He was a member of the Council of Defense of Lincoln County, Wyoming, during the World War.

In addition to his activities as a farmer and stockgrower, Mr. Wilson taught school a number of winter terms in the nineties, at Alta. He was the first postmaster of this place.

He was active from the beginning of church affairs in this valley, being a counselor to Bishop Mathoni W. Pratt, in the first organization, when the whole valley was included in one ward.

In Alta he was the first president of the M. I. A., and was Superintendent of Sunday Schools for many years. He was a member of the High Council of Teton Stake; also Chairman of the Stake Genealogical Committee for three years.

Mrs. Wilson for many years was Stake President of the Relief Society. They also have a home in Driggs and have spent a part of their time during the winter months in recent years working in the Salt Lake Temple.

Mr. Wilson's life work has reached out along the line of usefulness, the development and upbuilding of the community and public progress. The writer has known him for 50 years, ever since they attended the same university, and during all that time he has been a true friend and neighbor to his fellowmen.

JAMES F. GRIGGS.

JAMES F. GRIGGS was a pioneer business man and musician. He was born in Salt Lake City, March 9, 1874, and gained a common school education there and as a student in the Latter Day Saint University. He has always been a faithful worker in the church and devoted his time in a musical way gratuitously to the church, besides in the offices he held. He has labored in all of the offices of the priesthood from deacon to high priest. For four years he was organist in the Fifteenth Ward, Salt Lake City, and then became choir leader, and has held similar positions in Teton Stake during all the period of his residence here. He was postmaster here from 1905 to 1914.

He was united in marriage to Maude E. Pratt, a granddaughter of Orson Pratt, the first pioneer to arrive in Salt Lake Valley. Thomas C. Griggs, the father of James F., was a musical man and one of the compilers of the L. D. S. Psalmody, which contains many of his contributions, and was a member of the Church Board of Sunday Schools for a decade. James F. Griggs went on a mission to Colorado on August 10, 1898, where he labored for two years. He visited Teton Valley in 1889, and moved here September 2, 1901. He was appointed Stake Superintendent of Sunday Schools at the time of the organization of the stake and labored in that capacity for 11 years. He became counselor to Don C. Driggs in the Stake Presidency November 16, 1913, and held many ward positions in the Mutual Improvement Associations and other positions. He was elected county treasurer at the 1918 election, but resigned the position to give attention to his own business, as he was then not allowed a deputy.

He has been a leading factor in business circles and church activities, and beloved by all for his faithfulness and integrity. He returned to Salt Lake City in 1925 because of his wife's illness, where she died August 6, of a cancerous growth, and he has since established himself in the music business there.

What has made the people of this valley an educated people in music has been his activities as a music teacher and public service along musical lines, as well as his music store here.

WILLIAM F. RIGBY.

WILLIAM F. RIGBY, a pioneer of what later became Pratt Ward, in 1890, was a native of England. He came to America in 1856, and crossed the plains with ox team to Utah. In 1879 he settled in Beaver Canyon, now the town of Spencer, Idaho, where he operated a sawmill and supplied timber for ties and bridges of the Oregon Short Line Railroad. He operated this mill until 1883, when he changed his location to Rexburg. Here he filed on land, and he, in connection with Thomas E. Ricks, laid out the town of Rexburg in 1883. He followed the occupation of a farmer, but also became active in civic matters, and figured prominently in political circles. In 1898 he was elected to the state legislature, during which time he was instrumental in influencing the Oregon Short Line to build a branch road from Idaho Falls to St. Anthony.

He was active and prominent as a church member and became first coun-

selor to Thomas E. Ricks in the Fremont Stake. He filled a mission for two years.

He came to Teton Valley in 1890 with his wife, Sophie E. Rigby, and family, and located near the mouth of Teton Canyon, where he constructed a shingle mill soon after getting his farming affairs under way.

Mr. Rigby was always active in the church work here, and assisted in the organization of the early branches and wards.

He died in March, 1901, at the age of 65 years.

THE STAKE PRESIDENCY.

PRESIDENT ALBERT CHOULES.

ALBERT CHOULES was born in Wilton-Wiltshire, England, on December 29, 1877, son of Geo. and Mary Jane Pearce Choules. He emigrated to this country, and first located in Provo, Utah, with the family, in 1882. He received his education in the public schools and at the Brigham Young University at Provo. He spent 28 months of his early life as a missionary in England during the years 1903-4-5. Upon returning home he worked for different mercantile institutions until he took up insurance work and came to this valley as a traveling superintendent for the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York, in the spring of 1910, where he remained a few months, then returned in January, 1911, to make this his permanent residence. He became interested in real estate and the valley's prospects in general, as it was then on the eve of the advent of the railroad into the valley. He followed the insurance and real estate business, together with a theatre or show house for some time. He later became interested in the firm of Arnold & Vaughan, later known as Arnold & Choules Company. He sold his interests in this establishment in the spring of 1925, and soon after, in June, opened up in business for himself, now known as the Choules Cash Grocery. At present he is also vice-president of The First National Bank of Driggs.

In politics Mr. Choules is a Republican and has always taken an active part in working for the election of others, but declining to run for office himself. He has always been a lover of sports, especially baseball, in which game he played a great deal before coming here.

Mr. Choules has always taken an active part in the promotion of new enterprises, and realizing the value of commercial club work he became a member of the Driggs club soon after locating here, and became its second president, and occupied this position for a few years.

In 1911 he was called to labor as first assistant to H. D. Winger in the Stake Superintendency of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association, and he held this position until March 10, 1913, when he became its superintendent. He occupied this office and executed it with energy and ability until he was called to be the second counselor to D. C. Driggs in the Stake Presidency, May 17, 1919. On February 21, 1921, he was made President of the Teton Stake, with Ralph R. Cordon and Alma Hanson as his counselors, in which position he continues at the present time and has worked with unusual zeal in the advancement of the Stake.

Mr. Choules was chairman of the Y. M. C. A. World War drive, and the United War drive, a member of the Council of Defense, on committees for Liberty Loan drives, and one of the Four Minute Men.

Mr. Choules married Miss Rula Wilson, the daughter of Thomas R. and Susannah Sheets Wilson, May 9, 1917. They have two daughters, Lois and Mary, and one son, Albert, Jr.

Mr. Choules is not only pleasant and agreeable and a good mixer with his fellowmen, but an interesting and forceful speaker, with a highly developed intellect, an earnest nature, and a recognition of the values and the responsibilities of life has made President Choules an important factor in the business as well as church circles in this valley.

RALPH R. CORDON.

PRESIDENT RALPH R. CORDON was born February 23, 1866, at Willard, Utah, the son of Alfred and Mary Ann Voss Cordon. He married Annie Shumway in Logan, Utah, December 17, 1886, and they have had 11 children. He moved to Treasureton, Idaho, in 1890, and in 1893 became a counselor in the bishopric there, in which position he served ten years. He also held the position of Sunday School superintendent and served many years as a teacher and in missionary service. He has held the positions as road overseer, school trustee, registration clerk and other positions of trust. In 1904 he moved to Preston, Idaho, and served there as Sunday School superintendent until 1909, when he was called on a mission to the northern states. He returned from this mission in 1911, and became a home missionary. He has at all times been active in church affairs.

In 1912 he moved with his family to Driggs, Idaho, where he has continued to be actively engaged in church callings and in business enterprises. He was soon chosen a high counselor in the Teton Stake, and became first counselor to President D. C. Driggs May 17, 1917. In February, 1921, he was chosen a counselor in the Stake Presidency to President Choules, which position he still holds. He has ever been faithful in the trusts imposed on him.

He was county commissioner in 1921-2.

ALMA HANSON.

ALMA HANSON was born in Hyrum, Utah, October 3, 1874. He is the son of Hans P. Hanson and Bertha Carlson Hanson, pioneers of 1865, having walked across the plains from the Missouri River to Utah. His education was derived in the common schools and at the B. Y. College, Logan. In his early manhood he spent part of his summers at various points in Idaho, Oregon and Montana.

From 1895 to 1902 he was in copartnership with his father in owning several thousand head of sheep. The particular part of the work he always performed and enjoyed was the shipping and the marketing of the sheep and wool. This gave him valuable experience in dealing with men in that business in Kansas City and Omaha.

On October 1, 1902, he was sent on a mission to Germany. He was released on May 1, 1905, after which he spent a month in traveling, seeing the largest cities of Sweden, Norway, Denmark, the Rhine country, Belgium, France, and England. He arrived home July 1, 1905, having been absent 33 months.

For a short time after his return he engaged in the insurance business, and not finding this to his liking he felt strongly impressed to try a new country. On November 8, 1905, he married Marie Aslagsen whom he had met on his homeward journey from Germany, and two days later they were spending their honeymoon en route to the Teton Valley, where they began their permanent location. They first resided in Darby, having been engaged to teach school there, in 1905-6. The following spring he filed on a homestead on the Bates bench. He built a cabin, but later a frame bungalow, which remained their home until 1919, when their new home was purchased in Driggs. In the meantime, for a period of eight years, he taught school during the winter terms in the valley.

During these times he acquired extensive farms and farming interests in the Bates district which he still owns and operates. Eight children were born to them, five boys and three girls.

He was the prime mover in erecting one of the first frame church buildings of the stake, at Bates, which cost the young colony about \$2500.

In a church capacity he has served as president of the Y. M. M. I. A., superintendent of Sunday School, Religion Class teacher, and on August 12, 1908, he was ordained bishop of the Bates Ward, with Thomas G. Bates and Samuel Kunz, Sr., as counselors. He served in this position nearly 11 years, being released on moving to Driggs. In May, 1919, he became a High Councilman. He was called into the stake presidency in February, 1921, which position he still holds, (1926).

In civil matters he has served as justice of the peace, member of the Town Board of Driggs, and for several years as chairman of the board of trustees of the Rural High School No. 3. He was the first county treasurer and tax collector elected by the people, holding the office for several terms, in which position he demonstrated marked ability, with an honesty of purpose. He took hold of public affairs with a strong and broad grasp and splendid mental equipment. His public administration and education well qualified him for the next responsible position to which he was elected, that of State Senator in the Eighteenth Session of the Idaho Legislature. In this position he refused to be swerved from his path of duty and stood firmly for the interests of his county and state, and added dignity to the position. During the World War he was a Four Minute Man and a member of the Council of Defense, and was Chairman of the War Saving and Thrift Stamp campaign.

As president of the first Teton Valley Dairy Association he was instrumental in having shipped from Wisconsin the first car load of Holstein dairy cows to arrive in the valley. The funds were furnished by the First National Bank of Driggs. This was in February, 1922.

AMACY W. CLARK.

AMACY WILLIAM CLARK, stake clerk, was born August 31, 1893, at Ashley, Utah, a son of William T. and Annie M. Clark. He came to Idaho with his parents in 1895, and located at Iona. The family moved to Rexburg in 1903, for better school advantages. He graduated from the Ricks Academy in 1911, making a specialty of commercial work. In May, 1913, he went on a mission to Japan, where he remained for three years. After his return he entered the Henager business college, where he remained until he came to Teton Valley in 1916, and accepted a position in the auditor and recorder's office and became a deputy in that office, which position he held until 1919. Since that time he has been in the abstract business, and now personally owns and operates the Teton Abstract Company.

In 1917, Mr. Clark became stake secretary of the Y. M. M. I. A., which position he held until chosen clerk of the Teton Stake, and is still acting as such. He also was for a number of years secretary of the Driggs Chamber of Commerce, and is a member of the Teton High School Board, and for the past year a member of the town board, and acted as secretary of the baseball club, when it was connected with the Upper Snake River league.

He married Miss Pearl W. Farnes on June 6, 1917. To them have been born three children, viz: Marguerite H., William F., and John F.

Mr. Clark has always been faithful and energetic in his labors, and official duties, and has been a potent factor in the general progress of the community and the advancement of all those interests which make for civic pride, and religious advancement.

RAY C. KIMBALL.

RAY C. KIMBALL was born in Salt Lake City, August 22, 1869, a son of Heber P. and Phoebe Judd Kimball, Utah pioneers of 1847. He received his higher education in the Brigham Young Academy and the University of Utah. He came to Teton Valley in 1890 and has since followed the occupation of ranching. He has been a successful stockraiser. In addition to this occupation he early became interested with D. C. Driggs in the mercantile business, and later a stockholder and officer of the Driggs State Bank and First National Bank of Driggs. He married Miss Emily Seymour August 28, 1896 and to them were born five children. She died August 26, 1922. On April 28, 1926 he married a lady whose maiden name was Bessie Clark at Salt Lake City, whose place of birth was Sugar House Ward. His interests and activities as a citizen of this valley have been varied, and is a typical American citizen, always alert and enterprising, and at the same time always finding opportunity for support of movements which make for individual uplift and community betterment.

ALFRED HANSEN.

ALFRED HANSEN, one of the members of the Board of County Commissioners of Teton County and bishop of the Clawson Ward, was born in

Providence, Cache County, Utah, June 10, 1876. He is a son of Paul Hansen and Maria Larsen Hansen. His father and family left Denmark, their native land, in the spring of 1862. When nearing New York, their 15 year old daughter died, but the body was taken to shore for burial. A short time after this their three year old girl died. They then emigrated west and crossed the plains in one of the memorable and heroic handcart companies in 1862. Enroute the mother, Bessie S., died and was buried at Laramie. Alfred Hansen's mother's parents also crossed the plains with a handcart company in 1861, and located in Logan, Utah.

Following the pioneer spirit of his ancestors Alfred Hansen migrated to this valley in the fall of 1897, and located at Leigh, where he made a homestead entry of 160 acres, purchasing a relinquishment from James Edlefsen. He returned to his former home to spend the two following winters, when he courted and married Miss Metta Sorensen of Logan, March 22, 1899, who has been his faithful companion ever since, and who has gone through all the hardships of pioneering in this valley.

In the spring of 1899 he and his wife spent their honeymoon trip in a prairie schooner bound for this valley. It was a journey of 250 miles, and it took them seven days to make the trip. They had some diversions enroute, shoveling through snowdrifts before arriving at their destination, the home of Noah C. Edlefsen. His wife soon took down with pneumonia, but through the careful nursing of Mrs. Edlefsen soon recovered, and they went on their own homestead.

Mr. Hansen soon became active in church matters as well as in temporal affairs; held offices in the Sunday School and M. I. A., becoming the president of that association, then on May 21, 1905, he was ordained a high priest by Don C. Driggs and became a counselor to Halsey D. Fullmer in the Leigh bishopric. At a Stake Conference in November, 1913, he was chosen and sustained as bishop of the Clawson Ward, but being out of the valley at the time he was not ordained until February 15, 1914, which was done then under the hands of David O. Mackay, and Mr. Hansen has held the office to the present time. It was under his presidency that the ward church house was erected in 1915, which has since been a source of comfort and satisfaction to those who built it.

Mr. Hansen is now serving his second term as a county commissioner, and has filled all his positions with honor and a faithful adherence to duty. He has at all times been a successful stockman and interested in the dairy industry.

W. WILLIAM TAYLOR.

WASHINGTON WM. TAYLOR, banker and stockman, was born in Salt Lake City on the 27th of February, 1868, his parents being William W. and Emily Blackburn Taylor, who were natives of England and came to America with their respective parents in early childhood. The families were converts of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. In crossing the plains the Taylor family used a yoke of oxen and a yoke of cows. The father early in

life, after arriving in Utah, became engaged in sheep raising on land he had taken up in Parley's Canyon.

The subject of this sketch was reared and educated in Salt Lake City, and became actively associated in the sheep industry with his father. He saved up \$300, and with this purchased 100 sheep. He has ever since been connected with the sheep industry and has made it a success.

On September 5, 1892, Mr. Taylor married Miss Mary Driggs, daughter of Apollos G. Driggs. They have four children, as follows: Jean D., Florence, Vivian and Lawrence.

In 1894, Mr. Taylor purchased the land owned by his mother-in-law north of Driggs and moved here with his family. He has developed his flocks and herds until now he is one of the prominent livestock raisers of the state. He has a modern brick home in Driggs, besides his ranch home. He owns half of the First National Bank Building and about 1,000 acres of land. He became president of the Driggs State Bank soon after its organization; also of The First National Bank, into which the State Bank merged, and at present is chairman of the board of directors.

Mr. Taylor is a Republican, but has never been ambitious to hold office. He, however, represented Teton County in the state legislature in 1914, and it was partly through his efforts that Teton County came into existence.

He possesses untiring energy, and his close application to business and his excellent management have brought him to the high degree of prosperity which he now enjoys. Through his energy and persistency of purpose he has come to an enviable position in industrial circles, and he is always dependable in his association with his fellowmen.

Mr. Taylor, however, has not given all his time to selfish interests. It was mainly through his means that the splendid fence around the public park opposite the Stake House was constructed. He has been a public benefactor in many other ways and helped advance the interests of the community.

ARTHUR TIPPETS.

ARTHUR TIPPETS, hardware merchant of Driggs, was born at Richmond, Utah, June 20, 1882. His grandfather, John H. Tippetts, was a member of the Mormon battalion in the war with Mexico. His father was a blacksmith in early life, but afterward engaged in the hardware business at Swan Lake and later at Preston, Idaho, continuing this business during his remaining days, where the son got his training in the business, of which he has made a success in Driggs.

Arthur Tippetts was reared and educated in Preston, and became an active associate with his father in the hardware business. He was thus engaged until 1912, when he came to Driggs, where he opened a hardware store. His splendid business methods commended him to the confidence and support of the public and have given him a liberal patronage.

In November, 1905, Mr. Tippetts married Sadie Eames. They have five living children: Elean, Merlin, Thoro, Vaughn and Howard.

In 1901 he was sent on a mission to Florida and Georgia, where he remained for two years. He also went on a short mission later in Idaho and

Montana. He is Republican in politics and has served as chairman of the county central committee for several years. He was also chairman of the Teton County Chapter of the Red Cross and was active in the liberty loan drives and other features of the World War. He is a member of the town council, and the sterling traits of his character have won for him the confidence and good will of the people.

On March 7, 1926, he was made a counselor in the Driggs Ward bishopric.

H. L. CRANDALL.

HARVEY L. CRANDALL, owner of the Driggs Hotel and H. L. Crandall Auto Company, was born at Springville, Utah, January 19, 1874, a son of Hyrum O. Crandall and Margaret E. Guymon Crandall, who were natives of Iowa. They crossed the plains in one of the Mormon trains in 1852 and located at Springville.

Harvey L. Crandall was reared and educated in Utah. He came to Teton Valley August 6, 1896, and homesteaded land two miles south of Driggs, where he operated as a farmer for 14 years. He went on a mission to Philadelphia in August, 1903. He was united in marriage to Miss S. May Colvin on April 29, 1905 and they have become the parents of five children, namely: Harvey L., Jr., Paul C., Roberta, Oscar R. and Wendell.

Mr. Crandall was bishop of the Driggs Ward from August 11, 1907, to July 17, 1910. In 1910 he operated the stage line and carried the mail from St. Anthony to Jackson, which occupation he followed for four years. He later became a stockholder in the Teton Valley Supply Company, and after two more years spent in ranching, he entered the automobile field and established a garage and auto company, in which business he is still engaged. He also owns and operates the Driggs Hotel.

Since his residence here he has been keenly interested in everything pertaining to the welfare and progress of the community. Is vice-president of the Chamber of Commerce, a stockholder and director of The First National Bank of Driggs and has done much to further the material, intellectual and political advancement of the town and valley.

NAHUM CURTIS.

NAHUM CUTRIS was born June 30, 1863, at Salt Lake City. His father, Foster Curtis, was a member of the Mormon battalion in the war with Mexico. The mother of Nahum was Clarissa A., an early pioneer of Utah. They moved to Cache Valley, Utah, in 1871, and resided at Newton.

Nahum Curtis married Annie Baker on June 3, 1885, by whom he has had seven children. The family moved to this valley in the spring of 1889 and they have gone through all the early pioneering life here, and most of the time resided in Victor; now residing at Driggs.

At the first church organization at Victor he became counselor to Bishop Sinclair, first assistant to John Eynon in the Sunday School and he was made

bishop of the ward September 2, 1901, which position he held for 14 years. He was county commissioner of Madison County the year previous to the organization of Teton County, and he served one term in Teton County. When he was released as bishop he became a member of the High Council, which position he occupied until 1921. Mr. Curtis has always been a dependable, energetic and worthy citizen, full of zeal and faithfulness in his various callings, and stands at all times for those things which are most worth while in the public life of the community.

JUDGE FRANCIS M. REYNOLDS.

FRANCIS M. REYNOLDS, probate judge, was born July 4, 1865, at Mount Pleasant, Utah, the son of Levi B. Reynolds and Hannah Johnson Reynolds. He spent his early life here among the scenes of the Blackfoot war and other Indian troubles, witnessed their war dances and wild life, and became acquainted with some of the leading characters of that time. He drove one of those rocking stage coaches in the early days, that was about as hard to ride as a bucking horse. His route was from Price to the "Wells," a distance of 60 miles, and back again the next day, with 12 horses, changing every 20 miles.

In 1886 he moved to Emery County, and in 1912 he came to Idaho, located at Marysville, and came to Teton Valley in 1915.

On July 24, 1886, he married Diantha Anderson, who was born at Ephraim, Utah, January 1, 1866. They have had born to them eight children, namely: Francis M., Rose H., Lillian, Elma L., Priel E., Alma C., Guy R., and Merrill.

In a church capacity he held the office of deacon, teacher, elder and high priest successively, was an assistant Sunday School superintendent and president of the Castle Dale Y. M. M. I. A. He was a high counselor in the Emery Stake for 19 years, and in the Fremont Stake for two years. On May 16, 1915, he was set apart by Heber J. Grant to preside as bishop over the Driggs ward, and held that position until October 18, 1925. He was ever faithful and energetic in his labors and much loved by the people.

Mr. Reynolds has held several civil positions, and while residing at Marysville he was one of the village board. He was elected probate judge of Teton County at the November election, 1924.

Judge Reynolds, in all his various associations, has won the respect and confidence of the people, as he possessed sterling traits of character which endeared him to his many friends.

Judge Reynolds in his earlier life, traveled, hunted, danced, worshiped and played with the Indians in all their sports. He found when once their friendship was gained it was ever true through life, and he regards them, for the most part, as a splendid race of people.

One characteristic he noticed among them was that when a birth was near at hand the squaw would wander off in the mountains, or some other secluded place and in a short time returned with her papoose on her back. Different from the doctors and trained nurses at such time with the palefaces.

WILLIAM R. DURANT.

WILLIAM R. DURANT was born November 6, 1877, at Vernon, Utah, a son of William W. D. Durrant and Ada Rendell Durrant. He became a diligent church worker from his early youth, and it may well be said of him like it was of Nathaniel, he is a man without guile. In addition to a general education, in 1896 he took a business course in the L. D. S. College in Salt Lake City, and taught school for two years at Elkhorn, Utah.

On November 30, 1899, he married Elizabeth Horne, daughter of Richard Horne, and Mary Price Horne. They had born to them five children, namely: Ardella, Verna, Ada, Eva and Harvey R.

They came to Teton Valley in 1906 and first located on Darby. In 1908 he became first counselor in the bishopric of the Darby ward. In 1909 he was chosen as second assistant in the stake superintendency of Sunday Schools. In the meantime he moved to Driggs where he was engaged as a merchant, and was chosen as ward clerk. In 1911 he was chosen as first counselor in the bishopric of the Driggs ward, and on May 19, 1912, he was ordained a bishop by Apostle Francis M. Lyman and set apart to preside over the Driggs ward. At the November conference, 1913, he became first counselor in the Teton Stake presidency.

Mr. Durrant is a man of integrity and has filled every trust imposed on him with fidelity and a devotion to duty.

F. C. MADSEN.

F. C. MADSEN was born in Denmark on February 12, 1863, where he was reared and educated and later learned the printer's craft. He emigrated to the United States when 21 years of age, and following his trade, worked in many of the eastern, southern and middle western cities. In 1893 he came to California, where he spent about eight years; after that a couple of years on Puget Sound and in Montana.

He came to Teton Valley in 1910 to work on the *Teton Valley News* as a journeyman printer; bought a part interest in the paper and plant, and after working here about nine months, sold out and returned to Montana. The summer following he returned to Teton Valley, bought the *Teton Valley News* plant, and has been here ever since, actively engaged in the publishing and printing business.

He married a year after he permanently located in the valley, Miss Mabel Pearson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Niles Pearson, then living in Darby, with whom he had four children—three boys and one girl. His wife died in 1920, a victim of the "flu" epidemic. He married again, in 1921, Mrs. Elsie McNeill, a widow and a sister of his deceased first wife.

While not a pioneer of Teton Valley in the strict sense of the word, Mr. Madsen came here before the building of the railroad into the valley and the organization of Teton County, when the valley itself, its industries and institutions were in the formative stage, and he and his paper have always been identified with the best in community affairs, and he has been associated with every movement for the betterment of conditions in the valley he has made his permanent home.

Mr. Madsen has been a leading factor politically in the community; for several years he has been an active member of the Board of Trustees of the Teton High School, and has helped to advance the school interests in every way possible. He has been on the Village Board of Trustees for a long time, and for the past two terms has been its chairman and has worked for the best interests of the community.

EZRA C. DALBY.

EZRA C. DALBY, former principal of the Teton High School in Driggs, for five years, was born March 24, 1869, at Ephraim, Utah. He did not have much chance for education in his early life, but made up for it in later years, graduating from the University of Utah with the degree of A. M. He has also been a student in eastern universities, receiving the degree Ph. D., Central University, in 1901; a degree of L. L. B., La Salle Extension University, Chicago. For 13 years he was principal of the Ricks Academy; he was teacher in the University of Utah; studied law and was admitted to the Idaho bar in 1918, and the Utah bar in 1920.

Mr. Dalby came to Driggs in 1914 under an engagement as principal of the Teton High School, which position he occupied until 1919, and put the school in a high state of perfection. He became County Superintendent of Public Instruction of Teton County in 1915; was a member and later chairman of the town council of Driggs, 1916 to 1920. He was formerly a member of the city council of Rexburg.

Mr. Dalby was chairman of the Council of Defense in Teton County during the World War, and aided in all the financial drives.

As a churchman he filled a mission to the Northern States from 1896 to 1899. He has occupied since his early manhood various positions in the church, including Sunday School teacher, president of the Y. M. M. I. A., member of the High Councils in Fremont, Salt Lake and Teton Stakes, member of Stake Sunday School Board, Salt Lake Stake, supervisor of Stake teachers' training, and various other activities.

Mr. Dalby, in his early life, worked on the Manti Temple part of the time as a carpenter from 1883 until its completion in 1888, and while in that vicinity he attended the Snow Academy. He became a teacher and principal of several public schools, and through his individual efforts worked his way up in numerous educational institutions.

Mr. Dalby was presidential elector for Idaho in 1912, voting for Woodrow Wilson.

Mr. Dalby is an interesting lecturer, a fluent talker and grows eloquent in his addresses.

It is impossible to overestimate his services, the measure and breadth of his accomplishments, in whatever community he has cast his lot. He has been a potent power whether in politics, civic or religious affairs, and is regarded equally important in the development of moral interests in all those sociological problems which constitute the foundation of community welfare. Where ever he goes his ability is recognized, and his salient qualities and genial manner have won for him warm personal friendships among all classes, whether lowly or great.

He has attained mastership in education and other endeavors through his own individual efforts, and his example should be an incentive to the young men and women to emulate his splendid qualities.

He was married to Zella Anderson in Manti, February 14, 1894. Their children are: Cleon E., Lisle W., Allen B., Donnette, Fred E., Della and Doris. Fred E. and Allen B. are deceased.

J. HENRY JENSEN.

J. HENRY JENSEN, banker, of Driggs, was born November 1, 1891, at Goshen, Utah. He gained his higher education in the Ricks Normal College and the Henager Business College. He married Alice Steele, June 3, 1914, by whom he has had four children. He taught school in the Ricks Academy, as it was then called, in 1913 and 1914; was secretary of the Southern States Mission from 1914 to 1916. He came to Driggs in 1916 and taught in the Teton High School. In 1917 he became cashier of the Farmers' State Bank and took up his residence in Tetonia. While there he served as counselor in the bishopric of that ward, and was president of the Mutual Improvement Association. He became a member of the high council in 1923. During his residence in Driggs he was superintendent of the Sunday School until called into the high council. He has been active in the management of banks since October 1, 1917, and is the present cashier of the First National Bank of Driggs.

Through honesty, integrity and devotion to duty, and being ever ready to respond to any call, he has been carried into responsible positions, and has steadily advanced and overcome all obstacles in his path. His record thus far in his career should serve to inspire and encourage others by showing what can be accomplished through individual activity.

JOSHUA A. BROWER.

JOSHUA A. BROWER, merchant, of Victor, was born at Richmond, Utah, February 1, 1886, a son of Joshua Brower and Amelia Allen Brower. The boy moved with his parents to the Snake River Valley when he was 11 years of age, to a place called Ora, near Ashton. He gained his early education in the common schools, and later took a three years' course at the Ricks Academy. He went on a mission to the southern states in September, 1905. After his return he worked in a store for a number of years. He then followed the occupation of stage driver in the Yellowstone National Park. His overseer finding he was a good judge of men and horses placed him in the responsible position of selecting them, which position he held for seven seasons.

In the fall of 1914 he passed the Forest Service examination and received a position as forest ranger the following spring, with headquarters at Victor, which position brought him into this valley. He held this position for four years, at the end of which time he resigned and purchased a fourth interest in

the Blodgett & Company store, and worked there until May 8, 1924, when he purchased the Victor Mercantile Company business, and changed the name of the concern to J. A. Brower & Son.

He married Ivy Harris, March 25, 1908, and they have four children, namely: Albert C., Vena, Marjorie and an unnamed infant.

During all of his mature life Mr. Brower has been active in church matters, working in the M. I. A. and Sunday Schools. He became bishop of the Victor Ward in October, 1920, and held the position until December, 1926. He has also held positions of a civic nature, as member of the town board, school trustee, etc.

Mr. Brower is of a sociable nature and makes himself companionable with all his associates, is a live business man and is ever ready to advance a worthy cause and help in community welfare work.

H. D. WINGER.

HAROLD D. WINGER was born in Hyrum, Utah, October 26, 1876. He came to Teton Valley in 1892 and located in Darby. His early life was spent in the way that most develops physical and spiritual manhood; he was of a progressive spirit filled with ambition to do things.

On June 22, 1902, he became bishop of the Darby Ward, which position he held for three and a half years, when he moved to Driggs. While here he became Stake President of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association, and he pushed that work ahead in his characteristic style. He was called on a mission and became president of the New York, New Jersey and Canada Conference from 1909 to 1911. He was a member of the High Council for about nine years, and he was active in Sunday School work and other church duties.

After coming to Driggs he established a real estate business, and was the means, along with his first copartner, Geo. S. Young, and later John D. Killpack, in inducing many people to come into the valley. He built up the town of Driggs more than any other man in the way of substantial buildings. He erected the stone building known as drug store corner, the Driggs Hotel, a picture show house and a row of residence cottages on Main Street, etc. When he completed and furnished the hotel and show house he gave the whole people a free entertainment, a program in the show house and a luncheon in the hotel.

Mr. Winger was ambitious, beyond his power of execution sometimes, but he made things go, and he deserves much praise for his enterprises in the early progress of the town and valley.

JAMES M. THOMAS.

JAMES M. THOMAS, president of the Teton County Seed Potato Growers' Association, was born at Plain City, Utah, on August 2, 1884. He is a graduate of the Weber Academy, Ogden, Utah. For 11 years he was supervisor of

vocational training at the State Industrial School at Ogden, and as foreman of the institution. He was superintendent of the Ogden Stake Y. M. M. I. A. for three years, and of the North Weber Stake from 1912 to 1918. At the end of this time he moved to near Victor, Idaho, where he began developing the seed potato industry in this valley, which his father had started some time before, and shipped the first car load of seed potatoes out of this valley.

At the August Conference, 1918, he was chosen as a counselor to President D. C. Driggs in the Teton Stake, and acted in that capacity until May 15, 1919, when he was called away for a while. On his return he became superintendent of the Teton Stake Y. M. M. I. A., 1923-24, when he was made a member of the High Council.

Mr. Thomas is now the president of the Teton County Seed Potato Growers' Association, and he has done much to develop that industry in this county.

He married Miss Theodora P. Ruegg, at Ogden, Utah, September 1, 1920, and they have two children—one boy and one girl.

Mr. Thomas is a live wire in advancing the industries of the valley, and in particular seed production, and a public-spirited man in community endeavors, as well as being devoted in his religious callings.

LEON M. STRONG.

LEON MARSHAL STRONG, son of William J. and Emma Duncan Strong, was born in Salt Lake City, Utah, September 23, 1893. Soon thereafter his parents moved to Kaysville, Davis County, where Mr. Strong lived until he came to Teton County in September of 1919.

While Mr. Strong is not a pioneer of the valley he is the pioneer mover of Teton Valley history, and collected considerable data before requesting the present writer to undertake the work.

While in high school he was twice elected the student body president, and completed his studies in three years, and was also prominent in debating teams. During the first year at the University of Utah he was elected president of the largest one-year normal class that ever attended the U. of U. This was in the year 1913-14, the last year for a strictly one-year normal course at that institution. There were 18 men and 150 ladies enrolled in the normal department that year. The next two years were spent in his home town teaching the sixth grade. During this time he was a member of the Stake Sunday School Board, and ward secretary of Sunday School for six years previously.

The year 1916 found Mr. Strong back at the University from which he left in June, 1917, for the northern states mission, where he labored the last seven months as mission secretary. He returned home July 17, 1919, and came to Teton Valley in time to start teaching, becoming principal of the Tetonia district school for the next two years.

In February, 1921, when the stake was reorganized, Mr. Strong became stake superintendent of the Y. M. M. I. A., which position he has continued to hold, with the exception of 1923-24, when he returned to the University. In

the spring of 1924 Mr. Strong graduated from the University of Utah with a B. S. degree, majoring in economics and sociology. He was one of the varsity debators, and was a member of the Friars Club and the Tau Kappa Alpha, national debating fraternity. He finished his college work in three years, 12 credit hours having been done by correspondence, thus completing high school and college in six school years.

In the fall of 1921 Mr. Strong was appointed by the Board of County Commissioners to the office of County Superintendent of Public Instruction, to which office he was afterwards elected in 1922. He resigned this position in the fall of 1923 in order to resume his college work.

He was married to Mabel Holmgren of Bear River City, September 8, 1924. At present Mr. Strong is principal of the Teton Stake Seminary at Driggs.

Mr. Strong is genial and sociable and has gained many friends in and out of the church. He has manifested a most progressive spirit in his brief life so far, and in his religious callings and in public affairs has looked beyond the exigencies of the moment to the great opportunities and possibilities of the future, especially with his students; always ardent, faithful and dependable, his past training and religious zeal have fitted him admirably for the positions he now holds.



